

THE BLOOD LETTER

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SUMMARY: He could not stop thinking about her, Hermione Granger. Draco Malfoy knew it: He was obsessed. He was completely obsessed with her. He didn't know how, when or why, all he knew was that he suddenly felt the need to have her, to possess her. He wanted to keep her as his most precious treasure; he wanted her to belong to him and to him only. She was his.

COMPLETE INFORMATION

Rated: Fiction M - English - Angst/Drama - Hermione G., Draco M. -
Chapters: 31 - Words: 87,846 - Reviews: 327 - Favs: 313 - Follows: 269 -
Updated: Jul 28, 2014 - Published: Jan 27, 2014 - Status: Complete - id:
10058315 - URL: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10058315>

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Prologue

Hiiii! :D So, well, here's a Dramione story! This will be kinda dark; so if that's not your cup of tea, just don't read! All right, you've been warned! :D
Please note I'm German and that English is my second language, so... there will probably be some minor mistakes. Still, I hope you like it!

Enjoy your reading!

Happiness? Love?

HA!

Those words weren't words Draco was familiarized with. He was an expert with words like blood status, muggle, magic, hate, darkness, sorrow, loneliness, bitterness, anger, and danger...

...And also Granger.

Granger, Granger, Granger!

Yes, Granger seemed to be everywhere lately. Everywhere at Hogwarts, everywhere in Hogsmeade and everywhere on his mind! He could not stop thinking about her, Hermione Granger.

...That beautiful Muggleborn witch named Hermione Granger!

There really was something about that name, wasn't there? There was something... Hermione... Her-mi-o-ne Gran-ger... Hermione Granger. Granger Hermione.

GODS, GRANGER!

Draco Malfoy knew it: He was obsessed. He was completely obsessed with her. With her perfect curvy body. With her beautiful facial features. With her coffee brown eyes. With her curly brown hair. He was obsessed with Hermione Granger.

He didn't know how, when or why, all he knew was that he suddenly felt the need to have her, to possess her. He wanted to keep her as his most precious treasure; he wanted her to belong to him and to him only.

She was *his*.

Just... There were some nuisances in his way and they had names: Harry Potter and Ronald Weasley. Both of them had always been way close to his Hermione. Maybe they had even been way too close: Both of these guys had the actual nerve to hug her, or sometimes even kiss her on her cheek.

And he didn't like that, because Hermione Granger was *his*.

The blonde was aware of the fact that nobody knew about his crush. And it wasn't as if he wanted anyone to know – But he would make sure they learned to not touch what wasn't theirs.

And of course, he'd do it without anybody noticing. After all, he was the Dark Lord's heir, and such Dark Lord was teaching him how to control his dark magic.

He knew he had always been one of the best wizards at Hogwarts, but he really had to admit he was improving his skills a lot more ever since he started to train with him: Wandless magic had become much easier and potions were now a children's game to him. He just had to keep practicing so he could become more powerful than Voldemort was, so that, when the Dark Lord was unaware, he could just stab him from behind.

Yes, Draco wanted to betray his trust, in a certain way. His reasons were simple: Lord Voldemort had marked him with that ugly Dark Mark. He had promised he wouldn't harm anyone if he let him mark his forearm and still... That bastard had had the nerve to kill his mother in front of his eyes as he had ordered his father to reduce his mother into ashes. Ever since, his fear for him had been developing into a very powerful hate. Just, he didn't let him notice: Draco had learned to cover his feelings with a neutral mask, so every time the Dark Lord trained him he could contain himself from attempting to kill him and fail at it. So, for now, he took all the profit he could from everything the Dark Lord was teaching him, while he let his hate grow within him. He knew he would kill him one day. But he wanted to do so when that day had come. And he could sense it... The day was near. Very near.

But during the time he waited, he decided he would be rather busy with the Golden Trio. He would be busy with *getting Hermione Granger, his Princess, to himself.*

And he knew for sure he was going to get her.

Because, what a Malfoy wants, a Malfoy gets.

Everything he needed now was a plan. A plan and loads of patience, because he knew Hermione Granger was stubborn and her friends were very persistent.

Especially Harry Potter. The 'Boy-Who-Just-Wouldn't-Fucking-Die'. There were no words at all to describe how he despised him: Even though he wasn't a pureblooded wizard and even though he wasn't as good as Draco was in magical skills, Harry Potter had always been the favorite one. Harry Potter this, Harry Potter that, Harry Potter here, Harry Potter there.

Weasley really didn't bother him that much. He was just a foolish idiot that also dared touch what wasn't his, but Draco easily could get rid of him: Since the Weasleys lived from the little amounts of money Lucius Malfoy gave them every month, Draco could just talk to his father and tell him to stop. Like this, the Weasleys would not make it with only Arthur's income, so they would have to find some other things to focus on for their own survival. And that included the redheaded idiot to focus on something else than Hermione.

So no. Ronald Weasley didn't bother Draco Malfoy as much as Harry Potter did.

As he had already thought, Potter just was everywhere. Here, there, now and then.

Gosh!

What about Draco Malfoy? Was he really destined to be Harry Potter's shadow? Even though he was a better wizard? Even though he was a pureblood? Even though he was in the highest wizard's society all around England? In comparison to him, Harry Potter was nothing! Absolutely

nothing! And he would prove it to him, even if that meant he had to take some drastic measures, like, for example...

Murder.

Yes, he had been considering murder for a long time: If he killed him, Draco would no longer be his shadow. And that would make a lot of things much easier for him: It would be easier to spy on Dumbledore; it would be easier to fulfill his mission to kill him. And of course, it would be so much easier to get Granger...

And once he got her, ah...!

Once he got her he would know what happiness was. And maybe, just maybe, love, too.

SO! Here you go, a Prologue! :D Don't worry, my next chapters will be longer, promise! I'm just giving you an easy start ;)

Please, review! :)

Favs and follows are also very much appreciated! :)

Chapter 1: Welcoming Sensations

Wow! Thank you very much for all the favs, follows and reviews! :D Do I get some more on this chapter, pretty pleaseeeee? With sugar on top? :3 haha :D Enjoy your reading!

The Astronomy Tower had become his favorite place. He knew why: He could see everything from up there. He could see everyone as a simple ant, a simple slave. And he liked it. He liked it very much. Because that made him feel like he had the complete control over all those little wizards.

Oh, yes. It was a very welcoming sensation.

It was like picturing himself in a near future: Voldemort would be dead and he would conquer England and soon the entire world. And most importantly, he would conquer Hermione Granger.

His lips drew something really close to a smile: Ah, yes. His Hermione. His sweet and innocent Hermione. Whenever he saw her smile he thought he felt love... And whenever he saw her with those two idiots he thought he felt obsession.

Just, how could he distinguish between one thing and the other?

He smirked to himself with certain arrogance. He wouldn't have to distinguish between that much longer. Because he already had his masterpiece prepared. He only needed to put it into practice, and then...

...Hermione Granger would be his.

It was just a matter of time.

Hermione Granger cursed under her breath... *again*.

She had tried to begin with that conversation four times already, but had failed at it every single time.

The reason? Brown. Lavender Brown.

It seemed to be that that silly girl didn't exactly notice when people didn't wish for her to be there: Even though people politely coughed for her to leave, she seemed to choose to ignore them and be totally focused on Ron: Whenever he spoke, whenever he smiled, whenever he laughed and even whenever he ate, he had her fully attention. And for the love of God, she even looked at him whenever he blurted!

Ugh! Disgusting, really!

But that was not really the thing that bothered Hermione most. It was rather the fact that the Golden Trio was talking about something important. And Ron wasn't even concentrated on that because Lavender was there. And she was cuddling with him, and kissing him, and...!

And he was responding!

Ugh, ugh, ugh!

She stood up abruptly, picked her things up, glared at the couple and made her way to leave the Great Hall. If Ron couldn't contain himself from cuddling with Lavender while they were discussing some important matters, then she also didn't have to take things seriously.

"Hermione, where are you going?" Harry asked, "We're in the middle of a-"

Hermione huffed. In the middle of 'a conversation'.

Seriously?

"Harry, we're in the middle of nothing." She spat, "Don't you see Ron and Lavender are busy with eating each other mouths?"

Harry looked at them shortly and made a face. Ron and Lavender were not eating each other's mouths; they were more likely eating each other's faces.

'Couldn't they just pick a room, or something?' he thought in disgust. 'Yuck!'

He cleared his throat as he looked back at Hermione, who had her arms crossed upon her chest and was frowning.

"Well, but I'm sure he was listening and-"

She sighed out of exasperation.

"Harry, *please*. Ron, listening? I bet he can't enlist you the last few things we've been talking

about for these last fifteen minutes."

"Hermione-"

"-No! He's actually here to cooperate, but he's not even paying attention to what we're saying! I fail to see what's the point in continuing this talk in here, where people that have nothing to do about this can hear us, while we eat and while he's making out in front of everybody!" She almost yelled, "So, Harry, I'm really sorry, but if he's not willing to cooperate, then fine! Me neither. It's as simple as that."

"Her-"

"I'll see you later, Harry."

Hermione turned her back to Harry, took a few angry steps towards the door and suddenly slowed her pace, somehow waiting for Ron to react. Waiting for him to push Lavender aside, call her name, go after her and hug her tightly.

She turned around and bitterly chuckled. Nothing had changed: Ron was hugging Lavender even tighter and kissing her neck, leaving a hickey in there. She giggled and laughed, and stupidly said 'Oh, Won-Won, that tickles!'. Hermione looked back to the exit door, sighed and felt her eyes go all watery; they even threatened to shed a tear. But she shook her head, took up with her quick steps again and finally left the Great Hall.

'You're not jealous, Hermione.' She thought, 'You know you're not.'

But deeply inside, Hermione knew she was. And she was furious with herself for that. Because she liked Ron and she didn't want to like him that way. She wanted to like him like she always had: She wanted to like him as his best friend and as his kind of older brother, but nothing more. And still, her heart and her feelings played with her and made her like him, almost love him.

And boy, it wasn't fair.

...Because she liked him. Very much, even. And he... Well, he didn't seem to like her back that way. And it hurt. It hurt badly. Because she cared so much and he didn't even see it. He didn't care.

He was completely blind.

And she sometimes just wished she was as well.

And with that thought, she shed a tear.

Draco was twirling his wand between his long, pale fingers. He was thinking about what the Dark Lord had said... It was quite interesting, considering he was his heir.

'The Unforgivable Potion', the Dark Lord had told him with his icy voice. It seemed to be that a part from not having any kind of smell, taste or color, that potion apparently accorded to the maker's wishes and no one else's.

Interesting. Hooking, really.

An evil smile crossed his face, revealing his bad intentions.

So, that meant... He could just brew it, think of a wish, and then use it on someone? That sounded ridiculously perfect. He just had to let Potter drink the potion and wish for him to be his little, harmless pet for a while. And then, when the moment had come, he would kill him as painfully as it went.

Because, he had already stated it: Draco Malfoy would not be Harry Potter's shadow. Draco Malfoy would be Harry Potter's murderer.

And there was that welcoming sensation once again.

It was like a kind of a satisfaction he felt. It was like he had reached something he had longed for a long, long time. And yes, it did feel warm, in a way. Warm and ticklish, it was a pleasant feeling.

Just as pleasant as the feeling he would feel once he held Hermione in his strong arms.

Ah, his Hermione. His beautiful, belle Hermione. He could already picture her naked, kissing him hotly and passionately and moving under his body, screaming his name with her sweetest voice over and over again.

Draco, oh Draco!

He could already feel the warmth and the softness of her delicate skin as he touched her. And he would make sure her skin burned just as if someone had set fire on it. He would make sure she screamed his name and only his, he would make sure he was the only man on her mind.

DRACO!

His eyelids closed, his lips opened up, letting his tongue caress them gently. It was such a delicious image: He saw her curls; they were covering the whole pillow. He saw her facial expression; her features were lost in the hottest passion: Her chocolate eyes were shut; unable to open because of the wave of pleasure she was feeling. Her round mouth was wide open; unable to close because she had to moan and scream his name, she had to express the unbelievable pleasure she was feeling. She had to beg.

FUCK, DRACO, PLEASE! MORE, MORE! FASTER! HARDER!

He felt a shiver running down his spine as he felt his erection grow. His eyes popped open and so the picture of his naked Hermione disappeared. He looked down at his trousers: There was a big lump between his legs that threatened to come out if he didn't do something about it. He smirked. His hand would take care of it that time, but he knew Hermione would be the one taking care of it soon enough.

He left the Astronomy Tower, knowing he would come back the day after. Just to feel that overwhelming sensation of control, of power over the others. Because it was so damn...

Welcoming.

Yay! Chapter One's up!

Please, review, fav and follow! :D

I hope you liked this chapter! I promise I will be making them longer, just, I want to give you an easy start :D (Besides, I need to get more ideas :D haha)

See you on next chappieeee!

Thanks for reading guys, YOU ROCK! :D

Chapter 2: A Little Taste

THANKS SO MUCH FOR YOUR FAVS AND FOLLOWS AND REVIEWWWS! KEEP THEM GOINGGG!

Enjoy your reading!

Another day had begun at Hogwarts and Dumbledore thought it was a perfect day for welcoming a new potions professor.

And that had caught Draco's full attention.

The ancient man wasn't tall. He wasn't fat, but he wasn't thin either: He had that typical senior torso that a man got in his older years when he hadn't practiced any kind of sport in his early times.

He had some hair, rather curly. And probably, the hair color had been dark brown, maybe even black. It really wouldn't have combined with his eyes' color: emerald green. Black was the color of Death, the color of Evil. And Green, to its contrast, was the color of Justice. Symbolically, those two colors just didn't fit together. But who knew... Maybe Slughorn had had something to do with the Dark Side in his earlier years... Maybe even with the Dark Lord himself.

Oh, if Draco only knew...

His dangerous, icy, grey eyes suddenly shone with evilness as the old man introduced himself in front of the whole students: Horace Slughorn, Master of Potions back in his time. He had worked at Hogwarts and also at the Ministry of magic, his specialization had had everything to do with Dark Magic skills.

Draco had to contain himself from smiling like a psychopath: It was utterly perfect. Horace Slughorn would be of real help: He would not only help him with the Unforgivable Potion, he would also help him with some other potions he had heard of. Like, for example... *Felix Felicis, also known as Liquid Luck. Amortentia, known as the Love Potion. And Veritaserum, known as the Truth Potion.*

And the best part was, he couldn't deny his offer: It was either Slughorn willingly accepting the demand of helping him, or it was Draco cursing the professor under the Imperio curse. And even though the first option was more affable for him, because McGonagall happened to be really good at guessing if someone was cursed or not, he would probably decide for the second option: He would be cursing Slughorn so it was easier for him to manipulate his mind. It was his way of... ensuring his chances of perfecting his masterpiece.

The question was how he'd do it. Cursing a teacher was risky; even more if the curse was an Unforgivable. Besides, he could be discovered as the Death Eater he had become. And that would mean one thing: Azkaban.

And he wouldn't be going to Azkaban. *Not ever.*

He frowned. His mind was at its best thinking power while he planned how to get Slughorn cursed without him getting involved in the situation. He searched with his eyes; he looked at every object on the table, he discretely looked at everyone in that Hall. Every student, every teacher... There had to be someone that could help him out—

—Wait. Black robes, black hair, dark eyes... *And a Dark Mark hiding under his left sleeve.*

Severus. Snape.

The blonde smirked. His dearly beloved Godfather had sworn to his mother he'd protect Draco with his life: He had made the Unbreakable Vow. So that meant, if something bad happened to Draco, Snape would suffer the consequences.

Marvelous!

Now everything he had to do was ask. He just had to kindly ask Snape to put a spell on Slughorn! And if he refused, he just could blackmail him into doing it: It would be either him or his life. And since Draco knew how much Snape appreciated his own life, Snape wouldn't have any choice but to obey Draco's wishes.

Snape would obey, Slughorn would be cursed, Draco would get his potions, his masterpiece would work perfectly, he would get his Hermione and everyone else would be either happy... or dead.

And even though Draco knew it would be a long process, he still thought it was as easy as snapping his fingers.

'How to conquer the world in four simple steps, by Draco Malfoy.' He thought with arrogance.

He shot a look at Severus Snape; lightly raising his eyebrows and saw he looked back, a kind of suspiciousness shining in the brown of his eyes.

The muscles of his back tensed completely up.

Snape knew that look. He perfectly knew what he had to understand when he saw Draco's icy, greyish eyes shine with that arrogance and danger. He could just see Draco's look was intense,

demanding, in a way. And he had to admit, it frightened him a little: Whatever the kid had on mind, it wasn't good.

It frightened him, because even though Snape was an expert at Legilimency, he had never been able to really read Draco's mind. He had been able to barely tell whether if his intentions were good or bad, but he had never been right at guessing what he was up to. And that scared him sometimes.

He never broke eyes contact with him. He just kept staring at him, seeing how Draco slightly nodded with his head, his facial features showing superiority. It was confident, too confident. Snape shook his head, telling him no to whatever he was supposed to understand. He *really* didn't like that rarely shown self-confidence of his.

Severus closed his eyes. And still, he could even *feel* him chuckle arrogantly. He frowned: That little brat needed to get taught some manners.

He opened his eyes, just about to mouth something, but...

...Draco had already disappeared from the Great Hall.

Hermione was walking through the corridors that led to her favorite part of the castle: The library. She had borrowed some very special books the day before, just to forget she had been upset. Of course, she had read the two of them within a night. But, what else could she do? Those were *Hogwarts, A History*, a book she had read over a thousand times and still didn't get tired of it, and *Cinderella*, a book that reminded her that, someday, her blue prince would come along.

It didn't have to be Ron... Not necessarily.

Right?

She sighed as books were held even more tightly against her chest, a soft, rather sad smile drawn on her face. And so she stepped into the library, not knowing what surprise would await her in there.

Ever since he got so obsessed with her, Draco got to know which were her favorite places all around the castle. There was the Gryffindor Tower; her favorite spot was the common room. There was the Room of Requirement; a place she went whenever she wanted to be left alone for a while every time she felt homesick. And then, there was the library, of course.

After many times following her to her secret spot, and after being there on his own, Draco seemed to finally understand why his Princess Hermione spent so much time at the library. The library wasn't just a simple place for doing homework. It was much more to her: There were books. Many books that smelled of old paper, of ancient wood. Alone the smell made that place comfortable.

But those books had been close friends to her; they were like a kind of safety. They had been there during her first year, in which even Potty and the Weasel treated her like the annoying

Know-It-All she was. They had been there when she read and cried at the same time. They had been there to tell her beautiful fairy and princesses tales that always had a happy ending. And most important thing, those books had been there every time she felt comforted by all those beautiful written words that caused her to smile.

Those books also had been a kind of a font of security to her. Whenever she needed pieces of information, she knew she just had to take a book, open and read. She knew a book would not deny her anything. As he had rightly stated, books were Hermione's best friends.

But to become her best friend, Draco had to hurt one of her favorite books. So he took it from the shelf, ripped the last page, folded it cautiously and tucked it into his pocket.

He leisurely put the book back into the shelf as he heard some steps coming near.

Draco closed his eyes and inhaled. It was her; there was no doubt. Her sweetest scent gave her away. French Vanilla and African cinnamon, a tune of milk chocolate and coconut. Delicious, it made his mouth water.

"Wh— Malfoy? What are you doing here?"

The sound of her tender voice made him open his eyes. There she was. And gosh, she looked beautiful: Her new uniform adapted even more to her delicious corporal curves, giving her a very sexy touch. Her definite curls were falling down her shoulders; her angelical face was as bright as the light of the stars. She looked as if she had been made for him.

And she was made for him, *indeed*.

So, why hesitate?

He only took two big, rapid steps towards her and roughly pushed her against one of the shelves.

Both, Draco and Hermione heard the sound of the books falling onto the floor.

He then leant in and held her delicate chin with one hand. He grabbed a fist full of her brown curls in the other one, lightly pulling.

Draco heard her heart beating rapidly and aggressively; he heard her lungs panting heavily.

"Hello, Beautiful." He said in a low voice, almost in a dangerous whisper, "I was waiting for you."

"Malf—"

Draco sucked on her neck hungrily, leaving a hickey; and making her moan out loud, not allowing her to end her phrase.

Draco knew he hadn't conquered Hermione Granger yet. He was just having a little taste of what was *his and his only*.

"It's Draco, sweetness. Not 'Malfoy'. And we're going to have lots of fun in here. But, you know... This is a library. And we can't take the risk to be way too loud in here. What would Mme.

Pince say if she caught us, hmm?" He said, as he licked the helix of her ear, "*Silencio!*"

And with that, Hermione was quiet.

And with that, Draco smirked and kissed her hotly.

After all, he was just having a little taste.

SO! Chapter two's up! :D yaaay! :D

I hope you liked this one!

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

And reviews tooooooooo! So, please review!

Chapter 3: A Brilliant Mind

OMG, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! REALLY, THEY MADE ME SO HAPPY!

KEEP THEM GOINGGG! :D

Enjoy your reading!

Draco broke the kiss after having savored her sweet mouth, after having had his taste. Her breath tasted like coffee and sugar: it was bittersweet. Her lips were soft and tender, inviting him to kiss her again. And he was tempted, indeed he was. But he decided against it: It was *story time*. After all, they were at the library, weren't they?

The hand that was holding her chin went down to wrap her waist. The other one that had grabbed her hair loosened its grip to caress Hermione's cheek with a creepiness that frightened her.

Hermione's gaze was completely focused on Draco's grey eyes: His icy, dangerous grey was melting because of the heat of his desire. And her brown eyes were nothing against it: They revealed instability. They revealed shock and astonishment. They revealed something close to cluelessness. And that made her vulnerable, even though she was a Gryffindor and was supposed to be brave.

Her gaze suddenly focused on how Draco's lips formed an evil smirk.

"Why, how, or when. I know that is what's going through your mind right now. Well, let me answer that question, Sweetness." He said as his hand started caressing her lips, "How would I know when it's you that bewitched me? You! Out of all people, it had to be you. A Muggleborn. Ironic... isn't it?"

His pale thumb played with Hermione's under lip, pulling it down a little bit so he could feel the wetness of her recently kissed lips.

"But still... There is a story. I've entitled it Madness. Because it was mad that a filthy mudblood like you could be doing this to me." He whispered, "Let's begin, shall we?"

With those words, he pulled her in for a kiss, but still stopped before there could be any lip contact. Draco just wanted to feel her anxious breaths on his own lips, degusting the warmth of them.

"Once upon a time, a Mudblood." He started, his lips brushing hers as he talked, "And once upon a time, a Pureblood. Their names were Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy. They hated each other; they had their reasons to do so. But one day, Draco didn't know what day it was, not the month and not the year, because he was unconscious: He had been thrown into the black lake's freezing water."

Her breaths were turning heavier by the second. They hit Draco's lips, warming them up. And he didn't seem like he would ever have enough of it.

"The black lake has always been known for being a monster's home. Most fearful marine creatures live in there, and they always wait up for someone to fall in their waters so that they get something to eat."

Draco started brushing Hermione's lips with his own, sometimes even kissing and sucking hard on them. He was enjoying what was *his and his only*.

"But someone saved Draco. Someone saved Draco from getting eaten and someone saved him from drowning."

Hermione instantly shook her head, as if she wanted to tell him she hadn't been the one to save him. She really didn't know if he would be able to understand her since he had put her under a Silencio, but contrary to her presumptions, he did. He did, and instead of getting angry, something she had rather expected; he humorlessly laughed.

"Shh, sweetheart. He knew she wasn't there to save him. But casually, he happened to know where she was and what she was doing, even though he was unconscious." He stated matter-of-factly, "She was with her two annoying best friends, the Weasel and Saint Potter... And, oh. Brown, too. And guess what, Princess: Weasley and Brown were making out in front of her eyes. And she felt ignored... you felt ignored. And not only Weasley chose to ignore you, Potter did as well. Your so-called friends. Where were they right then? With you? *Or rather... against you?*"

'Stop it!' She mouthed. He just laughed bitterly.

"I'm not stopping it, Sweetness. Where was the Potter you used to know? The 'oh so sweet one, the one who cared'? Was he there? I presume he was not. His body was there, but not his soul. He ignored you, too. Just like the Weasel did."

'STOP!' She mouthed again.

"Where are your friends when you really need them?" he mocked, "At the library? In the books? Where were they? With whom?"

Her eyes opened widely, as she realized he was right. Harry and Ron had chosen Lavender over her, even though they barely knew her back in that time! They had been absolutely careless about her feelings, they had-

-Wait, *no!* Ron and Harry were her friends! Ron and Harry cared about her!

She tried to look away, but he grabbed her chin, forced her to look at him, and kissed her roughly, punishingly, biting her lips hard, tasting the sweet blood that ran out of them.

"And you..." he accused between his rough kisses, "You didn't want him to ignore you. You wanted him to kiss you."

Draco started kissing her even rougher. He leant further in, obliging her to rely her back on the bookshelf uncomfortably; his lips not only devouring her mouth, but also parts of her cheeks, while he forced his tongue deep inside her mouth, sucked on her tongue and bit hard on it. And even though she was under the silencing spell, he could have sworn he'd heard her moan.

He broke the kiss once again and menacingly looked into her coffee eyes.

"Well, guess what, Princess. I am kissing you now. And from now on, I'll be the only one you'll be kissing."

She mouthed a 'why', tears in started forming in her eyes.

"You should be asking the right questions, lovely. Like, what happened to me? Come on, mouth it."

She bit her lip in hesitation. Should she do it? Should she ask? And in case she asked, did she even want to know the answer? Did she even-

"I'm waiting." The impatience in his voice was quite remarkable.

She sighed in resignation.

'What happened to you?' She said voicelessly, careful that he was able to read her lips.

Draco bitterly chuckled and stirred a sick laugh.

"Everything I know is that I woke up in my bed. I was under my blankets, totally naked. When I started to stretch my arms and legs, I noticed there was a letter on my nightstand." He explained, sweet danger echoed his voice, "And, you know, I've always been a curious man, so I decided to open it: I read a name, written with dark red blood."

'Hermione' She mouthed in full shock.

"Exactly, love. Well guessed." He smirked, "Still... You're not fully mine yet, and I don't have time to make you mine just now. I have some things to do before I claim you. "

With that, he kissed her on the lips softly; pulled away, lifted the curse, and his low voice muttered a whisper.

"But this I promise you, *Princess: I'll have you in the end.*"

And with a last chaste kiss on the cheek, Draco snapped his fingers and he was gone, leaving his speechless Hermione alone at the library, with many, many questions bothering her mind.

Lily. Oh, Lily. Why has fate been so cruel?

Every time Snape would leave the Great Hall, he would go straight to his office, open the shelf and take Lily's picture out of it. And every time he'd take it, he would kiss the picture her softly on the lips.

And then he would wonder...

Lily. Oh, Lily. Why has fate been so cruel?

He would recall the whole story, from the very beginning, when he saved her from her sister's wrath calling her a freak. He would recall the first time he saw her incredible eyes. He would recall all the times they had went out together having fun.

Yet again...

He would also remember all the times he saw her with James Potter. Dancing, hugging and kissing him. And he remembered, oh he remembered. He remembered the pain it caused him to even see her, knowing James had been with her and knowing he hadn't any chance with her.

And still, he loved her like a madman: He had put his life at stake for his little mudblood, for his little Lily. He had risked his life to protect her from the Dark Lord, and still he had failed at it: He clearly remembered the night he went to the Potter's just to check if she was alright: Instead of a living, sane Lily, he'd found her corpse.

And then, within bitter tears forming in his eyes, he would wonder, again, and again, and again:

Lily. Oh, Lily. Why has fate been so cruel?

He would recall every single detail, every single morning. But apparently, someone decided to appear in the middle of his ritual.

Snape quickly hid his beloved picture again.

"Haven't your parents taught you to knock on the door before coming into a room?" His godfather asked in annoyance.

"Excuse you me, where are my manners?" he mocked arrogantly, as he stepped toward his table and knocked three times, "Knock, knock, knock, my dearest Godfather. It is I, Draco."

"Arrogance is not a virtue, Draco."

"It depends on the use of it. Using it correctly, one can achieve lots of things." Draco stated, "Lots of things... like these things I have on mind."

And there was that mercury look again. The look Severus couldn't read. It irritated him, actually. He hated it when he couldn't use Legilimency on other wizards to see their intentions!

Snape raised an eyebrow questioningly.

"Things... you have on mind? Enlighten me."

The blonde chuckled as he started walking around Snape, his gaze never leaving his manly figure.

"This new professor... Slughorn, I believe was his name? He has introduced himself today as a potions master-

"-I am aware of that, Draco. I was there, too."

"And you're the one to talk about virtues. He mocked. It really amused him to see how he easily could get on his nerves, " It really is not a virtue to interrupt, Severus, my dear Godfather. Now, as I was saying... He's a potion master. And I happen to be very interested in some potions."

"Oh?" He asked, "What are those potions you're so interested in?"

Draco lifted his arms in the air, in a mocking, yet also annoyed motion.

"And there we are with virtues again!" he exclaimed, "Too much curiosity is not a virtue, Severus."

"Stop mocking me, Draco." He warned, "It is very unbecoming."

"Thank you very much for your kind piece of advice, mother. I'll note that one. Now, back to Slughorn. I need you to do me a favor."

"And what exactly makes you think I'll do any favor to you?" Snape huffed.

Draco smirked.

"Two things: First, you're my godfather. And second... The Unbreakable Vow you've made to my mother."

"That doesn't imply me doing you any favors, Draco. I swore to protect you, not to be your servant."

"It does in this case."

"Oh, really, you don't say. How so?" He tried to mock.

"Manners, Severus. *Manners.*"

"Spit it out already."

"Fine, fine. As you wish. "He said, lazily. "I need you to cast the Imperius curse on Slughorn for me. And since it's so risky for me... I mean, I could get caught and be sent to Azkaban for it."

"You would deserve it, Draco. Besides, my life would only be at stake when yours was."

"And who says it would be not? May I remind you how many cases of suicide have been given at Azkaban? A part from losing my sanity in there, I could even choose to lose my life."

"You wouldn't—"

"Oh, wouldn't I? Well, I beg to differ. If I got caught and sent to Azkaban until I loose sanity *because you weren't there to protect me*, then I think I would. Because, Severus. If I paid the prize for my crime with my life, you too."

Snape frowned. He didn't really like where this was going.

"Is this about your interest in these potions you've just talked me about?"

"It may... have something to do with it, yes." He stated with a complete neutral glare.

The professor looked at him with suspicious eyes. Whatever Draco was planning to do... It wouldn't have any good consequences. He already knew it wouldn't. Not precisely for him, but for all other people: Snape knew Draco had a brilliant mind, and he feared him sometimes for it.

"Draco," he called his name carefully, trying to really read his mind again, "What do you need these potions for?"

Draco smirked at him, taking his time to have his evil laughter and frighten him. He then leant to mutter smooth words into his ear; making sure his cold breath would cause a shiver to run through Snape's spine.

"This, my dear Severus, it's none of your business. But since your life it's a stake... you have no other choice but to play my game and adhere to my rules. And my rules say, you need to set him under the Imperius curse as soon as possible, giving the order to obey me and only me." He clarified, "Am I understood?"

Severus felt sweat forming in the palms of his hands, running down his trembling fingers.

He swallowed.

"Yes, Draco."

"Good. Now, if you'll excuse me... I have some Quidditch practice to do."

And instead of apparating away, like all the other times, Draco stepped towards the door. As he wanted to close it behind him, he stopped.

"Oh, and Severus... It really is unbecoming to always try to use Legilimency on people, especially on your own godson. Please! Learn some manners, will you? They're a... how was it called, again? Oh, yes – A virtue."

And with that, Draco shut the door behind him.

YYYYYESSSSSSS! A LONGER CHAPTER FULL OF ANGST! YYYYYESSSS! Hahahah :D

I really hope you liked it! Thank you very much for reading!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE SO VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! PLEASEEEE, LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEEWSSSSS! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HEEEELLLLLLLL! :D

See you on next chaptteer!

Chapter 4: Truth and Lies

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOUUUUUUUUUUUU! OMG, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! I'M SO GREATEFULLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

KEEP THEM GOINGGGG! :D

Here's another chapter! Enjoy your reading!

"OI, POTTER!" Draco yelled, "YOUR GRYFFINDORK TIME'S UP! GET YOUR SORRY ASSES OFF THE BROOMS AND SHOVE OFF, I DON'T WANT TO WASTE MY TIME WATCHING YOUR PATHETIC QUIDDITCH TRAININGS!"

Harry Potter rolled his eyes as he saw the blonde and told his team that practice was over. All his team obeyed, heading to the exit, ready to leave. But Harry Potter went straight to Draco Malfoy, who just stood there, smirking.

"Clean that sodding smirk off of your face, Malfoy. You're going to lose this battle." Harry menaced, "And by 'battle', I don't just mean Quidditch."

Draco bitterly chuckled. Maybe he would lose the Quidditch match, which, by the way, was highly improbable. But he definitely wouldn't be losing their own battle: Snape had already agreed to curse Slughorn, so basically, now it was just a matter of time to get that old master to brew him the Unforgivable Potion.

"And what, praise tell, could you be referring to, other than this Quidditch match coming up tomorrow?"

Harry's green sparky eyes narrowed as he glared at him dangerously. Draco just shrugged at that.

"Don't you dare fake this kind of innocence, Malfoy, you know what I'm referring to." He said,

"We both know what you are."

"No, really", he continued mocking, "I don't have a clue what you're talking about, Potter. So, would you just care to be a bit more precise? And quicker, too. You're making me waste my time. And I'll have you know, my time is precious."

Harry tried to make his point.

"Your father is a Death Eater, so-"

"-Wow, you're bright!" He scoffed. "Really, no one had noticed before. I shall admire your observation skills. Or rather... I think I shall admire your pathetic round glasses."

"Shut up, Malfoy!"

"Touchy, aren't we, Potty?" He sneered at him, hitting his nerve, "Hasn't that ugly scar on your forehead let you sleep last night? Really, you're in a real bad mood!"

"Malfoy!" He yelled angrily.

"Oh, please. What are you complaining about? It's you who has to get to his bloody fucking point, so get going, Potter! I don't have all day!"

And then, his 'bloody fucking point' was made.

"You're a Death Eater, aren't you?" He said accusingly, "I know you are."

Draco laughed at him in front of his face. That made Harry just angrier and angrier, he felt like he just wanted to hex him just to make him stop. But he had to contain himself from doing so. Not because he was afraid he would hex him back, rather because he was afraid he wouldn't be able to stop: Because he really was afraid of becoming a monster.

"Potter, I beg you. Just because I'm your childhood enemy you're going to state I'm a Death Eater? Are you really that low?"

"It's not because of that-"

"-It's because of my father, yes, you've said that and have made a fool out of yourself. "His voice was coldly and dangerously soft, and it was filled with bitterness "Please, continue. Enlighten me. Why should I have become a Death Eater?"

The bitter irony and the danger echoed in his voice, and that left Harry completely speechless.

"Because you- You-" he stuttered helplessly.

"I'm listening, Potter."

"Look, I just know it's you, okay?" He yelled.

"Pfft, Potter. You're even more ridiculous than I had dared to think, really. All right, fine. Let's pretend I'm a Death Eater. And now... The proofs are exactly... *Where?*"

Harry didn't hesitate to answer his question.

"On your forearm, Malfoy."

Draco smirked. Really, the way Potter was glaring at him with his emerald eyes didn't frighten him in any kind of way. On the contrary, they amused him to no end. They amused him, because, Potter was ignorant to the fact that he was actually talking to the man who'd kill him in a couple of weeks.

'Let him have his fun while he still can.' He arrogantly thought.

"Oh, do you mean... on here?"

And with those words, Draco lifted up the right sleeve of his Quidditch uniform in a rough motion.

He internally laughed down on Potter as he saw his forearm: There was no Dark Mark. There was nothing, but his pale, pale skin. The look on Harry's face was priceless: His forehead had drawn a hard frown, his emerald eyes had opened widely in disbelief, as his jaw slightly dropped, leaving his mouth open, stuttering some ridiculous phrases and sole words that didn't have any sense.

Poor Potter. Poor Saint Potter. He thought he knew so much about Dark things or about the Dark Mark. He knew it was for the Dark Lord to call his Death Eaters, but what else did he know? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. If he had known, he would've told him to lift up his left sleeve, really proving Draco a Death Eater. But yet he didn't.

'You don't know that much as you thought you did, now did you, you fucking saint?' Draco maliciously thought. 'Tough Luck, Potter.'

Besides, his statement about Potter telling him he was a Death Eater was awfully ridiculous. Firstly, he didn't have anything to prove him a Dark Side's follower, and secondly, his statement had been just so dry and so empty on information, that he could easily refute his thesis with only a lie.

And honestly, he was Draco Fucking Malfoy. Best liar of history.

So the blonde just sneered at Potter.

"Now you've seen it. And there: No Dark Mark! I'm not a Death Eater."

"You used dark magic to hide it." He said stubbornly.

"Potter, for fuck's sake, you're behaving childishly just because you don't want to accept I didn't get fucking marked and that your suspicions about me are totally false." He spat while rolling his greyish eyes, "I've already showed you my arm, and you've seen nothing. You failed. You're wrong! Fucking get over it, Potter. Sheesh!"

"NO! What side are you on, Malfoy?" He insisted while he cried out in desperation, "You're not on the bright side, and there's no neutral side, so you have to be on the Dark Side! You have to

be a Death Eater!"

Draco just huffed and rolled his eyes at him.

"Getting up some ridiculous suspicions, eh? That's so bloody typical of you." He said in a superior tone. "Well, Potter. Very well. You truly are wasting your time. I don't happen to be a Death Eater; I haven't joined the Dark Side. I mean, why would I decide to join a bunch of idiots that follow another bigger idiot who's just going to die in the end? What's the point in that?"

Harry frowned and sunk deeply into thought.

Draco's mercury eyes slightly narrowed as he thought that was the best moment to use Legilimency on Potter: He was so focused on his thoughts that he wouldn't even notice him reading his mind. Potter wouldn't even know that Draco would be entering his reason having the chance to easily manipulate him.

'Legilimens!' He conjured in his mind.

And there it was: Harry had to admit Malfoy really had a strong argument. But still, there was something about Draco that really bothered him. And what bothered him most was the fact that he didn't know if he was lying or not. He couldn't tell. His argument said he didn't; yet his aura said otherwise. And Harry didn't know whom to trust.

He just knew one thing: *Never trust the enemy.*

All right, that had been more than enough. And that had been much more than helpful: It had been the perfect thought for a twisted mind like his. He wouldn't trust the enemy? Of course not, he wouldn't. But... He would trust the enemy's lies.

Draco lifted up the spell as he saw Potter was starting to lose his concentration on his thoughts. He was now looking at him. He happened to be glaring at him again.

"I don't believe you at all, Malfoy." He stated, "So I'm going to ask you again: Which side are you on?"

"I'm neutral in this matter, I told you. But since you're being such a nuisance and I don't have much time for your childish shit, I'm going to reveal you a little secret: I am not a Death Eater and I'm not following the bright side either, because I happen to be my own master." He whispered.

"Your own master? What is that supposed to mean?"

Draco's smirk grew wider. Now it was time for him to tell Potter the actual truth. The advantage was, Potter would believe it a lie. And the more lies he believed, the less he knew.

"It means, Potter, that I plan my very own strategies, I think about how to do all things. And, tell you what? I will be the one to kill Voldemort. And I will be the one to kill you. I will be the one to have the power. I will be, and not anyone else."

Draco laughed quietly and dangerously, looking at Potter deeply in the eyes with his greyish ones, trying to hypnotize him.

"Now, now, Saint Potter. I've just told you what my brilliant masterpiece is. Do you believe anything of it? Do you believe me?"

"No. I don't believe you, Malfoy; I know you're lying. You just can't be on your own." He told him, "There's some kind of sick trick behind all this. And I'm going to find out."

The more lies he believed, the less he knew. And the less Harry Potter knew, the better for Draco Malfoy.

Draco hid his most evil smirk and faked indifference.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, Potter—"

"—I swear." The Boy-Who-Lived warned, *"I fucking swear I will find out, Malfoy."*

Draco just shrugged arrogantly and got on his broomstick. He then flew off with an only thought on his mind.

'Man should not swear in vain, Potter.' He thought maliciously, doing his best to hide his dangerous smirk, 'Don't you know that's a sin?'

YAYYYY! CHAPTER FOUR'S UP! YYEASSSSSS!

I hope you liked it! Thank you very much for readinnnnng!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATEDDDD!

AND REVIEWS TOO! PLEASE, LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HEEEEEEELLLLLL!

See you on next chapter!

Chapter 5: Little Victories

OMG, PEOPLE, IT'S SO CRAZYYYYY! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR REVIEEEWSSS FAVS AND FOLLOWWWWSSS! I LOVE YOU SO MUCHHHHH! :D You guys really do rock! :D

KEEP THEM GOING! :D

Enjoy your reading!

Hermione still was at the library, shock still running through her veins. Draco Malfoy, the one who had always insulted her as a filthy little Mudblood, the one who had always shown the hate he felt for her, had suddenly waited for her at her favorite library's spot. He had surprised her by

kissing her roughly; by telling her he would be the only one she would be with from then on. His reason? A Blood Letter with her name written on it.

It was unbelievable.

She couldn't help but wonder if he had invented some parts of the tale. Like the part he had been unconscious and still had known what had been up between Harry, Ron, Lavender and her. She sighed in frustration: She didn't believe a word of that; he just had been spying on her. But yet again, why? His tale told about him getting the letter after he had supposedly thrown into the water and been unconscious, so why had he shown this obsession of his before reading the Blood Letter? It didn't make any sense!

When had he become so damn obsessed with her?

Hermione bit her under lip so she could think more properly: It always helped. But as her teeth touched the flesh of her lips, she slightly yelped: Draco had bitten in there hardly; he had left a little scar in there.

The Gryffindor softly touched her lips with her thin fingers, somehow trying to remember the feeling of his lips being on hers. She had to admit, even though it had been rough and punishing, even though it had hurt, Draco's kiss had awoken something deep inside her she didn't even know she had. She didn't know what it was; it was something she couldn't describe at all. Maybe if she bit again, she could at least recall the sensation and tell what it was.

And so, her teeth met her lips' flesh once again.

Her tongue caressed the little mark softly so the weird feeling after having bitten her under lip faded away. She was surprised as she realized she tasted her blood: It had a kind of metallic taste, yet kind of salty mixed up with sweet and bitter at the same time. The surprise was even bigger when she realized she liked the taste of it. No, she didn't like it.

...She loved it.

And again, he would remind himself he had no choice but to obey Draco's orders.

Severus Snape was right there, standing in front of Slughorn's office door. His wand was tightly held in his hand, ready to curse. And it was held so tightly it trembled. It didn't tremble because he was scared. No, he had already cursed many people in his life: He had injured some people; he had even killed some more. Not out of fun, of course, but to win the Dark Lord's trust.

But this wasn't about winning anyone's trust. This was about him obeying Draco's orders, in order to keep his very own life untouched. This was about surrendering to his very own godson. And the worst part was, there wasn't a single way to get it back on him.

Shit. He had to do it. And his inner voice shouted at him that he really didn't want to.

Snape huffed out in frustration and knocked on the door. He started hearing some steps and some tired panting coming from the insides of the room: Slughorn was indeed at his late ages, and it somehow made him feel a little sorry to have to curse him. But as he had already stated many, many times before: It was either putting the Imperius curse on him or losing his life.

Damn him for being so overly possessive with his life!

Of course, he had a reason: He never believed in hell or heaven, and therefore, dying wouldn't imply getting to see his Lily again. And since living was the only way to remember her, to keep each and every one of his memories, he acted egoistically. And stupidly, too, in a certain way: Why did he want to live? Did it make any kind of sense? After all, if he died, he would lose something he never had. He would lose nothing.

And knowing he would lose nothing when he could've lost something if James Potter hadn't gotten in his way... hurt. And it hurt badly.

He knocked on the door again to push those sad thoughts away from him. He needed a cool mind to curse that old man.

"I'm coming, don't be impatient!" His old, tired, airy voice said in annoyance.

Severus only had to wait two more seconds.

The door opened, and Slughorn's usual bright face dropped at once. Not because he knew about Snape having the mission to curse him, but rather, because he knew from Dumbledore that Snape had taken the news he had to give up on teaching potions quite badly.

"Hello, Severus." He cordially greeted, unable to help the trembling in his voice.

"Hello, Horace." Snape's face darkened at the mention of the name.

He didn't want to do it, he didn't want to do it, he didn't want to do it!

"What brings you here?" He almost stuttered.

"You." He darkly said.

The old potions master gasped at Snape's statement.

Horace Slughorn's emerald eyes opened widely in surprise and somewhat fear; and his jaw dropped open.

"Wh-"

And in a rapid, yet trembling wrist motion...

He didn't want to do it, he didn't want to do it, he just didn't want to do it!

NO! DON'T!

"Imperio!"

...Severus cursed him.

Slughorn's gaze went lost, his eyes lost their shine, and they suddenly just stared through him

and at the nothingness.

"You will adhere to Draco Malfoy's orders, Horace Slughorn." Snape stated.

"I will... adhere..." He whispered, his gaze still lost. "...To Draco Malfoy's... orders. Draco... Malfoy..."

Snape sighed in relief.

He did it. At least now, his life wasn't at stake anymore.

Or that was what he thought.

Draco was flying on his broomstick at its full speed; he was about to catch the Golden Snitch. He was close, he was damn close: His arm was stretched, all his muscles were tensed up, and his forehead was covered in sweat. And still, he looked just as handsome as always.

'Just a few more inches...' He thought, 'Come on, you bloody golden flying ball!'

And then, it happened. Draco had jumped off his broomstick all of a sudden to wrap his hand around the Golden Snitch, and didn't fail at it. He looked at his hands as he fell onto the ground: He had caught it. He had finally caught it. Yes, it was true: He was practicing for the match due to the next day, but still, having the Golden Snitch in his hands felt like a little victory to him.

He wanted to stand up from the ground, but...

The Slytherin suddenly felt a rush of incredible power running through his veins: It was electrifying and also, it was kind of overwhelming. He felt a very pleasant ticklish rush upon his chest, and a sort of nice pressure on his stomach. The rush burnt his skin and cooled it up at the same time; it was a real strange sensation.

Yet it felt so good.

Draco knew that had nothing to do with the Golden Snitch. He somehow suspected it had to do with having control over Slughorn. He could tell by the slight tremble of his hand: Draco Malfoy just wanted to order around, he just felt the need to tell Slughorn to brew that Unforgivable Potion for him.

Yes. The Unforgivable Potion. It was so damn evil he could almost enjoy its sweet taste. He licked his lips: It was the taste of victory.

"We're going to kick Gryffindor's ass tomorrow, people!" Nott yelled from his broomstick, "Malfoy has caught the Snitch in a new record time! Potter's not going to have any chance! I suggest we spare our energy for tomorrow. Hey, Malfoy, what do you say about that? Can we leave?"

He smirked at Theodore Nott. He liked that boy. Maybe he wouldn't kill him when he ruled the world.

"You slimy snakes get out of my sight." He ordered, "And don't you fucking get pissed tonight. You'll need to be sober to kick all those Gryffindorks pathetic asses."

All Slytherins laughed with a mock of arrogance as they started to leave. Yes, they would enjoy the pathetic expression on Potter and Weasley's face. They definitely would, there was no doubt about that.

The blondest snake was about to leave with his team too, as he felt another rush of power running through his veins again, this time, even more powerful than the first wave. Plus, he could've sworn he had heard Slughorn say his name.

'Draco... Malfoy...'

Excellent.

His old voice just sounded so brilliantly hexed... He just knew his masterpiece would work out. He was totally sure of it.

He heard Horace Slughorn's voice echoing inside his head again.

'I will... adhere... to Draco... Malfoy's rules...'

His greyish eyes shone with danger, arrogance, and big confidence, as his smirk grew even wider. He evilly laughed: Yes, victory definitely would be his.

AAANNNND! CHAPTER FIVE! HAHAAHAHA! YAAAY! And it's full of angst :D haha

I HOPE YOU GUYS LIKED IT!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! PLEASE, LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLL! :D

See you on next chapter!

Chapter 6: His Deadly Eyes

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! THEY'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY! YOU GUYS REALLY ROCK!

KEEP THEM GOING!

Enjoy this chapter!

Just to make sure that the old potions master Horace Slughorn was under his control; Draco decided to pay him a visit. He would be very casual, as he put it. He would ask a few questions and then he'd start to order him to brew his potions.

Draco decided to take it easy on him: Cordial knocks on the door, friendly face, small talk, little threats in between, and then tell him the consequences he would be forced to face if he didn't brew the potions quickly and efficiently. Oh, and an Outstanding in his marks would also be necessary. Yes, he definitely would be taking it rather easy on him.

Knock, Knock!

The door opened with the alone touch of his hand. His eyes opened in surprise, he really didn't expect the door to be half open. Draco just shrugged at it and came into the room, making sure he really closed the door behind him.

The Professor came from the corner; his emerald and hypnotized eyes were now focused on Draco. He just took two more steps towards the blonde and stood there, silent, as if he was waiting for Draco to order around.

Draco smirked, as he felt the exact same wave of power rushing through his veins once more. Ah, yes. He had already come to love the sensation.

"Good day, professor Slughorn. Please, let me introduce myself. I am Draco Malfoy." Draco dangerously greeted. The creepiness in his voice was audible. "How are you feeling? Cursed, I guess."

"Good day, Draco Malfoy." His voice was hypnotized; it was like talking to someone that sleep wandered. "Yes, I am cursed. I have been told to follow your orders."

"Excellent." He whispered to himself, "Now, now, professor. You don't know who I am, nor do I know much about you. So, what do you say? Fancy a 'Get-to-know-each-other' round?"

It was just bloody splendid!

Horace Slughorn happened to know the Dark Lord's youngest years. Even more, he had happened to be his favorite teacher. Or even better, he had happened to be his master: That professor hadn't noticed he had actually taught everything about dark magic skills to the Dark Lord.

Horace Slughorn had created the most feared monster of all times: Horace Slughorn had created Lord Voldemort. He had created the most powerful wizard of history! And he hadn't even realized it back in that time.

And that wasn't even the best part!

After Lord Voldemort's first attack, and after knowing he had created such a murderer, Slughorn decided to leave Hogwarts, not just for fear he would create another monster, but for release all of his anger and agony. He went to the Ministry of Magic, and took the deal Fudge had offered him years ago: Work at the apartment of Dark Magic. With that, Slughorn had not only the possibility to shoot very powerful spells anytime he needed to, but also to improve them: The old master had practiced with very old magical creatures that still were powerful enough to kill a person, and at that, he practiced every single day. Not only with curses, but also with killing potions. And then, many years after that, Dumbledore came along, and somehow convinced

him to go back to Hogwarts.

"And now just look where you are!" He said, pure evilness echoing his voice, "Cursed under the Imperius Curse, standing right in front of a blonde snake that is going to use you to no end. How does that feel, professor? How does it feel to know you're about to create a wizard that will overcome the Dark Lord's power? And how does it feel to know that you can't do anything about it, hmm?"

Horace's silence said everything he wanted to hear. His lips drew a smirk.

"Tell me, what do you know about the Unforgivable Potion, Horace?" He asked teasingly, "Quite a potion, huh?"

"The Unforgivable Potion, also known as 'The Potion of Perfection', is an almost unknown potion that only accords to the maker's wishes. It does not matter if the maker wishes for the drinker to die, to become ill or even to love. The Unforgivable Potion does not have any color, any smell or any taste, and there's no organ that gives the potion away. This means, man cannot prove that a wizard has drunk it."

Draco's smirk grew wider.

"Interesting. And tell me, Professor. How much time does it take to brew it?"

"Three months."

'Three months, huh? Long enough for Slughorn and the Dark Lord to train me at the same time. Perfect.' He thought.

"Very well. I want you to brew that potion for me. But be aware, I give you exact three months time. No more, no less. Three months. And if you fail at it, I'll make sure there are severe consequences, like, for example, a painful and slow death. Am I understood?"

Draco could hear the old man swallow: He feared him. Good.

"Yes."

"Good."

Draco looked at the old master with his threatening mercury eyes and saw fear behind his hypnotized emerald eyes. And then, just like that, he started to laugh maliciously right in front of him: Every day that passed, he was more and more convinced that his perfect masterpiece would work.

"Oh, and just one last thing, Professor..."

"Yes?"

"From now on, you'll refer to me as 'My Lord' or 'Master'." He ordered arrogantly, "Now, if you'll excuse me... I still have some important things to do."

"Good bye, My Lord."

"No, Slughorn," he whispered to himself, "That's far from it."

Draco left the room and let the door half open, just like he had found it. The blonde wouldn't want anyone to suspect he had been there.

He lazily stretched his arms. Everything he wanted to do now was to simply find his beautiful princess Hermione.

Hermione had gone to all her extra classes after having left the library. And now that all her lessons were done and she had finished all her homework, she decided to go for a walk. She really needed some fresh air: Her mind was full with school stuff and with questions about Draco Malfoy's bizarre tale. Or just about Draco sodding Malfoy. And unfortunately, with Ron and Lavender, too.

So, yes. Fresh air. Why not?

The Gryffindor went down the stairs, walked through the exit door and went straight to the black lake. She sat down at the coast and looked at her reflection: There was the picture of a sad girl with curly brown hair that really looked like her. Really, she did. But...

"That's not me." She said to herself.

She grabbed some stones and threw them into the cold water, trying to break that watery picture. But every time the water stilled, the sad reflection that reminded her of her situation came back and made her even angrier than she already was.

"Go away!" She yelled.

"That really is a charming way to greet your boyfriend."

She turned around and saw Malfoy. Ugh.

"Oh, please. You're not my boyfriend, Malfoy. You're not even a friend of mine."

"My, my, sweetness, you're in a grumpy mood."

"Maybe because of that invented tale of yours!" she spat, "And stop calling me sweetness!"

He stirred a laugh.

"First: I'll call you whatever I want, sweetness." He mocked with arrogance, "And second: Define 'invented'."

Hermione huffed. Why that arrogant, little ferret...! He really had a nerve, didn't he? Ugh, ugh, ugh and double ugh!

"You were not unconscious when you saw the whole situation, admit it already. You just followed me and decided to spy. Which means, your obsession with me began before you read that pathetic Blood Letter of yours. So, now, start telling the truth, Malfoy. I'm listening."

Draco took two steps and sat down next to her. He then took a little stone and also threw it into the water, a smirk drawn on his face.

"You really are good at ruining metaphors and tales, aren't y-"

"Malfoy!"

"Draco, sweetness. Draco." He corrected.

"Ugh! Whatever! Just— Just tell me the truth, will you?"

He stirred another laugh; it had been almost like a purr. And it had sounded so awfully... sexy. It had almost made her blush.

Malfoy stretched an arm and wrapped it around Hermione's shoulders, pulling her close to him. He made her lose her balance and so she fell on his strong arms: It felt like Draco was holding her as if she was a baby. And somehow, even though she wouldn't admit it, it felt safe to be held like that. It felt warm. It felt... good.

The blonde leant in so he could kiss her soft lips. He used the chance to slip his tongue into her warm, sweet mouth, as he had seen her delicious lips were ajar. His trained tongue explored her mouth in detail, making sure she moaned... making sure she kissed him back.

But she didn't... yet.

"Oh, so I should tell you the truth, huh? And, my love," He said between kisses, "What's in for me?"

"Nothing." She answered, trying to pull away, "Malfoy, let go!"

"Nuh-uh, princess." Draco teased, biting her under lip, "Wrong answer."

He deepened the kiss and made it rougher, showing her he was in control. The arm that was held her pulled her even closer to him, as one of his hands wandered through her shoulders, ending up on her breasts. He squeezed her breast and made her moan.

Draco broke the kiss for a moment and looked at her deeply in the eyes, his mercury ones suggestively shining.

"Let's see, princess, I'll put it this way: You tell me why you have this grumpy mood and I'll tell you the truth about this, how did you say it, oh yes: obsession of mine, hmm?" He gave her a quick peck on her swollen lips, "What do you say? Do we have a deal?"

"I..."

She didn't know why, but she suddenly felt the urge to tell him what happened to her. She felt the urge to tell him about her feelings for Ron. She hated him for liking him. It was very confusing, in a way. And she hated confusion. She hated... She hated wanting to tell Draco about what she hated!

—Wait, *what*?

UGH, HATE! SHE HATED EVERYTHING!

UGH!

She sighed out in frustration.

"It's— It's nothing. It's just... Ron. And Lavender. Making out everywhere I go. It's like he's trying to make me... jealous. And I... I—I wanted him to... I don't know. To... To kiss me? I don't... I—"

And right there was her mistake. She told him about Ron. About her being jealous of Ron kissing Lavender and not her: That made him feel anger rush through his veins. And since he was holding her in his strong arms, she was at his entire mercy.

And right then, that was not good. Not at all.

"You nothing." He spat dangerously, "I told you. From now on, I'll be the only one you'll be kissing. I'll be the only man for you. The only one—"

"You have no saying in this matter!"

"I forbid you to even come near that brat again—"—

NO!"

Hermione tried to force against Draco's strong hold, but it was in vain: He held her chin tightly and forced her to look at him. She yelped at that. His gelid eyes were shooting a death glare at her: They were wide open and were directly looking into her chocolate brown eyes, making them look absolutely helpless; accompanied by a very dangerous frown.

His eyes frightened her so much, her breathing stopped for at least ten seconds. Her heartbeats were fast, and she could feel them in her ears.

Draco spoke.

"If you really do care, I suggest you stay away from him." He threatened, "Or I swear to fucking God he's going to die."

Her breathing returned all of a sudden, causing her to brusquely pant.

"Am I understood?"

She nodded frantically in the middle of an attack of hysteric. His eyes frightened her much, so *fucking much*.

And then, just like that, his features suddenly softened... and he *smiled*, as he gave her a soft kiss on the lips.

"Good girl." He whispered, "Come on, kiss me back. I really hate it when we argue."

And for fear of seeing his deadly eyes again, she kissed him back.

WOHOOOOOO! NEW CHAPTEERR! I rock. Hahahah, no just kidding :D I hope you liked it :)

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOooooooooo! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLL! :D :)

Thanks for reading, guys! See you on next chappie!

Chapter 7: Everywhere

I DON'T HAVE ANY WORDS TO EXPRESS HOW THANKFUL I AM FOR ALL YOUR FAVS, FOLLOWS AND REVIEWS! OH MY GOD, I WOKE UP THIS MORNING AND I SAW 43 EMAILS, ALL FROM ! OH MY GOD, PEOPLE, YOU'RE SO AMAZING! THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU AND A BILLION TIMES THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT! IT REALLY MEANS A LOT TO ME! THANK YOUUUUUUUUU!

KEEP IT GOINGGGG! :D

Enjoy your reading!

Draco gave her one last peck on her soft lips before letting her go: Hermione told him she wanted to have a bit of rest; she was tired and she just didn't want to think about anything anymore. 'Wise decision. At least you won't be thinking about Weasley.' She'd heard him saying.

The blonde had to admit, he truly had felt tempted to ask her if she wanted him to escort her to her room and to stay there until she fell asleep, but decided against it. He didn't have to ask for permission; he just had to enter her room in the middle of the night and lie on her bed next to her, hugging her tightly and kissing her curly, brown hair while she slept. But no, he really didn't need her permission for that.

After all, he had already claimed himself as her boyfriend, hadn't he? And as such, it was kind of normal that Ronald Weasley was being a big nuisance to Draco Malfoy. Not because he felt attracted by Hermione, but because his Hermione felt an enormous attraction for him. And he didn't like that. Not a tiny bit. But since he was human enough to understand that feelings could not be switched off all of a sudden, he would have to plan something to... slowly switch them off. And since distance wasn't a possibility right at that time, he saw an only option: Death.

Draco just shrugged: Death. Who cared? A magical war was about to take place, and people would be dying anyway. Besides, philosophically thinking, Death was the actual goal and sense of life and it always came. Sooner or later, but it always did. Sometimes it came naturally, sometimes a person committed suicide, and sometimes, a person killed the other one. But since Death was the goal of life, who cared?

The only thing he had to think about was how to make that red head's death look as natural as possible: He had threatened Hermione to kill that bloody idiot if she didn't stay away from him. A direct murder would be way too obvious not just for her but for everyone, so he had to be careful: It was possibly going to ruin his masterpiece if he wasn't. So, he had to think of a way to make it look like it had been an accident.

The blonde didn't have to think for too long: *The Quidditch match*, of course. It was going to take place the next day. He already knew he wouldn't be pushing him off his broomstick; it would be way too obvious and he really could get into trouble. And even though he had Snape to protect him, it wouldn't work out the way he wanted in that case. So, there would be no pushing: In fact, he would be staying really, really far away from him, making sure that the one or the other spell caused the weather to be windy, so damn windy Ron had trouble with managing his broom. And then, when he was about to fall, the sweat in his hands would betray him.

It wouldn't have been his fault.

Draco smirked. Everything just went deliciously well: Snape had cursed Slughorn, Slughorn was brewing him the Unforgivable Potion, he had left some hickeys on Hermione's delicate neck and now he just had to wait to get some nuisances out of his way: Potter and Weasley.

Weasley would be dying right on the next day. And Potter still had three months time.

And after those two little pieces of scum were finally dead, the awaited time would come: The Dark Lord would suffer Draco Malfoy's wrath. For having marked him, for having killed his mother and for just simply having *existed*.

Draco took a stone and angrily threw it into the lake's cold water. He thought of his mother Narcissa: His masterpiece was not only for him to reach perfection and overcome it; his masterpiece was not only for him to finally make Hermione his and his only. His masterpiece was for revenging his mother's death; his masterpiece was for balancing her mother's painful screams with Voldemort's even more painful shouts while Draco tortured him.

He realized one thing: Yes, it was true. One just couldn't switch off a feeling, or a memory: His mother just happened to be everywhere he went. And everywhere he went, he happened to miss her.

For the first time in months, his greyish eyes just shed a single, crystal, and bitter tear.

After all, Draco Malfoy was, like everyone else, human.

Harry had been searching for Hermione like a madman ever since his Quidditch training had finished. And finally, he found her: She was going up the stairs and her brown curls looked kind of wild.

"There you are!" He friendly greeted, "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Yeah, hi, Harry. Sorry for that. I had a long schedule today, you see. I've been really busy." She dryly replied. She really didn't want him to know what had just happened between her and Malfoy. "Anyway, what did you want?"

Harry frowned at her dryness. Yes, he knew he had hit a nerve the last day during lunchtime, but he really didn't expect her to still be angry about that. Hermione wasn't that kind of person, she was rather forgiving and it was in her nature to 'forget little accidents', as she always put it.

He shrugged. Oh, well. Maybe she only was in such bad mood because of her long schedule. It would be understandable.

He cleared his throat, "Well, I wanted to talk to you about-"

"—Look, if it's about that conversation we had to have with Ron yesterday at lunch time, well, just let him know that I'll be searching for information about the Horrcruxes at the library."

Harry's eyes opened in surprise.

"Aren't you going to tell him yourself?"

'Not after Draco has threatened to kill him.' She thought, "No. I'm still angry at him."

"Huh? Why?"

Hermione rolled her eyes.

'Because he was snogging Lavender and completely ignored me... and my feelings too. And that bloody hurt. Ugh.' She thought again, "Because I happened to be talking to him and he just decided to ignore me. That's rude."

His emerald eyes opened even wider. *Really? She still* was mad at Ron for something like that?

"Uhhh... yeah, sure, rude thing to do. Anyways, "He said, focusing on the topic he had actually wanted to talk her about, "that's not what I wanted to tell you."

Now it was Hermione's time to be surprised.

"Oh?" She simply asked. "What is it, Harry?"

"It's Malfoy." His face darkened at the mention of his name. "He's up to something, I know it. I can sense it."

Oh, Harry. If you only knew...!

Hermione tried her best not to freak out in front of him, but it was really difficult, considering she had always been really bad at acting or lying. But still, she had to try. Hermione knew Draco's mind was absolutely twisted. And knowing that, who knew what Draco would do to Harry if he knew that Hermione had told him he had some kind of strange obsession with her. She just decided not to tempt luck.

"Harry, he's just a little, scared ferret that doesn't know how to-"

"-Hermione, he's a Death Eater." He stated. "His father is a Death Eater, it only makes sense!"

Somehow, Hermione thought Harry's *statement* actually did make some sense. Maybe Draco really was a Death Eater. That would mean-

Hermione couldn't even finish her thought: She suddenly remembered Draco's greyish, deadly eyes, as she felt a shiver running through her spine. It was as if they were telling her to shut the hell up if she didn't want to suffer any of the consequences.

"Stop it, Harry." She dryly ordered.

"But Hermione, don't you see-"

"I said," She interrupted him, "Stop it, Harry Potter. Have you proofs, Harry? Can you really prove him a Death Eater?"

'Well, no. He's even shown me his forearm and I've seen nothing.' He bitterly thought, "I-"

"You just can't. Period."

Harry almost shot a glare at her. There was something highly suspicious about her defending Malfoy, considering she should be the first to report him after so many years of constant bullying.

"Why are you taking his side, Hermione?" He suspiciously asked, "Have you something to do with this? Or, no, wait. Let me say it this way: Has he done something to you? Has he cursed you, or anything?"

And there were his deadly, icy eyes again; frightening her.

"W-What!" Hermione exclaimed in surprise, "N-No, of course not!"

"Why are you stuttering then?"

Because of his omnipotent eyes.

"That question took me by surprise, that's all." She lied.

He narrowed his emerald eyes at her.

"By surprise. Like, we're talking about a Death Eater in here. He can curse people whenever he feels like it and you're telling me that question took you... by surprise."

"Yes!" She yelled in exasperation, "By surprise! Gosh, Harry, let it go, already! Malfoy's not a Death Eater and he hasn't cursed me! And that's the end of it!"

"I just can't believe what you're saying-"

"-Well, then sodding don't!" She finally yelled at him. "It's up to you to believe in the right people, not to me!"

"It's up to you to trust your friends, Hermione! What has he done to you-"

And once more, she saw his eyes. They threatened to kill her. Or, just, kill.

And unfortunately, they seemed to be everywhere she went. They made her cry.

"NOTHING, HARRY, FOR FUCK'S SAKE! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!"

And with that, she stormed off to her room. Sheesh, she really needed some sleep! She just needed some piece and quite for herself: Without Ron and Lavender snogging around, with Draco Malfoy snogging her and without Harry Potter asking so many questions! She. Was. Tired! Was that really so difficult to understand? She only wanted to close her eyes, fall asleep and have some sweet dreams.

That wasn't too much to ask for, now, was it?

AAAANDDDDD! CHAPTER SEVEEEENNNN! YAAAY, I ROOOOCKKKKK! Hhahahhaha :D
Nah, just kidding

I hope you liked it! Thank you very much for readingggggg! YOU GUYS ROCK! :D

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATEDDDDDDD!

AND REVIEWS TOO! PLEASE, LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLL!

See you on next chapter!

Chapter 8: Last Quidditch

Hiii~ ~ ~ :D Well I just wanted to say that yeeees, I know, Draco was kind of soft last chapter, but that was just supposed to be that time. He's going to get a bit darker on the next chapters, so now I shall warn you: If this is NOT your cup of tea, DON'T READ. I swear, it's going to be REALLY dark. So, now I've warned!

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR ERVIEWS AND FAVS AND FOLLOWS!

KEEP THEM GOING!

Enjoy your reading!

The Great Hall was filled with people wearing either green-silver scarfs or red-golden ones. The Quidditch Match was due that day, and whole Hogwarts was very excited: It had been really long since the last Slytherin versus Gryffindor game. And since Potter and Malfoy were known as the best Quidditch players of school and also as Slytherin and Gryffindor's team captains, all students really were enthused for that game. They all were sure it would make history.

Draco and his team still were at their table, only communicating with the eyes: The blonde

looked at Nott and then at Weaselette, at Crabbe and then at McLaggen, at Zabini and then at the Weasel, and so on and so forth until his team looked at him. He just smirked: His match was supposed to be Potter, of course. He was supposed to catch the Golden Snitch before Potter did. But, he was only supposed to do so. That didn't mean he would. According to his Masterpiece, Draco Malfoy had a certain duty with Ronald Weasley, hadn't he?

He briefly looked at him. Argh, the redhead truly was disgusting. Eating like a pig, blurting, speaking with a full mouth and laughing like a complete idiot. Ugh, it was loathsome. Draco just couldn't understand what his Princess saw in him.

But, oh well. She wouldn't be seeing him any longer, now, would she? And not only because she had promised him she wouldn't even come near that redheaded imbecile, but also, because Death would be in the Weasel's presence during the Quidditch match.

Both Quidditch teams stood up from their respective tables and started heading to the exit. He saw Potter going to another direction, though. Draco overheard him saying that he still had a quick thing to do before heading to the pitch, so he told Ron to go by himself. 'I'll meet you at the game' he had heard him say.

Well, perfect. Now it seemed to be a good moment to talk to Weasley.

"OI, REDHEAD!" The blonde shouted, "Over here, I have something to tell you."

Ron just turned around, shot something similar to a glare at him and huffed.

"What do you want, Malfoy?"

"Just warn you, you pathetic moron-"

Ron airily chuckled.

"-Please. You? Warn me?" He mocked, "Well, I'm sorry to tell you, Malfoy, but it should be me warning you. I wish you luck, even though Gryffindor's going to kick your sore ass."

It was Draco's turn to smirk and chuckle. That redhead was indeed arrogant, but it seemed to be he didn't know with whom he was talking right then. Not only with the king of arrogance, but also with his murderer.

'Oh, well. The longer he reminds oblivious, the better for me.' He thought.

"And just, who told you I was about to warn you about Quidditch? Who told you I wasn't about to warn you about your life?"

Ron frowned in confusion.

"My life? Wh-"

And then, he looked at him, pure evil shining in his mercury, dangerous eyes. Ron felt a very uncomfortable shiver running through his spine.

"-Enjoy the game while you can, Weasley." He dangerously mocked, "Maybe it'll be your last

one."

Ron stood right there, silent. He looked at him deeply in the eyes, trying to read his intentions. But they were just so cold, so grey, so neutral, and so empty... He couldn't. It was impossible.

Draco's smirk grew wider. Ron slightly yelped at that.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I still have an important thing to do before the match begins."

The blonde had had a wonderful idea while talking to that idiotic ginger. He had said the key word: Luck.

Luck, Luck Potion, Liquid Luck, Felix Felicis: It was a climax with an only consequence: His victory.

And oh, with a cursed Horace Slughorn under his entire control, Draco had his potion and his victory already ensured. But it was a very good thing that Weasley, in a very unknowing way, had reminded him of that little detail. If he hadn't talked about luck, he probably would have forgotten about it. And even though his whole plan was a masterpiece, there still was the tiny chance he failed. And now that he was quickly walking to Slughorn's office so he could drink the Liquid Luck, he knew for sure he would be unstoppable.

'Thanks for putting it so easy for me, Ginger.' He thought with evilness. 'Didn't know you were so desperate for me to kill you.'

He stood in front of Slughorn's office door, knocking. The potions old man seemed to be acting naturally before opening the door and seeing him, but once he saw his silhouette, magic started to take its effects on him: His emerald eyes lost their shine and looked in the direction of nothingness. Draco loved seeing that image: It was the picture of power.

"Hello, my Lord." His hexed voice said.

"Hello, Horace." Draco darkly said, whilst stirring an evil laugh "Fancy doing me a little favor?"

Seeing that little bottle with that transparent liquid inside it held in his hand made him feel content: He was going to win. It was a fact. There was absolutely no doubt about that.

Draco was in the changing room alone, changing into his Quidditch Uniform, while all of his other team mates were already flying around at the pitch, warming up for the game. Excited shouts and exclamations from the Slytherin Quidditch Tower and from some other students encouraged them to keep up the fantastic ball passing. Draco smirked proudly: He was a great captain, indeed.

"Captains, TIME TO COME OUT!" Thomas Dean's voice said from the teacher's tower.

Draco's smirk grew wider: The time to drink the liquid luck had come.

He took the little transparent bottle, took the stopper out of its entrance, and in a very rapid

motion, he let the potion run down his throat.

God, it felt brilliant: Felix Felicis tasted like pure vodka; he loved the intense feeling of that potion deliciously burning his gorge. It made him feel a rush of self-confidence running through his veins, it was like being certain about absolutely everything. It was a wonderful sensation, how did he put it that time? Oh, yes. It was welcoming.

He clapped his hands before grabbing his broomstick.

"Here we go." He whispered to himself.

Malfoy went to the entrance to the Quidditch pitch and saw Potter already standing there, glaring at the blonde. Apparently, he had been waiting for him. He arrogantly chuckled. The Boy-Who-Just-Wouldn't-Fucking-Die was indeed persistent.

"Hermione has locked herself up in her room and doesn't want to come out." Potter told him, "You have done something to her, haven't you, Malfoy?"

He smirked. Of course he had, but those had only been hot kisses and a bit of passionate touching that had made her moan loudly. He still hadn't claimed her as officially his, so, basically, no. He hadn't done anything big... yet.

The blonde looked at him arrogantly.

"Maybe, Potter. Maybe." He answered, "But this I assure you, I didn't make her cry. Actually, I didn't do anything she didn't like. And if you don't believe me, the only thing you have to do is check the hickeys on her neck."

Harry's emerald eyes opened widely.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO-"

Before Harry could even finish his sentence, Draco had already gotten on his broom and flown away from him, and started to greet Hogwarts. Once the blonde reached his captain position at the pitch, he looked at Ron and saw a fearing facial expression drawn on his face.

He smirked.

The game had begun.

It already had been an hour and twenty minutes.

All of the Quidditch Towers were awfully loud; the ambient was perfect for a Quidditch game: Quaffles and Bludgers were flying around while players tried to catch them, pass them to their teammates, reach the goal of the opposite Quidditch team and make a score.

"AND, HERE IT GOES! NOTT PASSES THE QUAFFLE TO CRABBE, CRABBE PASSES TO ZABINI, ZABINI MALFOY, MALFOY HEADS TO GRYFFINDOR'S GOAL HOOPS, MALFOY, MALFOY, MALFOY!"

Draco was flying towards Ron in high speed, making sure he saw his greyish eyes. Ron heard Malfoy's dangerous voice echoing inside his head:

"Who told you I wasn't about to warn you about your life? Enjoy the game while you can, Weasley. Maybe it'll be your last one."

"COME ON, WEASLEY! PROTECT GRYFFINDOR'S GOAL HOOPS!"

"Warn you about your life... Maybe it'll be your last one..."

"RONALD WEASLEY, FOCUS, FOCUS, FOCUS!"

"Your life... Your last one..."

Draco was awfully near. He threw the Quaffle through the hoop, causing Ron to close his eyes.

"AAAAND GOAL! GOAL, GOAL, GOAL FOR SLYTHERIN!" Dean Thomas shouted, making the audience explode in furor, "AND THIS MAKES SLYTHERIN 102, GRYFFINDOR 86! WHAT A GAME, HOGWARTS! WHAT A GAME!"

"RON, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!" Potter yelled, "FOCUS, WILL YOU!"

"Y-Yes, sorry!" He replied; his eyes focused on Malfoy, "I'll do better next time!"

"I HOPE SO", Harry shouted from the distance in annoyance, "YOU REALLY ARE SCREWING UP TODAY!"

Time kept passing by. And passing by. And passing by.

Draco smirked: The time to *supposedly* catch the Golden Snitch had finally come. And the time to make it windy, too, so he got a grip on the tip of his broom and put slight pressure on it, so he could descend to the field. Once there, it was time for him to search for a hiding place: He remembered his first Quidditch tournament at Hogwarts. Hadn't he tried to catch the Golden Snitch right at the corner over there, where anybody could see him?

He flew towards his hiding place without anybody noticing. Once he was covered by the darkness of the place, he stopped his broomstick, and took his wand out.

The silvery snake closed his eyes, as he started to feel Felix Felicis working on his magic: He felt certain, confident. Nothing could stop him from reaching the goal of the potion: Kill a certain person. Ronald Weasley.

His smirk grew wider, and wider, forming into a creepy, evil smile.

"Fera Aer!"

...And then, with a very elegant and rapid wrist motion, the Slytherin convoked a very stormy hurricane.

The whirlwind came from the middle of the nothingness all of a sudden, surprising everyone. Its

wind was really loud, aggressive; and the tornado per se was kind of scary: Thunders and fire were coming out of it, threatening to kill somebody. Many players flying around the middle of the Quidditch pitch had to manage to somehow fly away if they didn't want the typhoon to reduce them to ashes.

"OFF YOUR BROOMS! OFF YOUR BROOMS!" Miss Hooch shouted, "COME ON! OFF YOUR BROOMSTICKS EVERYBODY!"

While all Gryffindors and Slytherins made it off their brooms, all other students were ordered to go back to the castle immediately, to go to their houses and wait up until the storm was over.

All Quidditch players were ordered to go to the changing room and stay there, so Mme. Hooch could count all of them, thus making sure everybody was safe and sound.

"Slytherins, to the right. Gryffindors, to the left. Now." She ordered. Both houses did as told, "Alright, I'll start roll calling you, and I don't want no one doing some kind of stupid joke by not answering his or her name. Am I clear?"

Both houses nodded.

"Alright." She said, as she took a list, "Slytherins, I'll commence with you. Crabbe, Vincent!"

"I'm here!"

"Goyle, Gregory!"

"Yes!"

"Malfoy, Draco!"

Silence.

She called again.

"Malfoy, Draco!"

Again, *silence*. Draco didn't answer. There was a slight murmur from all students, wondering where the Slytherin's captain was.

Draco had always been a curious man: Rare things had always fascinated him. Rare things like nature disasters. Tsunamis, earthquakes... And, why not? Tornados, too. He had always wanted to see one of those. And now he didn't only have the opportunity to see one from really near, but also to see if that redhead was already dead.

He now had the chance to see if there was a nuisance less to take care of.

He smirked. Of course the Weasel would be dead. Malfoy had drunk Felix Felicis, and he had wished for Weasley to pass away. And Felix Felicis *never* failed.

So, once more, he took a fest grip on his broomstick and started to elevate. He was being

extremely careful, the whirlwind was really strong and attacking, and if he wasn't as cautious as he was being right then, the probability to get hurt was higher.

Draco was already about hundred and fifty feet off the ground, the perfect high for overlooking the Quidditch field and also to see the beauty he had in front of his eyes: A fiery, golden, thundering, burning, and imperial whirl, so powerful it almost made him feel slight fear. It was destructive, twisted-minded. Combative, *masterful*.

Just like him.

It had something very attractive; indeed, he had the urge to come nearer to it. Just a little bit, nothing bad could happen. He was the hurricane's master, and not otherwise. So, he flew closer to it and stretched his arm to touch the whirl with his hand, just to feel power and more power rush through his veins.

And then, right at the moment where he thought he could fly without the need of a broom, Draco jumped off of it and flew into the typhoon by himself.

The blonde felt his pale, pale skin deliciously burn and electrify, as the wind cooled it up at the same time. It was an orgasmic feeling. He felt himself falling but he didn't care, he felt free, he felt powerful. He felt like a conqueror, like a king dominating the whole world in company of his princess.

"Hermione..." He whispered while he fell. "My sweet, tender Hermione..."

He felt the emotional distance shorten up now that Weasley was gone forever, and it felt so damn brilliant. It felt just so good to know his princess couldn't love anyone but him...

His body was just about to touch the ground; his head was about to hit the field so his brain would lead him into unconsciousness. Die? No, he wouldn't. He was certain he wouldn't.

Not only because he had taken Felix Felicis and that granted him his life, but also, because he still had so much to live for: He still had to finally get rid of Potter and of Voldemort. He had to conquer the world.

And the most important thing...

He still had to claim Hermione as his and his only.

Draco's lips drew a smirk as his mind showed him one last image before falling into unconsciousness: His naked Hermione, soaking wet in sweat, moving under his body, loudly, deliciously and helplessly moaning his name.

FASTER, DRACO! FUCK ME! YES, RIGHT THERE! MORE, MORE! DRACO! DRACO!

'It won't be long, sweetness. It won't be long.'

And with that last thought, unconsciousness covered his brain with a silk blanket.

And so the whirl returned to Draco's wand.

"MALFOY, DRACO, DO NOT TEST MY PATIENCE!" The Quidditch teacher shouted.

But Malfoy wasn't to be found anywhere.

"Professor! Professor-" A Gryffindor said, worry echoing his voice, "Ron Weasley isn't here either."

"WHAT!" Harry shouted under the multitude. "NO! RON! Fuck, I have to go find him! I have to-"

Harry tried to get out from the multitude and run outside, but Ms. Hooch held him tightly, so it didn't matter how much force he used, he couldn't escape: But The Boy Who Lived cried and shouted after his friend's name; he begged Ms. Hooch to let him go. In vain: the more he forced against her hold, the tighter she held him.

"HE'S MY BEST FRIEND! PLEASE, I HAVE TO-"

"-You don't have to do anything! You won't be going anywhere, Mr. Potter!" Miss Hooch stated. "Not only one boy is missing, but there are two, and God knows if they're dead. I won't be risking another boy, do you hear me?"

"But-"

"But nothing, Potter! You stay here! Don't you force me to hex you and knock you out for you to be quiet." The professor threatened. Harry said nothing, so she continued, "Good. Now. McLaggen, I want you to roll call all the students while I go find the other two. And if anyone should think he is a kind of hero and thus tries to go out, you do have my permission to hex him. Is it clear?"

Both teams nodded reluctantly, especially Harry Potter, and McLaggen did as he was told, while all other students saw Hooch go through the exit door.

Everything was silent, foggy and somewhat destructed. There were only Hooch's steps to be heard: Her shoes squashing the grass with every step she took, making a ticklish echo all over the place.

"DRACO! RON!" She shouted. "CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

Nothing. There was just silence and the echo of her own voice.

"Shit..." She whispered to herself.

She kept on walking. The echo grew louder with every stride.

Professor Hooch suddenly felt a cool feeling running through her spine, she got goose bumps, and every time she breathed she saw a light vapor cloud coming out of her mouth.

And suddenly, there they were: Two bodies lying on the wet grass, outside in the cold.

"Oh my goodness!" She exclaimed, while she ran towards them and knelt before them, "Draco,

Ron! Wake up!"

She started shaking their bodies, just to see if there was any reaction.

"Come on, boys! Come on!"

Out of Draco's mouth came some light vapor clouds, and the Quidditch trainer saw his chest moving: He was breathing. Perfect, at least he was still alive.

Hooch decided to stop shaking Malfoy and shake Weasley. If the blonde was alive, the redhead should be, too.

"Please, don't be dead. Please, don't be dead." She said to him, repeatedly, "Don't be dead. Don't be dead—"

Shaking, pressure on his chest, mouth to mouth... Nothing seemed to work on Ron.

With a trembling hand, she decided to face her suspicions: She placed two fingers on his neck and tried to feel his pulse. She didn't care if it was powerful or weak, but she just knew she wanted to feel it.

Nothing.

Ronald Billius Weasley, born in March 1980, was dead.

OH MY GOOOOOOOOOODDDD! THIS IS BEEN SUCH A LONG CHAPTER, FULL OF ANGST! I HOPE YOU LIKED IT!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE SO MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELL! :D

THANK YOUUUUUU SO MUCH FOR READING!

SEE YOU ON NEXT CHAPTER!

Chapter 9: The Prophecy

I'M SO SORRYYYYY I updated so late :(Shitty school Ugh! Oh well, haha :D Therefore, this chapter shall be a bit longer than usual, filled with angst, drama and suspense! I really hope you like it!

Oh, I almost forgot! Hehe

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR EVERY FOLLOW, FAV AND REVIEW! KEEP THEM COMING THEY MAKE ME SO HAPPY! :D

Enjoy your reading! :)

Severus Snape was being carried to the hospital wing. The grumpy professor had looked paler than normal before fainting, and he complained about everything being too loud; he had complained about having a terrible headache and then, once all students were at their houses, waiting for the dangerous storm to end, and once all professors met at the Great Hall's entrance to discuss the recent event, he just fainted in front of them. Just like that.

And coincidence, coincidence... Draco was laying on one of those beds, unconscious as well, while Mme. Pomfrey brewed some potions that were supposed to help with all bruises on his skin and all possible internal damage.

It must have been the Unbreakable Vow: If Draco's life was in danger; *Snape's was as well*.

Many professors were surrounding Severus: McGonagall was there; Flitwick was there as well, Binns, Trelawney, and for the love of god, Hagrid was there as well, too. But once Poppy Pomfrey saw Albus Dumbledore entering the room, she quitted preparing Mr. Malfoy's potions and headed to see the ancient wizard; a look of pure worry and somewhat anxiety drawn on her face.

Dumbledore tried to calm her down by only looking into her eyes with his calm ones. It normally worked, but not that time. The old man frowned: it had to be something real bad for Poppy to be so worried.

"Poppy, what's wrong?"

"Albus," She said shaking her head, "Come with me. Something bad happened."

The nurse turned around and indicated him to follow her quick pace. She led him to the other side of the hospital wing, where only one single bed was to be found: The same bed Cedric Diggory had laid on when he died. And now, the corpse of another wizard happened to lie under the covers of that deathbed.

The director shook his head in disbelief and somewhat sadness, as he gasped. He led his already halfway black hand to his forehead, massaging it: A student had died during that storm.

He sighed and looked at Mme. Pomfrey, who was standing right next to the bed, her hands holding a trembling grip on the sheets, not fully daring to uncover the body.

Her eyes were pleading him to come near her and see for himself.

With very slow steps and a skeptical look on his face, Dumbledore went over that bed. He saw the sheets covering the body in greater detail: The silhouette under the covers gave the corpse's gender away: A man.

Before daring touch the blankets, he looked at Poppy Pomfrey; his eyes shone with confidence and fear at the same time, somehow telling her that the moment he would uncover the corpse had come. She nodded almost unnoticed, as her hand covered her mouth and her eyes watered.

Carefully, very carefully, Dumbledore started removing the covers: Red hair. That had been the

first sign that gave the victim away: It was a Weasley. Arthur and Molly would be devastated when they heard. Dumbledore gulped, as he felt his lungs starting to lightly pant in anxiety.

His hands continued removing the blankets.

And then he saw his face.

"I can't believe it..." He whispered, "Ron..."

Ginny, Fred and George were called to Dumbledore's office that day. McGonagall had told them it was a really important matter they had to talk about. Ginny couldn't help but frown at the Headmistress' statement; somehow suspecting it was something about Ron's whereabouts. Any of the Quidditch players knew if professor Hooch had found Ron or Malfoy; McLaggen had accompanied them to the castle before she was back. And even though she wanted to think positively, there was something within her that told her to prepare for the worst.

Once they were inside Dumbledore's study room, they were asked to sit down and listen very carefully to what the old wizard had to say. All Weasleys tensed up.

Dumbledore took in a deep breath before speaking.

"It is not easy for me to tell you, Ginny, Fred and George." The headmaster said, "It really isn't."

There was a very tense silence. The director used the chance to look at each of them, sensing the suspense the family was feeling right at that moment.

"As you all know, a very powerful whirlwind attacked the Quidditch field during the game. Most players and students were quick enough to get to a safe place. Unfortunately, two of them weren't able to do so."

Ginny felt her eyes become watery. Fred and George were frowning. The three of them knew it was about Ron. Just, what was up with him? Was he severely injured? In a coma, maybe?

"One of them is Draco Malfoy, who is lying at the hospital wing, unconscious. And the other student... happens to be your brother." Dumbledore took his glasses, put them aside and massaged his frown, as he took in a deep breath. "All of you, put your hands on my shoulders. I'll apparate you all to the Hospital Wing."

The Weasleys did as they were told. Frightened, they all rested their trembling hands on Dumbledore's shoulder and apparated away from his office. And then, they found themselves at the hospital wing, in front of a bed covered with white flowers.

Ginny broke down into tears, and so did Fred and George, as they understood what was happening.

Dumbledore went over to Ron and slowly uncovered his face. His eyes were closed and his facial expression was completely relaxed, it almost looked like he was peacefully asleep. The headmaster caressed his hair, as he looked at the anguished family. He nodded with his head, as if he was telling them to come over and say their last goodbyes.

Fred and George held Ginny's hands tightly, as they started walking towards their brother's deathbed. Once they found themselves in front of him, all of them started to cry even harder than before, hugging and kissing Ron's face and covering it with tears: Their brother was gone. Forever. He wouldn't come back.

The Weasleys didn't just lose a brother. They lost a good friend. They lost a brilliant person, a bright one. A person that always tried to look on the bright side of life, a person that always knew how to think positively, no matter what. They lost a person that had incredible blue eyes that shone with happiness. They lost a person that always had a smile on his face.

They lost *Ron*.

Dumbledore stood behind them, a crystal tear coming out of his eye.

Fred was the first to say goodbye.

"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, but love leaves a memory than no one can steal. I love you. Rest In Peace."

With those words, he kissed Ron's forehead and left the room.

Now it was George's turn.

"He who has gone," he sobbed, "so but we cherish his memory, abides with us, more potent, nay, more present than the living man. I love you, Ron. Rest In Peace."

George left the room as well, crying.

And finally, Ginny said her last goodbye.

"When someone you love becomes a memory," She said, caressing Ron's cheek with one hand, and holding the sheets preparing to cover his face again with the other, "The memory... the memory..."

And so Ginny broke down completely into tears, sobbing into his brother's dead chest, somehow trying to hear his heartbeats. She cried harder: She heard nothing.

She suddenly felt a hand on her back, caressing it back and forth.

"The memory becomes a treasure." Dumbledore finished for her.

Dumbledore held Ginny's hand and helped her cover Ron's face again.

"Rest In Peace, Ron." He said, "Rest In Peace."

"I love you." Ginny said, almost voiceless. "And I'll miss you so much."

A few hours later, Molly, Arthur and the rest of the Weasleys showed up to say their last goodbyes. Fred, George and Ginny were told to join them, so they could spend the moment with their family. They all cried, sobbed and took their farewell together, completely devastated

because of Ron's death.

After maybe an hour, or maybe two, they didn't know, as they lost track of time; carefully, very carefully, Arthur uncovered Ron, picked him up, hugged Molly and told his family to join the hug. And then all the Weasleys apparated to the Burrow.

Arthur went up the stairs, being followed by everyone, straight away to Ron's room. He laid him on his bed, remembering the times he did that when Ron still was a baby boy. Seeing that same scene with a dead son just broke his heart into thousand tiny pieces.

The family surrounded the bed and cried together once again. They all shed their tears and let them fall on Ron's body. They all rested their hands on his torso, trying to let him feel his last family warmth.

And then, when the moment had come, Arthur would take out his wand within sobbing and tears, and point at his very own son with a trembling and fearful hand.

"Incendio." He whispered softly.

And so the flames covered Ron's body, turning him slowly into greyish ashes.

Three hours after the Weasleys had apparated away to the burrow, Draco finally started to wake up. Carefully, he started to open his mercury eyes, as he knew that the sunlight would blind him. He stretched his body and tried to lift it onto a sitting position, but failed at it: Fuck, he was feeling dizzy; he just wanted to throw up. He coughed twice and groaned; as he also felt his head was about to explode.

He suddenly turned his head to the right as he heard another coughing than his own and saw his godfather Snape lying right on the bed beside him, probably interiorly complaining about the same symptoms as Draco's.

The blonde couldn't help but smirk: He thought it was extremely amusing that he could toy with him like that. Snape was his little pet: if he planned on doing something, Snape would do his best for it to work, and if he refused, Draco just had to threaten him on risking his life to also risk Snape's thus showing him he could punish him.

"Well, good morning, Godfather." He mocked, "Have you slept well? Oh, no. You'll have to excuse me. You were... unconscious, just like me."

Snape just groaned.

"Shut up, Draco." Snape hissed, "I don't need your arrogance right now."

"Grumpy, as always. Yes, you're feeling absolutely fine." He continued mocking, "The Unbreakable Vow really is a funny thing, don't you agree, Severus?"

"Funny?" He huffed in annoyance, "You've risked your life, Draco. And so you risked mine as well!"

"Well, maybe I didn't do it on purpose. Don't you remember the huge hurricane? That thing

caught me while I was flying. It wasn't my *fault*." The blonde faked grumpiness and a certain innocence.

"Maybe it wasn't, but still, Draco, you have to stop risking your life like this."

Draco chuckled arrogantly.

"Now, now, Severus. Why would I do that?"

"Because as I said, you're risking my life as well and I don't-"

"-Oh, let me guess, you don't *want to die*." Draco airily huffed, "Well, let me enlighten you in this matter, Severus: You have made the Unbreakable Vow to my mother, and you know there's no way out of it. And you know it: It's either me and you dying together, or it is you killing yourself because you can't handle the pressure of protecting me anymore. And even though it certainly would be a shame for me to not have you as my pet anymore, I have to admit, I wouldn't even care if you died. Besides, Severus... I know you. And I know you're way too selfish to die."

Professor Snape remained silent, making Draco smirk.

"Touché." He stated in amusement. "It seems I still have power over you, my dearest godfather."

Snape shook his head reluctantly. Touché. Yes, indeed, touché.

"What is that you want this time, Draco?" He hissed at him once more, "What do I have to do for you to leave me in peace for a while?"

"Ah, Severus. Always so bright. Well, I need you to do me a little favor..."

"What would that be?"

Draco stirred an evil laugh.

"There's a little tale I've invented, you see. I entitled it Madness, but I think a more appropriate name would be... The Blood Letter. Hooking, isn't it?"

"*The Blood Letter*?" He asked.

"Exactly. Well, you see. A part of the tale tells that after having been unconscious, the main character finds a blood written letter with a name on it. I want you to say that this Blood Letter is a kind of a magical bounding that cannot be undone."

"Like a kind of a magical marriage law?"

"Precisely."

Snape sighed. He knew if he objected something, Draco would not only mock him, but also threaten him again with his life. And honestly, he didn't want that. So, with a frown drawn on his face, he dared ask him.

"Say it to *whom*?"

Draco's evil smirk grew wider. He felt tempted to tell him, really, he did. And he was about to open his mouth to give him a hint, but suddenly, they heard steps. It probably was Mme. Pomfrey wanting to have a check on them. Draco quickly mouthed him a 'Tell her I'm still unconscious', and closed his eyes.

As the nurse came into the room, she saw Professor Snape was already awake. She didn't smile, as she normally did with any of the students or with some of the professors when they had been ill, she had never liked professor Snape. But still, Pomfrey was polite enough to nod with her head and ask him how he was feeling.

"I'm fine." He dryly said, "But my godson's still unconscious."

"Well, he's lucky he didn't die."

"What do you mean?"

Poppy Pomfrey sighed out of somewhat sadness.

"The storm... The hurricane killed Ronald Weasley. He had severe internal bleeding, and even though I tried... I couldn't save him. That's why... I think your godson's lucky to still be alive. Besides..."

Pomfrey frowned, as she looked in Draco's direction: He was frowning, and his lips were moving. The blonde seemed to be making those typical noises unconscious people did when they were about to wake up.

"...It seems to be he'll be conscious in very little time." Mme. Pomfrey pointed out, "Isn't he... muttering?"

"...Mio—Mione..." He stuttered.

"What did he say?" The nurse said to herself.

"Her...Hermio— Hermione..." He kept faking his unconsciousness. "Hermione..."

Snape opened his eyes widely, and so did Pomfrey. Did Draco Malfoy, Hermione Granger's known enemy, just mutter her very name?

Pomfrey looked at Severus, but he didn't look back, he had his dark eyes still locked on Draco's silhouette. Finally, some of his intentions were clear to him: Draco had asked him to put Slughorn under an Imperius so the old potions master could brew him love potions, or something similar, because he was after a girl. After Hermione Granger, a Mudblood. The little favor of telling her that part of the tale was because he was planning on forcing her into marriage. But the most hooking part was; why would he do that? Why would he bother so much for something like that?

He shook his head and closed his eyes, as he sighed.

"Go get Ms. Granger, Mme. Pomfrey." Severus ordered.

And so she did.

"No..." Hermione whispered, feeling tears running down her cheeks, "No... Just... No... Ron..."

"...What do you mean, 'he's gone'!?" Harry yelled, as his face turned red, and his eyes let tears flow, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN!"

"Harry..." Dumbledore whispered, as he tried to hold him. "Harry, you need to calm down."

"NO! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CALM DOWN!? HOW AM I?!" He kept on yelling, "I WAS AT THE PITCH, SAFE AND SOUND, WAITING FOR THE STORM TO END, UNTIL SOME GRYFFINDOR GUY SAID RON WASN'T THERE! I LET PROFESSOR HOOCH GO FIND HIM WITHOUT ME! BACK AT THE CASTLE, I THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN FOUND, BUT I THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN FOUND WHEN HE WAS STILL ALIVE! AND NOW THAT YOU TELL ME HE'S DEAD, THAT I HAVE DONE ANYTHING ABOUT IT, YOU'RE TELLING ME TO CALM DOWN!?"

"Don't you see there's nothing you could've done about it, Harry?" Dumbledore asked, trying to infatuate him with his calm aura, "It's not your fault."

"But I... I feel so guilty... I should've done something... Ron..."

Harry broke down into tears and so did Hermione. Their best friend was gone forever.

"Harry, you have to get rid of these guilt feelings." The headmaster told him, "You have not killed him. You are no assassin."

"Assassin?" Harry whispered, "*Assassin*, you say?"

Hermione looked at him, having already figured out what he had meant by that. All her muscles tensed up: Harry was up to some superstitions, like, Draco had been the one to kill him and not the storm. After hearing what Dumbledore had told them, not only Ron, but also Malfoy had been missing during the hurricane. And remembering Harry's last accusations, it apparently seemed to make sense to him.

"What do you mean, assassin?" The Boy-Who-Lived asked him. "Has someone killed Ron?"

Dumbledore remained still at his statement and looked at him deeply in the eyes. After a minute, after exactly sixty seconds, the director sighed.

"The storm during the Quidditch match was not a natural event, Harry. Someone convoked it, most probably a Death Eater. So, you're right about this superstition: Ron has been killed by hands of a wizard, not by hands of Mother Nature."

Harry felt something within him explode.

"IT WAS MALFOY!" He suddenly yelled, "I KNEW IT WAS HIM, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, IT WAS MALF—"

"—SILENCE!" Dumbledore yelled back, "No, Harry. It wasn't Draco—"

"HOW WOULD YOU KNOW!"

"And how would you know?" He asked back, "I happen to know because very dark and advanced magic is needed to convoke such a powerful whirlwind, and as the Headmaster, I can say that Hogwarts does not teach such advanced magic skills, not even to best students."

Harry wanted to say something, but couldn't. He had no argument against Dumbledore's. Everything he could come up with was 'It's been Malfoy, I just know it'.

Albus Dumbledore continued talking.

"Draco Malfoy has also been injured, Harry." He told him, "And even if he had been the one to curse the typhoon, it wouldn't have made any sense at all. Why would he curse something to get injured?"

"Because— I... I don't know! But, professor, *please!* You have to believe me; I know it's been him! He killed Ron, please, believe me! Please!" Harry begged, tears still running down his cheeks. He then turned his head to Hermione. "Say something, Hermione! Please! You know as well as I do it's been him, I know you know it! Please! He's killed Ron!"

Hermione had been silently crying, not only because of Ron's loss, but rather because she knew everything Harry was saying was true: Draco had threatened her to kill Ron in order to keep her away from him, so it actually made sense for him to curse a whirlwind and even get himself injured in order to kill someone who clearly was a nuisance to him.

Draco Malfoy had indeed an unbelievable amount of power he could control and a very twisted and dark mind; his eyes had given him away. They had been so... cold, so empty, and yet so full with Death Wishes. And now, now that Ron was dead... she finally understood those eyes.

She felt Dumbledore's gaze on her, as if giving her strength to tell him about everything she knew. And she felt tempted, so damn tempted, even though she was scared to death at the same time.

Hermione took in a deep breath, closed her eyes, shed another tear, sobbed once more and finally opened her mouth so she could start telling the whole story, but right at that moment, Poppy Pomfrey entered the room.

"I'm really sorry to interrupt such a delicate moment, Headmaster. But I really need to talk to Miss Granger." She said politely, "Could you come with me to the Hospital Wing, please?"

Hermione gasped. What else could've happened?

During the time Pomfrey was away, Draco had opened his eyes, gotten up from his bed, and searched for an empty crystal bottle. Once he had found one, he threw it onto the floor, breaking it into tiny pieces. He took one of them, made all others disappear, and went back to bed.

"Severus", he called him, as he had gone to sleep again. Gods, he was exhausted. "Wake up."

Groaning, Severus started to open his eyes. He muttered a 'What do you want now?' and waited for the blonde to answer.

"Conjure a piece of parchment and a feather, will you? I don't have time to do it myself." The blonde ordered. "Now."

While Snape did as he was told, Draco looked at the tiny piece of crystal he had in his hand and lifted up his right sleeve. He then placed it on his forearm and slightly put pressure on it, while tracing a fine line on his arm. Once he saw there was enough of his blood flowing out of his flesh, he cursed the tiny piece of crystal away and looked at his godfather.

"Quickly, hand me the piece of parchment and the feather." He ordered. "Come on, Severus, I don't have all day!"

Severus handed him the things and observed what Draco was doing: The ink he was using for the feather was his pure blood. For every single letter he wrote, he dipped the feather into his blood and kept writing.

The Half Blood Prince saw a name.

Hermione.

He looked at the blonde, who was hexing the feather away while he folded the piece of parchment he had given him. He then took his wand and healed his wound so Hermione wouldn't suspect he had done it. She had to believe it had been magic. Now Snape seemed to finally understand: The tale he had invented... His favor... *The Blood Letter*. It only made sense!

Draco looked at his Godfather and nodded with his head, as if he was telling him what he had to do. Snape only gulped at it, while Draco laid himself back to bed and closed his eyes, faking unconsciousness. Snape saw the grip he had gotten on the letter.

Right at the moment Draco had closed his eyes, Mme. Pomfrey came in, accompanied by Mudblood Hermione Granger. Draco seemed to have sensed her presence, because as she had stepped into the hospital wing, Draco started muttering her name again.

"He hasn't stopped muttering your name since the last time I checked on him, Miss Granger." Pomfrey told her. Hermione only nodded. "I know it is a very delicate moment for you right now, but please, if there's something you can do about him, I'm sure all students would be grateful to not have two losses."

Hermione gulped.

"I'll see what I can do", she said, almost voicelessly. She was truly affected by Ron's murder.

Hermione frowned as she saw Snape standing right beside Draco's bed. She narrowed her eyes at him, and so he narrowed his back at her. The professor then looked at the nurse, telling her to leave with his mighty gaze.

And so Poppy Pomfrey left the room.

"Her...mione..." Draco kept muttering, "Herm...ione. Hermione... *Mine...*"

Even though she thought Draco was unconscious, she still could sense certain possessiveness in his voice. It was frightening. He wanted her. He wanted her for real. He knew no barriers at all to get her. That blonde, skinny boy had just killed Ron to get her to himself.

What a disgusting, twisted mind!

And then, just as if she couldn't oversee it, she saw a letter in his hands.

Snape spoke to her.

"It has magically appeared as he started muttering your name." He said.

Hermione looked at him and frowned.

"How do you know?" She snapped.

"Draco's my godson, and I happen to care for him. So when I woke up from unconsciousness, I didn't stop checking on him. The fourth time I checked, the letter appeared." He explained.

"Don't you tell me, the Know-It-All Hermione Granger, didn't know about the myth."

"Myth?" She asked, curious.

"The Blood Letter." Snape stated, matter-of-factly. "Haven't you heard?"

Hermione shook her head, her eyes never leaving Snape's. Snape huffed at Granger's apparent ignorance.

"The Blood Letter happens to be a letter that magically appears in the hands of a wizard while he's unconscious. The reason why it appears? Bounding."

Hermione's chocolate eyes opened widely.

"Bounding!?" She almost freaked out, "What's that supposed to mean?!"

"It means that magic considers a witch and a wizard to be together for all eternity. Once the Blood Letter is in the hands of a wizard, with a name written on it, there is no turning back, both witch and wizard are to be bounded." Snape explained, "And since Draco doesn't stop muttering your name, I suggest you have a look at that letter."

Hermione didn't trust Snape, she never did. But somehow, she felt something deep inside her that screamed for her to have a look at it. The voice of curiosity. Damn her for being too curious!

Slowly, very slowly, she went over to Draco's bed and carefully touched his hand, in order to take the piece of parchment he was holding. Trembling, with a heavy panting and with her heart beating so fast as it did, Hermione started unfolding the letter.

"Well?" Snape asked.

Hermione.

She gasped, as she led her hand to her mouth to cover her surprise. No, it couldn't be. It couldn't be her name, it just couldn't! She couldn't be bounded to a murderer! NO! She refused!

"Well?" Snape asked again, this time, more impatiently.

"It's... my name." She confessed.

"Well, then you have no choice. The Prophecy strictly says so."

"What Prophecy?" She asked in irritation, "What are you talking me about?"

Draco started to wake up. Hermione didn't notice, but Severus did. The blonde looked at him, nodding his head. Severus focused on Hermione once again as he started reciting it.

"What magic has done, no man can undo. And with this letter, my heart belongs to you."

Hermione gasped in complete shock.

"My heart belongs to you, sweetness." Draco suddenly spoke, catching Hermione's entire attention, "And when you less await it, you will find a Blood Letter with my name on it. And then you'll belong to me."

YAAAY! CHAPTER NINE! I HOPE YOU LIKED IT!

FAV, FOLLOW AND LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, PLEASEEEEE! :D THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HEELLLLLLLLLLL!

THANKS FOR READING, GUYS! YOU ROCK!

Chapter 10: She'd belong to him

THANKS FOR ALL YOUR FAVS, FOLLOWS AND REVIEWS! KEEP THEM COMING! :)

Enjoy your reading!

Hermione shook her head. No. She wouldn't be finding a Blood Letter with Malfoy's name written on it anytime soon. She just refused. The blonde right in front of her did not only awake her deepest fears, but also her burning fury and her most disgusted repulsion.

"Cut it, Malfoy." She spat, as she wrinkled the piece of parchment, "Neither does your heart belong to me, nor will mine ever belong to you. This Letter means absolutely nothing. As professor Snape said, this just happens to be a mere myth. And tell you what, you Slytherin: Myths are not entirely true."

"Exactly, not *entirely*." Draco stated, "But as my Godfather just said, this letter appeared in my hands while I was unconscious. So, there you go, sweetness: This part of the myth, the Blood Letter per se, is true."

"I don't believe it." She refused as she shook her head. "I don't."

Draco humorlessly chuckled as his mercury gaze focused on her feminine silhouette. Ah, gods, she was beautiful.

"You're stubborn, sweetness. I like it." He smirked, "But you really should stop denying facts. You really should stop denying me."

"Denying facts!? How dare you, you bloody ferret!" She yelled angrily, as she felt her eyes go all watery, "You are the one who has to stop denying the fact that you were to one that conjured the typhoon just to kill Ron! You're the one who has to stop denying the fact that you are a murderer!"

The slimy blonde smirked evilly.

"And who told you I was denying that? I happen to be fully okay with it."

"You disgust me." She huffed, as she made a face.

Snape didn't notice Draco was using Legilimency on him while he talked. He didn't notice that the blonde had actually heard him thinking he disgusted him too.

'Such a crooked mind. He's killed a person! And he doesn't even regret it! He has no feelings at all, he's just as empty as the Dark Lord!' Snape thought. 'It's... it's...'

Draco looked at him, shooting him a cold glare. And right then, Severus saw the figure of his godson inside his mind. Silvery blonde hair, dead pale skin and skinny body. His eyes, deadly. As always.

'You may think it's repulsive, Severus, and it might as well be for you.'

'Draco-'

'—Shut it. If you don't want to listen to this conversation any further, then I suggest you just leave. And I hope I don't have to tell you that if anything slips out of your tongue, note that I won't even bother risking my life to get you killed. I will be killing you as painfully as it goes before you fucking know it. Understood?'

Severus gulped as he slightly nodded at him.

'Good.' The blonde said, 'Now leave.'

He then stood up quickly, grabbed his wand and went, not forgetting to send a warning look at Mudblood Hermione Granger, who just happened to be frowning at him.

'Oh, and Severus...'

Snape looked at him once more, a frown drawn on his face.

'Get Slughorn in here as soon as I'm done talking to my girl, will you? I've got some business to

discuss with him.'

'Your mind is disgusting.'

'Better to be disgusting and earning, allowing me to control any fucking person; than pure and forgiving, making me surrender, just like you did.'

Snape huffed, shook his head and went. His godson was a psychopath.

"You were saying, sweetness?" He mocked, "I lost track of things, you know."

Hermione grieved her teeth. That blonde truly did have a fucking nerve!

"I said that you disgust me to no end."

Draco chuckled.

"You won't say the same once I get to fuck you, my sweet." He stirred a sexy laugh, "Once I get to fuck you so hard you cum on my dick-"

"-You repulsive little prick-"

"Whatever, you know it will happen anyways. And you know you'll be fucking loving it."

Hermione was quiet, but a light red tinge on her cheeks gave her away.

"Is that a blush, sweetheart?" He mocked, "Impatient, are we?"

"Shut up. Now, just get to your sodding point, will you?"

Draco felt the situation to be incredibly amusing. He had just confessed her he was okay with killing Ron and he had just told her they would be sleeping together soon enough. And the fact that she actually blushed while she praised to be oh-so-furious was incredibly ironic.

But yet again, he thought it was rather sexy: What did the curly little angry girl's mind picture? Maybe him, being on top of her, violently thrusting into her wet cunt, groaning huskily into her ear, telling her she was his. And her covered in sweat, shaking under his perfect body, desperately moaning his name, begging for more, always more. Talking dirty, swearing.

"DRACO! FUCK! YES, MORE! FUCK ME LIKE THE WHORE I AM, PLEASE! DRACO! DRACO!"

He licked his lips and her blush grew even more furiously. Draco smirked: He didn't have to use Legilimency on her to know that that was precisely what she was thinking of. She was indeed one perverted little slut...

"Well?" She asked, cutting the awkward silence, "I'm waiting."

"Fine. Well then, just look at it from my point of view: On the one hand, I happen to have very advanced magic skills that even allow me to toy with magic as much as I want. If I want to conjure a typhoon, I know I can do it, I just have to say the spell and there: I have magic at my

entire mercy."

Hermione couldn't believe what she was hearing. Malfoy was actually telling her he did conjure the whirlwind. He was telling her it was like a children's game to him. She just couldn't believe Malfoy had such psychotic issues.

The blonde kept talking.

"And... on the other hand, about this- how did you say it? Ah, yes. Murderer thing- Yes, I did kill Weasley. He truly was a burden to me."

"Why aren't you denying it!? Why are you confessing those things to me!? I could just go and tell Dumbledore, or McGonagall!"

Draco started to laugh at her. She really had some sense of humor, didn't she?

"Oh sweetness, how funny you are." He mocked, "Don't you see how pathetic it is to wander around the castle telling people those things? I mean, seriously, I myself got fucking injured at that Quidditch game. I am seen as the victim, and not as the murderer. It really would be ridiculous for you to go around telling people I killed Weasley, they certainly would think you've become crazy. And, sweetness, who would ever believe a crazy person? Who would believe you?"

"Harry would! For goodness' sake, he already knows it, he's already explained it to Dumbledore-"

"-But he doesn't believe him, sweetness. Even though Potter's his favorite student in this fucking school, old Dumbledore could never believe him." He stated matter-of-factly, "Because, you know. Dumbledore's greatest weakness happens to be to only see a person's qualities, ignoring everything else. I happen to be a very intelligent man, a great wizard, who just happens to be misunderstood. Therefore, Dumbledore is more than willing to 'help me'. So, even if I myself told him I killed the Weasel, he wouldn't believe me."

"But you did! You killed him!" She accused.

Draco just shrugged at her accusation, as if he didn't care at all.

"Indeed, I did." He said boringly, "And now I have a nuisance less to take care of."

She couldn't handle it anymore. She needed to yell at him. She just had to.

"HOW COULD YOU, YOU HEARTLESS MONSTER!? I didn't even see him that day, I didn't even go to the Quidditch match so I could stay away from him, and so you wouldn't do anything to him! You said he would stay safe and sound if I didn't come near him!" She cried as she felt angry tears running down her red cheeks.

"Oh now, did I? Well, that's not how I remember it, sweetness. I remember saying he would die if you came near him, but I can't recall saying anything about safety."

"BUT I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM AFTER YOUR THREAT!" She broke down into tears, she was completely desperate, "I DIDN'T SEE HIM!"

Draco suddenly huffed. That had made him angry.

"You didn't, but your heart and soul did." He darkly said, "And that's *betrayal*."

"To whom?!" She desperately asked, "To whom!? Care to tell me, Malfoy, because I don't understand!"

"Betrayal to me, sweetness." His statement was dangerous, "Potter told me you were crying over the Weasel, and I felt... ignored. And you know, I really hate being ignored, who doesn't? And trust me, I'll have you punished for it."

Hermione gasped.

"You wouldn't dare-"

"Wouldn't I, sweetness?" He dangerously asked, as his mercury, deadly eyes glared at her chocolate warm ones, "Well, mind you and think again."

"You wouldn't even dream of harassing me when you've gone so far to even kill a person in order to have me as your possession." She spat.

"I never used the word 'harass' or 'hurt', sweetness. Only 'punish'. You'll be finding out about your punishments soon enough, just when you find your Blood Letter in your hands. Because, as I said, once you see my name written on the letter, you'll belong to me. And then I'll be able to do whatever I want with you."

Hermione frowned as she thought and eyed him suspiciously.

"But I don't belong to you."

"Yet." He added.

She huffed in annoyance. The nerve of that Slytherin!

"One has to be unconscious to get the Blood Letter, is that right?" She asked.

"Yes, it is."

"Too bad I'm not getting unconscious anytime soon, Malfoy." She tried to mock him, "It's a shame for you don't you think?"

He smirked, making her frown.

"Now, now, sweetness. How would you know?"

"You just said you just would 'punish' me, and not 'harass' or 'hurt' me. I have never fallen into unconsciousness from any diseases; the only way to knock me out is hexing me. But since you said you wouldn't be hurting me, I believe I'm able to think I'm on the safe side, aren't I?"

'Such a cute, innocent, little creature' The blonde thought with arrogance. 'Well, let her be,

Draco. Let her think around for a while. She won't even suspect.'

"Maybe." He said aloud. "But I wouldn't be so sure."

"What do you mean?"

"I think I've told too much today, haven't I?" He teased.

"Malfoy-"

"For the third time, sweetness: It's Draco. Not Malfoy."

"Whatever." She huffed. "Can I leave?"

"You're actually asking me for permission? Wow, sweetness! I'm flattered."

Ugh! His fucking nerve!

"I'll be leaving now." She stated as she turned around.

"And where's my good-bye kiss, Sweetness?" he asked teasingly,.

"I hope you root in fucking hell, Draco." She said between her teeth as she took her first steps to leave the room.

"Funny, I know of a person that currently is doing that. Ronald Weasley was his name, wasn't it?" He bitterly replied to her.

"I hate you." She said in a real bitter whisper, while she had to resist to the temptation to break down in tears again. "And I always will."

"You know, sweetness, two can play that game. You don't believe me and I don't believe you when you say you hate me." He simply said.

Hermione glared at him. He simply shrugged and stretched his arms.

"Now, since I'm not getting any kiss because you're in that grumpy mood again, I think I may be having some nice sleep and some nice erotic dreams of us both having hot wild sex." He teased, "And don't worry sweetness. They'll become true soon enough, once the Blood Letter appears in your hands."

And then the Gryffindor princess left. She couldn't help but feel scared: Maybe she started to believe in that myth. Maybe she would get that Blood Letter with Malfoy's name written on it. And then... And then...

She'd belong to him.

YEESSSSS! A NEW CHAPTER! YAY FOR MEEE! :D AHHAHA I HOPE YOU LIKED THIS CHAPTER!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, PLEASE! I LOVE THEM, THEY MAKE MY DAY AND MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELL!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GUYS! YOU ROCK!

Chapter 11: Only a dream

OMG PEOPLE, I'M SO HAPPY! THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR LOVELY REVIEWS, YOUR FAVS AND YOUR FOLLOWWWWS! KEEP THEM GOINGGGGGGG!

WARNING: This chapter is a VALENTINE'S SPECIAL. This means this is going to be very detailed, and really, when I say 'detailed', I also mean 'detailed', so, if this is not your cup of tea, don't read!

Enjoy your reading! :)

Draco, just as he had told Hermione, was having some erotic dreams. They were at the Manor, in his huge bedroom, lying on his king-sized bed.

Unconsciously, the blonde smiled and licked his lips: In his dream, he saw his sweet Hermione standing in front of the bed, only dressed with a figure-hugging rose print black lingerie, making a beautiful contrast to her creamy skin, her brown curls falling down her shoulders like golden waterfalls; strip teasing right in front of his mercury eyes. Her smile was sexy, and suggestive, somewhat dirty; and her chocolate warm eyes were melting because of the hunger she had for him.

She licked her lips seductively as she led her hands behind her back, unclasping her sensuous bra. Slowly, very slowly, she let it fall down her shoulders, showing him her perfect breasts: They were petite, round and silky, and with pink, round, hard nipples. She started caressing them with one hand, as she led her other hand to her mouth to caress her under lip, in order to seduce him. And God, he was starting to get really horny.

The Gryffindor princess took two sexy steps towards him; a wild look in her eyes. She pushed him roughly onto the bed and got on top of Draco. She started moving her hips slowly against his crotch; she was almost belly dancing on it, while she gave him sweet, little pecks on his lips, wetting them. She then focused on his neck and started to suck on it, making sure she left a mark. Her hands were unbuttoning his cotton black shirt, teasing him a little; so she could start caressing his torso when she had finished with his buttons.

Hermione smelled sweet: Like French vanilla, African cinnamon, Caribbean coconut milk, Swiss chocolate, Italian coffee and Russian anise. It was so damn sweet, so damn sensual, that had to be a fucking sin.

Her tiny hands had gotten rid of his black shirt and were wandering all around his torso, focusing on his well formed chest, putting pressure in her caresses, giving him a nice, long massage. Then they would concentrate rather on his nipples, her thin fingers would pinch them in order to make him groan out of pleasure.

A sensual, nasty giggle escaped her mouth as she heard him moan: She was licking her way down from his neck to his chest, while her hands started pulling down his trousers. He kicked them off his legs, so Hermione started to take care of his big erection. She started caressing his manhood above his pants, making his lump grow even harder. He groaned again, and so that kinky giggle escaped her lips once more.

Draco was holding her curls in his hands, pushing her down, impatient for her to suck his cock. He heard her laugh sensually, softly whispering dirty things while she knelt down in front of him. He felt her hands pulling his pants down and so freeing his erection, as he felt her lips kissing his testicles and one of her hands stroking him.

The blonde closed his eyes and pulled his head back, completely lost in pleasure, as he roughly caressed Hermione's hair. God, she was so fucking perfect at it. Her warm mouth felt so brilliant on his balls, he loved it.

"Fuck..." He moaned, "Fuck, sweetness..."

Again, she stirred a naughty laugh, as she sucked hard and then slightly bit one of his testicles, stroking his manhood even faster and harder, making him scream in purest pleasure.

"FUCK!"

Then, Hermione's tongue gave a long, wet, warm lick across Draco's penis, from the balls to the head. He had to admit, she was talented: She spit on the head and started to trace circles around it with her tongue, as she started to suck hard on it, tasting all of his pre-cum.

Her hands were stroking his large as her mouth took care of the head, she wanted to taste more, much more. In his dream, Hermione fucking Granger was his personal dirty little slut. His whore. And god, he fucking loved her to no end.

And right then, when he just thought it couldn't get any better than that, her mouth started sucking the whole of his large dick: Her soft lips were stroking his hard cock, as her tongue licked it, making sure it became wet. One of her hands was massaging his balls, pulling on them, sometimes even pinching them softly. The other hand focused on putting pressure on his asshole, caressing his ass line, always back and forth.

The blonde could feel his cum build in his testicles; some of it was even on its way up to his large penis, as Hermione was sucking it out. God, it felt so fucking good: It was kind of ticklish, pleasant and pressuring at the same time; it caused shivers running all through his spine, forcing his head to pull back, forcing his mind to go all blurry: Every single coherent thought, every single plan he had worked on, every single idea, was gone. Everything Draco could focus on was the immense pleasure his Hermione was giving him.

His hips started thrusting into her mouth involuntarily, as he felt like a wave of fervor rushing through his body, giving him goose bumps, causing his already heavy breathing go even heavier, and causing his moans, groans and screams go even louder than they already were. His cock was harder than iron, and it was ready to explode.

Draco was going to cum very soon. Oh, yes. And he was going to cum inside her mouth, forcing her to take his sperm all the way down her throat. He had already stated it: Hermione was his

little whore. And as a good whore, she would swallow every drop of his sperm, until his fucking dick was dry.

Malfoy opened his eyes; his vision was blurry, but it was clear enough to see that Hermione was deep throating him; she was taking him all the way in. And fuck, his cock felt so warm deep inside her mouth; he didn't want it to get cold again, so he grabbed Hermione's hair and forced her to deep throat him until she started gagging.

One, two, three, four, five...

His breathing was so heavy; he couldn't take it. His heart was beating rapidly; he felt a very welcoming pressure on his chest: His orgasm was about to come.

Six, seven, eight, nine...

"F-Fuck... FUCK!" He moaned, "So hard... Never been so fucking hard- Fuck, I'm going to... FUCK!"

And then he came inside her mouth. Hard.

Ten.

"Swallow me, sweetness." He almost begged, "Come on, take me. Don't leave a fucking drop."

And so she did. Pulling away from his cock; she faced him from below and showed him she was his pretty little obedient girl: She swallowed his cum down, gave his dick one more last kiss, looked up at him; a wild look on her beautiful face, and licked her lips.

"That was delicious." She purred.

Well, that was what he called a fucking blowjob.

But now was her turn.

Grabbing her hair again, he pulled her up to him and started devouring her mouth: Her tongue still had some rest of his cum, and so the depths of her mouth tasted rather salty, combined with a tinge of bitter. God, that kiss was palatable.

Their tongues fought for control over each other's mouths; it was a delightful battle. Draco seemed to be the winner, as he had bitten his kitten's tongue softly, and then sucked on it, making her moan. Her moans were music to him; they were some sweet, melodious sounds that pleased his ears. She sounded like a goddess to him; his goddess.

She was his.

Draco started kissing her neck and sucking hard on it, leaving hickeys everywhere, while his hands caressed her arms up and down, going up to her shoulders and back down to her breasts: They seemed to fit perfectly with the palms of his hands, it was as if they had been made for him. Indeed they had. He squeezed them softly at first, and hard at last. He massaged them in circular, regular and slow moves, as he felt her breathing become heavier.

His expert tongue licked its way up to her ear, biting on her earlobe and on pulling on her helix. He licked her tragus and stirred a sexy, dirty purr into his ear, as his fingers started to pinch her nipples and pull hard on them, making them harder than they already were. She moaned desperately and he purred again.

He kissed her cheek, and sucked on it, just to go down his way to her neck and then to her breasts, ready to imbibe them. He started by biting her hardened nipples, and caressing their pinky aura with his tongue. Draco then pulled away and started blowing on them, creating a naughty contrast between warm and cold: Hermione pulled her head back as she moaned, helpless. It just felt so divine, so heavenly.

She grabbed Draco by his hair and pulled him to her breasts once again, as if she wanted him to keep sucking on them. He smirked. His mouth would take care of his tits for a little while more, but his hands wouldn't: They had already wandered down her flat belly, dispensing soft tickles and setting slight pressure on it. And it was so close to her intimate zone that Hermione had to moan out loud, as she felt her pussy started to get wet.

His hands divided: one of them went over to her back and down to her round ass, roughly grabbing it and pulling her closer to him, while the other went straight down under her sexy lingerie panties, and started to play around with her clit.

"FUCK, DRACO!" Hermione let out a loud scream, as she felt his fingers toy with her most delicate zone, "FUCK!"

Draco smirked against her belly.

"God, you're so fucking wet..." He stirred a sexy, evil laugh, as he licked her belly button. "You like that, don't you, my little whore?"

"Y-yes! Fuck, Draco, give me more! More! Fuck!"

"You horny bitch..." He whispered, more to himself than to her, as his smirk grew wider.

Draco's fingers were now not only playing with her clit, but also with her pussy lips: They parted them and pulled them together again, they stroked them until her lips were as swollen as it went.

The blonde ripped her panties away; as his hands roughly spread Hermione's legs, showing him the beauty of her wet, hot pussy. Or even, showing him her entire beauty: God, there she was. On the bed, her smoking hot body covered in spit and sweat, heavily panting, and furiously blushing. Her brown curls had gone wild all over the pillow, making her look even hotter than she already was. Her legs were spread, and she was helpless: Hermione was at Draco's entire mercy. And she fucking loved it.

He bent down to her pussy and started licking her clit, as he inserted two fingers inside her, pumping in and out as rough and as hard as it went. He found himself loving the sound of her folds: It was a kind of gobbling, a smacking, in a way. It was so hot, so sexy.

"Fuck you're so tight...Oh, fuck..." He moaned.

"FUCK! FUCK, DRACO!" She screamed, "F-FUCK! YES! RIGHT THERE! FASTER, PLEASE!"

MORE! M-MORE!"

Her pussy tasted so delicious: it was wet and her pre-cum made it all creamy. It wasn't salty; on the contrary, it was sweet, just like her. It was all sweet, creamy, wet and tasty. The best meal he'd ever had. And that was all his.

Her legs started to tremble in anticipation, and her hips involuntarily thrust against his mouth. A wave of pleasure was overwhelming her, as she arched her back and pulled her head back. Her eyes were shut, still picturing Draco eating her pussy, licking all around. She grabbed his platinum blonde hair, and pulled his face closer to her pussy, as if she wanted him to eat her fully out.

"FUCK, I'M GOING TO C-"

"Cum for me, sweetness..." He ordered, as he gave a hard suck, "Fucking come for your daddy! NOW!"

Draco had pulled his fingers out of her pussy just to fill her asshole, and stick his tongue inside her cunt. He sucked her sweet juices out of her, and kissed and bit around. God, she tasted so fucking good.

"CUM FOR ME! NOW!"

"OH, FUCK!" She screamed, as she felt herself cum hard.

"Good girl."

And there it was: just what Draco had always dreamed of: White cream streaming out of Hermione's wet, swollen pussy. God, it looked so delicious, and it tasted even better. He licked her dry, swallowed some of her cum, and kept a bit inside his mouth. Draco went up once again and French kissed her, sharing her sweetest cum with her. They both moaned, lost in passion.

"Draco, please! Fuck me, now! I want to feel your fucking cock, please... Oh, fuck!" She moaned.

He positioned himself between her legs, ready to thrust into her. He tongue fucked her mouth again, sucked on her cheek and bit her earlobe hard once more before whispering:

"You want me to fuck you hard, sweetness, don't you?" He teased, "You want me to fucking destroy your sweet pussy, you fucking whore!"

"Yes!" She moaned helplessly, "PLEASE! PLEASE, DRACO, FUCK ME!"

He spanked her ass and bit her earlobe once again.

"How badly do you want this cock?" He teased again, "How badly do you want me to fuck you, sweetness?"

"BADLY! PLEASE! PLEASE, DRACO, PLEASE FUCK ME AS HARD AS YOU CAN! PLEASE, PLEASE!" She begged. She had no control over her mind; everything she cared about was her desire.

He chuckled sensually, as he whispered into her ear.

"Touch yourself, and then I'll fuck the shit out of you."

And so she did. One hand went down to her wet cunt and started rubbing her clit in little circular and fast moves, the other entered her pussy and stroked in and out rapidly, until she finally squirted again. Draco masturbated at the sight: She was there, right in front of him, blushing and touching herself as if there was no tomorrow. She was there, screaming and moaning, completely lost somewhere outside reality, in their sexual world. And there she was, desperate for him to fuck her, begging like a little slut.

And then she came again.

"FUCK!"

And yes, fuck, indeed. Right when he was about to enter her wet cunt, he started to hear blurred steps coming towards them, and the image of his room, of his bed and of his Hermione slowly disappeared.

It had only been a dream.

Fuck.

SOOOOO, THE THING GOT HEATED! Still, I hope you liked it!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

ALSO, LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS; THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLL!

See you on next chapterrrrr!

BYEEEE! :D

Chapter 12: His Heart belongs to Me

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU AND THOUSAND TIMES THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR KIND REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! OMG, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S SO AWESOME! YOU PEOPLE ARE AWESOME! THANK YOUUUUU!

Enjoy your reading!

Professor Horace Slughorn was at his office, an enormous caldron right in front of him. Next to him was a table with different kinds of species lying on it. His hands were automatically working, just as if they were a kind of machine: They cut and chopped rapidly, but very carefully at the same time.

"Unforgivable... Potion..." He muttered, his real self lost somewhere within the curse, "Unforgivable..."

It had already been an entire week since he had started brewing the potion, and the results were satisfying: The Potion of Perfection, which hadn't any smell, taste or color per excellence; was just as transparent as water. Now everything he had to do was add the new ingredients and wait two weeks, thus making the smell of the potion disappear. And so he did. His rapid hands grabbed all of the chopped ingredients and let them fall into the caldron.

He wiped the sweat on his forehead away with a tissue and threw it away, as he started to walk towards the sofa. He needed to rest a little bit. He was old and tired. No, not just 'tired'. He was completely exhausted. But because of the curse, he wasn't always able to get his deserved rest.

But maybe now... just maybe... he could just close his eyes and fall asleep. Forget about the spell for a while. Just for a little while, just maybe a little bit.

Maybe.

Just when he started to feel relaxed, there were three very impolite knocks on the door. He sighed. No, he wouldn't be able to sleep until later: sighing again, he got up and went toward the door, opened it and saw professor Severus Snape waiting in front of it.

The ancient potions master didn't even need Snape to say a single thing, as his dark eyes told everything: Master Draco wanted to see him. Before he could sigh, Slughorn's eyes became completely neutral, as his mouth pronounced his name.

"Draco... Malfoy." He whispered.

"He's at the Hospital Wing." Severus informed him, "And just know that he doesn't enjoy waiting. I suggest you start getting on your way."

And with those words Severus Snape apparated away.

Like a machine, Slughorn started to walk through the corridors, not too fast and not too slow, not wanting to lift any suspicions. His emerald gaze was completely lost, though. Whenever Draco Malfoy called him, his eyes would lose to him. Always.

Ten minutes later, the ancient professor finally arrived to the Hospital Wing. His steps were meant to be quiet, yet the sole of his shoes was way too loud, causing an irritating echoing sound all around the Wing, and waking Draco up from his sleep.

Slughorn saw him slowly open his eyes, as he saw the irritation in them. He gulped. Horace only hoped Draco would have a bit of mercy on him.

Hermione couldn't believe it. The Blood Letter. The Prophecy. Her name. And all seemed to just lead to Draco Malfoy. And just one question arose: Why?

The Gryffindor princess looked down at her hand, which was holding the Blood Letter Draco had given her. Carefully, she started unfolding it, as if she wanted to make sure that her name was indeed written on it.

There: written in dry, dark red blood.

Hermione.

She frowned, as she didn't understand. Why her? Why not another girl? She didn't remember specifically asking him that question, but still, it didn't make any sense: Draco Malfoy had always hated her, and then, one day, he decided to... like her? Love her? No. He decided she had become his obsession. He had even killed one of her best friends in order to stay away. And honestly, she didn't know how much further in he could push the whole murdering situation. She was scared: She had always known absolutely everything, and now she found herself in an unknowing position. And that irritated her: Malfoy was always a step forward, and she didn't seem to be able to overtake his thoughts.

He was clever. Too clever: Cleverer than her.

But now that he was incapable of moving, due to his injuries, maybe she had the chance to go to the library and search on wizarding tales and on the Malfoy family tree.

With a decided pace, she led her steps to the library. She entered the enormous and empty room and started with her research: She would register every bookshelf, every section. And if that wasn't going to be enough, she would visit the restricted section, too. Not only for the tales, of course, but also to learn a few tricks about Dark Magic. If she wanted to follow every step of his, she had to think like him. She had to act like he did.

She started with the fairy tales. She needed information on the Blood Letter.

Wizard Tales; Fantastic Wizardry, Magical Witchcraft. Those seemed to be the most convincing books.

"This is going to take long..." She whispered to herself.

And then, she submerged into her lecture, while her hand folded her Blood Letter again.

"My Lord, professor Snape told me you wished to see me?" Horace politely said.

Draco's mercury eyes never left Slughorn's gaze. The old man had interrupted him during the best part of his dream, and he was feeling kind of grumpy. But still, Slughorn looked so helpless. And so... prepared to follow any of his orders, to fulfill them. Well, maybe he would let that one pass.

Draco stretched his arms and legs as he started to lift his body into a sitting position. He cleared his throat before speaking and used the chance to smirk.

"Yes, Horace. I wanted to see you. I need you to do me another favor."

"My Lord?"

Draco cleared his throat once more. Sheesh, he needed to drink something, his throat was completely dry. Once Slughorn was gone, he would tell that old nurse to get him some pumpkin

juice.

"You see... There's an interesting myth, 'The Blood Letter'." He explained, "Its prophecy is a kind of a marriage law, a bonding, if you wish. Just, the Blood Letter only appears if the witch or wizard is unconscious."

"I... understand, My Lord."

"Very well, Horace." He arrogantly replied, "Look, since I've received a Blood Letter, I am to be bonded: My heart belongs to a witch. The only problem is, her heart does not belong to me yet, and she refuses to give it to me. The only way she can belong to me is her getting a Blood Letter with my name written on it, but as I said..."

"...The Blood Letter only appears when the witch is unconscious." Horace finished his sentence, causing Draco smirk somewhat proudly.

"Exactly, Horace. And you know..." He said, trying to fake casualty, "I've talked to her. Apparently, the only way to get her unconscious is knocking her out, meaning, hurting her. But I don't wish to hurt her, professor. In any way. And here's where your part comes."

Horace Slughorn frowned, as he gasped.

"Do you want me to hurt her?" He asked in disbelief.

Draco laughed through his nose.

"No, it's not that." Draco assured, "It's not that... I had something else on mind."

"And may I ask you what you want me to do, my Lord?" Horace asked, some fear echoed his voice.

Draco evilly smirked. He loved hearing the angst in his voice. He felt delighted every time he heard a slight tremble in someone's voice. It was delicious. It was delicious because that reflected the anxiety Slughorn was feeling: He was desperate to know. Not because he wanted to do it, but because he wanted to know about what he didn't want to do. But... oops: Draco was in control. And it was not Slughorn's choice to refuse. It was not Slughorn's choice to ignore Draco's orders. It was not Slughorn's choice to ignore Draco himself.

But somehow, Slughorn didn't want to listen to what Draco had to say. But still, he knew the blond would tell him, whether he liked it or not.

"I want you to poison her." He answered. "I want you to brew a potion that slowly knocks her out within an hour and leaves her unconscious for at least a whole day."

Slughorn's jaw started to tremble, as his frown grew and his eyes widened. He felt some of his feelings returning to him, even though he felt the power of the Imperius Curse rushing through his veins. It was a strange sensation, but... But there was nothing he could do about it.

"Poison her... Who, my Lord?" his trembling voice asked.

Draco smirked.

"The Brightest Witch of Her Age." He mystically said, as he remembered his hot dream, "Hermione Granger."

Slughorn swallowed so hard it hurt as Draco's dangerous eyes met his emerald gaze once more.

"You have two weeks time. No more, no less." He warned him darkly, "And mind you, if you fail at it, I'll kill you. Am I understood?"

"Y-yes, My Lord." The potions master stuttered.

"Very well, Horace. You may leave now, I still have to get some rest."

"Goodbye, My Lord", he whispered, "U-until next t-time."

"Until next time." He whispered back, once Slughorn had already left. And then, the sly blonde faked innocence and pain, "Mme. Pomfrey!"

Draco cleared his throat again. Sheesh, he wanted a damned pumpkin juice! He wasn't asking for the world!

Harry had tried. Really, he had tried really hard to convince Professor Dumbledore, but he had still failed at it. He sometimes didn't like his particularity of only seeing people's bright side, especially when the person in question didn't have any bright side at all. He had killed his best friend, Ronald Weasley! He didn't have any proofs, but— God, he just knew it! It was intuition! And his intuition had never failed him. Ever.

The Boy Who Lived sighed out in frustration as he went to the library. He needed to at least talk to Hermione; he needed her to believe him. Just her, she was his best friend, and he wanted his best friend to trust in him.

He heard a page turning to the next one as he had entered the library: Yes, Hermione was the only one who could possibly be there. Quickening his steps, he followed the sound. Harry searched Hermione with his eyes: First section, second section, third section, fourth section... Fifth... Sixth...

And seventh Section. There she was, completely focused on her lecture: A slight frown on her face, her lips ajar, lightly moving, silently pronouncing the words she was reading. Her hair falling down her shoulders covering her face a little. He couldn't help but smile a little: Every time he had gone to the library, he had found her sitting like that.

"Hermione." He called her.

Instantly, Hermione lifted her head and looked at him in the eyes: A combination of fiery red and grassy green. Harry had obviously been crying a lot. He had been missing Ron. Just like she did. But instead of just crying, Hermione had invested her time into searching for pieces of information.

"Harry." She answered.

Harry went up to her and gave her a tight hug without hesitating. She hugged him back, and both cried on each other's shoulders for a while. They were alone. Not only alone without their third best friend, but also alone in the situation: No one believed them. Not even Albus Dumbledore.

"It's been Malfoy, right?" He managed to say in between sobs.

Hermione only nodded. Yes, it had been him. He had told her the whole story. He had been cold-minded and twisted; he had acted like a psychopath in order to kill Redhead. She didn't know his barriers; she didn't know when he would stop. But she knew a thing for sure: if he kept at it, he would definitely have her in the end. And that thought scared her to no end.

Once Harry felt her head nod, he somehow felt a rush relief overtaking him. At least there was a person that believed him. It was a good sign.

He wanted to hug her tighter, but she pulled away. He looked at her, confusion in his eyes. She just looked back at him with watery eyes and shook her head. She felt a rush of guilt feelings running through her heart, as if Ron had died because of her.

And he had, in a way.

And so she cried.

"It's all my fault, Harry." She sobbed, "It's all my fault."

"What? Hermione, no! What are you saying?" He asked in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"He wants me." She stated, "And he won't stop until he gets me."

Harry frowned. What?

"Hermione, slow down, I don't unders—

"-He killed him because he wants me!" She shouted as she broke down into tears, "And... And... And I have him! I have his heart! He belongs to me! Just... he won't stop until I belong to him!"

Hermione started sobbing and crying even harder than she already was.

"How many people is he going to murder in order to have me, Harry? How many until I give in to him?" She asked him, desperately.

"I don't know." He said.

Harry really didn't know. He didn't even know what Hermione was talking about, but somehow, he could tell it made some sense. He just had to get to know *what kind of sense it made*.

"His heart belongs to me..." She said, "And the worst part is, there is no turning back."

YAAAY! CHAPTER 12's up! YES FOR ME! Hahaha, naaah, just kidding.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND LEAVE ME YOUR REVIEWS, THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLL!

Thanks for reading, guys! You rock!

See you on next chappie!

Chapter 13: The Chance

People, first of all, THANK YOU. Really, I have no words to describe how touched I am from all your lovely reviews, favs and follows. I am so happy that this story has reached over 100 reviews with 13 chapters. So, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT! I HIGHLY APPRECIATE IT! KEEP THEM UP!

The following... Ugh. I wanted to update yesterday, but I lay on my bed with migraine. I really hate that disease. Ugh! So, yeah, I'm going to update today.

Enjoy your reading! :)

It was past curfew, but Severus Snape's candle was still burning. His dark brown gaze was lost in the nothingness, just like his thoughts were. His constant sighs were to be heard all around his office, giving the room a certain atmosphere of depression.

And indeed, he was depressed. He was depressed, stressed, put under pressure, anxious, tired, no, not tired. Severus Snape was exhausted: He didn't define exhaustion as simple tiredness, no. Exhaustion was when he was so tired he couldn't even sleep. Exhaustion were those two inexpressive eyes with two black rings under them. Exhaustion was a dead-like pale face. Exhaustion was not just being tired, no. Exhaustion was being *incredibly tired of life*. And as he had already stated, he was exhausted.

Severus Snape sighed again, stating his exhaustion and stress for the thousandth time: He was not only being a servant to the Dark Side, but also to the Bright one. And what he feared most: The Professor was a servant to Draco Malfoy's side.

Draco Malfoy, his favorite student at Hogwarts. Draco Malfoy, his godson. Draco Malfoy, a pureblooded Slytherin. Draco Malfoy, a twisted minded psychopath. Draco Malfoy, a murderer. And what about Severus Snape? He had been the douche that had sworn to Draco Malfoy's mother to protect him, no matter what. And right at that moment, while sitting in front of a burning candle, while stating how exhausted and stressed he was, and counting the sides he was a servant to, Severus realized how much he regretted that Unbreakable Vow he'd made to Narcissa.

Once more, Snape sighed out in frustration, as he grabbed Lily's picture and gave picture Lily a

soft kiss on the lips. It was his most precious ritual.

God, he missed her so much, yet there she was: Smiling softly at him; her innocent eyes gazing him like no one else had ever done before: They gazed him with love. With friendliness. With kindness. And he felt so special. He didn't feel as the good or as the bad one, he just felt as the special one. He felt as the chosen one, in a way. The one Lily Evans had chosen.

Lily. Oh, Lily. Why has fate been so cruel?

He cried. God, he cried. He bitterly cried like an unhappy man, the unhappy man he was. He cried for her terrible death, as he hated himself: He had allowed it. He had risked his life for his little mudblood, and the reward? Her death. Her bitter, bitter, bitter death. And he wanted her back, right there and right then. He missed her so much he felt the urge to talk to her.

"Lily," He spoke to her, "I-I-I'm scared. A magical war's about to break out and... and— and there are three sides, and I'm involved in each of them and— Draco's a murderer, with a mind that's even more twisted than the Dark Lord's, a-and, he has me under his Yugo and I-I-I... Oh Lily, what do I do?"

Whenever he felt down, whenever Professor Snape felt the need to cry, and let himself out for a while, he always talked to Lily. Severus always asked for piece of advice, and he felt her presence, always heard her sweetest voice telling him what to do. And somehow, that seemed to calm him every time.

He just had to really focus on her beautiful eyes. He just had to believe she was still alive, and that she was indeed looking back at him. He just had to believe, only a tiny bit. He just had to believe she had forgiven him after her Death, when he had hugged her dead body tightly against his chest. He just had to believe Lily had forgiven him for calling her a Mudblood and for having had this fascination for Dark Magic and Death Eaters. And then, when less expected, she would be there, in front of his eyes, smiling at him, patting his back and explaining what was the right thing to be done.

Her eyes. Bright and green almond-shaped eyes. Her voice. Her sweet voice. Her sharpened tongue, filled with just words, always ready to stand up to others.

Lily...

And there she was: her womanly figure standing right in front of him: Her thick, dark red hair falling down her shoulders like waterfalls; her pale skin. Her gracious freckles. Her beauty.

He focused on her bright eyes, and couldn't help but see a slight difference: They were shining with mysterious sparkles; sparkles he couldn't really decipher.

"Severus", her ghost spoke to him, "Severus..."

"Lily", he replied, "He... Help me. I beg you. Help me. What do I do?"

"Remember when our friendship broke, back in fifth year?" She asked, her voice airily, ghostly.

Those words were like daggers stabbing right in the middle of his heart, over, and over again.

"I called you a Mudblood..." He stated, regret echoing his voice.

"You did." She dryly replied.

"And then I wanted to apologize—"

"Exactly, Severus. And I told you, you had chosen your way, and I'd chosen mine... Now you see, your way has divided into two new ways. You can choose again. The question arises what will you choose, Severus?"

"I don't understa—"

"You made a mistake the first time, when you chose the Dark to the Bright. Now, right now, you *still* serve the Dark side, and you know there's a way to escape it."

"But that would be—"

"-Death." She stated, looking at him sharply, slowly vanishing, "You made a mistake once, Severus. Now you have the chance to make it better. You have the chance of becoming a better person in another brand new life."

And then, Lily Potter, né Evans, completely vanished, blowing the candle on Severus' table, and leaving him himself panting heavily and shedding many, many bitter tears.

He had to see Albus and tell him. For the first time in his entire life, Severus Snape had made a decision himself.

Albus Dumbledore didn't find himself able to fall asleep that night. He had too many things on mind. The magical war. The Bright side, the Order. The Dark Side, Tom Riddle and his Death Eaters. Severus Snape oscillating between both sides. Other than that, his almost completely black hand. Ron's Death, and Harry's accusations.

And, of course, *Draco Malfoy*.

The ancient headmaster couldn't help but roll his eyes. Of course he knew Draco Malfoy was now a Death Eater. Of course he knew Draco Malfoy had been the one to curse the whirlwind. Of course he knew Draco Malfoy had been the one to kill Ronald Weasley. Of course he knew about all those things! Severus had told him right on the day Draco had been marked. Severus had told him that Draco had been the 'Dark Chosen One', the one who'd kill him. Therefore, it was already clear that Draco would have to... practice, thus referring to kill someone. And so, Dumbledore thought Draco was actually forced to kill Ron Weasley.

In his eyes, it hadn't been Draco's fault. At least... Not, at all. In his ancient eyes, Draco was just a scared little boy who had had no choice in his decisions.

But those were only his superstitions. Dumbledore would be shocked if he really knew what Draco Malfoy had become. A cold-hearted monster, obsessed with what was his and his only. Something, or even better, someone like, Hermione Granger. But of course, he didn't know about that tiny, insignificant thing. And even if he knew, he wouldn't consider it as an important matter.

Dumbledore just shrugged. He was old, and already knew about his fate: He would die in hands of Severus Snape. Period.

Speaking of such...

The door slammed open. A very desperate Severus Snape had come through it, his hair messy, his face pale, and his eyes completely red. His forehead seemed to be a little bit sweaty, as he panted heavily. There was no doubt: he had run up to Dumbledore's office in order to see him right then. It had to be an important matter, since Severus never talked to him unless it was strictly necessary.

"Good evening, Severus." Dumbledore cordially greeted with his usual calm voice. "What brings you here on this fine spring evening?"

Severus didn't have any time to pause, any time for any kind of small talk, so he would talk in between pants, doing his best for Dumbledore to understand what he was saying.

"Albus..." He panted, as he spoke quickly, "Albus, I can— I can do this— no more. I can do this no more. No."

Hogwarts' director found himself slightly frowning; as if he was analyzing what Snape had just said.

"What do you mean?" He accusingly asked.

Snape swallowed quickly and let out a heavy pant.

"I can't be the one to kill you, Albus. I can't." He tried to explain, "My way... it has split into two. I can go to the bright side, but not in this life. In this life, I'm evil. And I can't handle this evilness anymore."

Dumbledore shook his head.

"We had a deal."

"No... Pl-Please..." He whispered, as his voice didn't allow him anything else, still heavily panting, "Please, I beg you, Albus. I know we had a deal, but I can live no longer. You have to be the one to kill me, and not otherwise."

"Severus—"

"-Please." He begged again, "I'm under so much pressure, Albus. You can't even imagine— please!"

"You know you can't let the youngest Malfoy kill me, Severus. You know it."

"He's already killed a person and doesn't regret it at all, he's a murderer!" He desperately shouted. "Albus, don't you see? He wouldn't mind at all!"

Again, the old professor shook his head, as his gaze stared through the window and got lost in

the darkness of the night. Unconsciously, Dumbledore started caressing his beard, just like he always did when he had to think about important things.

"No, Severus."

"BUT WHY!?" He yelled, "I don't see the sense in living anymore, Albus. I've made the terrible mistake in showing interest for the Dark Side when I was in fifth year, thus ruining my life when I joined the Death Eaters and-"

"-You lost Lily."

Again, those words had stabbed Severus right in the middle of his heart. Yes. Right then. Right at that moment, when he had told her about his interest in dark magic skills. That was when he'd lost her.

"I did."

"And now?" He simply asked.

Snape frowned.

"What do you mean?"

"You've joined the Death Eaters, you've joined the Bright side, too. And now?"

Snape huffed bitterly.

"Now I'm a pet that commutes from side to side. Now I'm a pet that gives countless pieces of information to each side, risking my life every time I merely face the Dark Lord. And I'll have you know, there's not only one Dark Lord, Albus."

"Draco Malfoy. Yes, I know."

Snape's eyes opened widely in surprise.

"Wh— How do you know?" He asked, in astonishment.

Dumbledore simply shrugged.

"Severus, you yourself have told me he's joined the Dark Side and you yourself have told me the Dark Lord is teaching him very powerful dark magic skills. Of course I know he's been the one that has conjured the typhoon, and of course I know he's been the one to kill Ron Weasley."

"And you aren't doing anything about that?! You know he's killed someone and you're not doing absolutely anything about it?!"

"Severus, you are going to be the one to kill me. And I'm not doing anything about it, either."

"That's different-"

"Oh, is it?" He asked, "We're talking about death, you know?"

"But you'd die in times of War!" He tried to give himself some credit; "Death is going to be a common event by then!"

"And who says War hasn't started yet, Severus?" He asked; his mind lost in thought. "There already are Death Eaters infiltrated in this castle. And mind you, you are one of them."

"But War-"

"War has already started, Severus." Dumbledore said, sharply, "The Battle hasn't. And all Death Eaters in this castle are already preparing themselves for the big event. And Draco Malfoy is no exception."

"But he's killed-"

"And all others have poisoned, Severus. All others have plans to kill. Two weeks before the Quidditch match, Blaise Zabini poisoned Katie Bell. And the week before, I overheard Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe talking to Pansy Parkinson, about a meeting with all Death Eaters, planning to kill a Muggleborn first year student." He stated, "As I said, War has already started. And as you said, Death is going to be a common event."

With tears in his eyes, Snape started with his begging again. He didn't want to be part of that horrible magical war. No, he didn't. He refused.

"Then, what's the big deal with killing me?" He was hopeless.

"I told you, Severus. We had a deal. You have to be the one to kill me, in order to win Tom Riddle's full trust. It's the only way." Dumbledore explained, "Besides, it's the only way to protect your godson-"

"-He's already killed a person, Albus. And he doesn't regret it at all!" he repeated, "He wouldn't even mind killing you!"

"No, Severus!" Dumbledore raised his voice, "A person has been enough for his sanity to handle. I won't have him killing another wizard. He can't kill me. You have to be the one."

"But I want to die." He voicelessly said. "I don't have any interest in life anymore. It's over."

Albus sighed. Severus truly was desperate.

"Besides, Albus," Snape continued, "You owe me."

"I owe you?" He asked, in innocence and somewhat surprise. "How so?"

"Yes, Albus, don't fake this unknowing mask, it doesn't suit you. You know you owe me." He spat.

Dumbledore sighed. Touché. Yes, he knew. He owed Snape a lot. It was an unimaginable amount of things he owed him. And since he seemed to be so stressed, so out of track, so nervous, desolated... The headmaster sighed again.

"Fine." He finally gave in, "I won't kill you, Severus. But I can propose you a solution that will lead you to the same end, nonetheless."

"What is it?" He anxiously asked.

"We'll start the battle in two weeks. Let all Death Eaters know, including Draco." He ordered.

Snape and Dumbledore's gazes met. It was a battle between two bright emeralds and two black pearls. Both of their eyes shone with intensity, an intensity Severus didn't even know existed.

"In exactly two weeks, at night, I want all Death Eaters to enter the castle under your commando. Once you're inside, I want you to lead them to the Astronomy Tower. Draco will have to face me, yes. And possibly, he'll be about to kill me. But when the right moment arrives, Severus, you'll be the one to kill me, and you'll be the one to win the Dark Lord's full trust."

Dumbledore took in a deep breath.

"And once I'm dead, maybe you'll have the chance to die, too. Good night, Severus."

And with those words Dumbledore apparated away.

YESSSSSSSSSS! I DID IT! :D I UPLOADED TODAY! HAHAAHAHAHAH (Seriously, I though I'd be uploading tomorrow. Oh well :D)

So, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! And don't worry; there will be LOADS of Dramione in it, PROMISE!

FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! I LOVE THEM VERY MUCH, AND THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELL!

Thanks for reading guys! YOU ROCK!

Chapter 14: Horcruxes

OMG, I'M SO SORRY I UPDATE THIS LATE! But you know, I have two weeks break and I just decided to travel to Spain, you know :P A little vacation höhö :D

Oh, yeah, btw, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR ENTIRE LOVELY FOLLOWS, FAVS AND REVIEWS! THEY MADE ME SO HAPPPPPPPPPPPYYYYYYY! THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU GODS, THANK YOU SO MUCH! KEEP THEM COMING!

Enjoy your reading! :)

It had already been a week.

An entire, peaceful week since the Weasel had finally gone forever. Also, it had been a week for him to get his deserved rest. One did not create a masterpiece and get away without feeling a bit tired. Yes, dark magic was indeed a very beautiful thing; at least, that was what Draco Malfoy thought, but it needed train, practice and certainly, a lot of strength. And even though he hated to admit, he had been feeling weak.

The reason? Simple. Hermione Granger wasn't entirely his... yet. But still, she wasn't. And that made him focus on other things than magic, causing him to be completely unable to fully concentrate on his full power. Hermione had to be his before he'd rule the world without any kind of effort. And in case she refused... well, then he'd maybe be forced to use more energy than necessary.

Mme. Pomfrey had just come to tell him he was ready to leave, she just had just told him he'd be able to go to school the next day once again. 'Perfect', was all he thought, thinking about his next step: Harry Potter. He'd have time enough to control each of his moves. Yes, brilliant. Fantastic! Excellent!

Ah, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter. The mighty 'Boy-Who-Lived', rather known as 'The-Boy-Who-Just-Wouldn't-Fucking-Die'. He was starting to feel superior again, wasn't he? That scar-face was starting to play the hero, the hero that would save not only Hogwarts, but also entire England.

Tsk... It was ridiculous. But, oh well. He wouldn't be playing any longer, now, would he?

Draco smirked. No, absolutely not. He would make sure of it. And Slughorn, who, by the way, was coming into the room, his emerald gaze focused on the blonde, would make sure of it, too.

"Ah, Horace." He greeted. "I take you come to visit because you have some news?"

Horace nodded, as he took a little transparent potion out of his pocket and whispered:

"My Lord, the potion you request last week. It's done. I know I still had a week time, but it was brewed quicker than I thought."

"Excellent." Draco just said, "Tell me about this little poison. How must it be applied, and how does it work?"

Horace's gaze got lost in the nothingness when Draco ordered him to explain about the potion. It was rather interesting to see how the effects of the Imperius curse made a person react. Hooking, really. Almost fascinating.

"You have to apply this potion like any other: Drip a single drop into a glass, and wait until the drinker drinks it. And as to how it works: the potion causes the drinker to feel incredibly dizzy: blurry vision, blurry ambient, and lost balance are the main key words. And then, after, more or less 90 minutes, the drinker faints."

Draco smirked again, as he observed the little bottle the old potions professor was holding in his hands. It was fantastic! There was not only enough liquid to poison Granger and knock her out, but it was also perfect to let Saint Potter faint and... well. And maybe, just maybe, kidnap far, far away from the castle and torture him.

His evil smirk grew even wider.

"*Excellent, Horace*" Draco repeated, "Excellent work. Now, I want you to give me the poison-"

"-I thought you wished me to poison Miss Granger, My Lord?"

Draco glared at him.

"It is rude to interrupt, Horace." He stated darkly, causing his face to go all pale, "Apologize."

"I-I'm sorry, My Lord." Slughorn stuttered, "I really am."

"Apologies accepted." Draco simply said, "Now, Horace. Yes, I do know I said I wanted you to do that part, but I have thought about it once more and have come to the conclusion it is better if I do it myself. So, I'd need you to hand me the poison. Now."

And so Slughorn did. He gave him the poison, and waited for Draco to say something. Anything, he didn't care. But somehow, he had the feeling that if he just went like that, he'd have to carry with the severe consequences. And honestly... he feared Draco so much already, he sometimes didn't even feel capable to hold eye contact with him; he wasn't ready for severe consequences. So he'd better wait than just leave like that.

"Anything else y-you need, My L-Lord?"

"Not right now, but I'll let you know soon enough, Horace. Be aware."

"Until next time, My Lord." Slughorn apparated away.

"Until next time."

And with those words, Draco finally stood up from bed, took an apple, and tucked the poison into his pocket. His pace led him to The Room Of Requirement; he had felt the Dark Mark burn during his little conversation with Slughorn. That was the sign Voldemort gave him every single time he wanted to train him.

On his way, he couldn't help but overhear two people whispering. Interesting: It seemed to be a professor talking to a student, more precisely, those were Saint Potter and Old Dumbledore; the shadows on the walls had given them away. He went over to the edge to listen in to the conversation. Maybe it was relevant for his masterpiece, who knew.

But, bugger. He didn't understand much. The two of them had been whispering too quietly, the only thing he'd understood had been 'Horcrux'. The Blonde didn't know what it was, but it really sounded like Dark Magic to him. Hm, maybe he'd had to ask Voldemort during his training.

And maybe, just maybe, if the Dark Lord was in a good mood, he'd teach him.

An entire week.

A week since Ron's tragic death. And Hermione felt more and more guilty with every day passing by. Draco Malfoy had clearly shown her he wanted her badly: Their first encounter at

her favorite library section, his heated kiss; their meeting by the lake... *his threat*. And then, right after Ron's death, her visit at the Hospital Wing, and his confession about being Ron's *murderer*.

Hermione didn't blame herself for not having seen it. No, that wasn't what made her blood boil. It was rather the fact that she had done absolutely nothing about it, she hadn't told anyone because she had been so egoistic to feel uncomfortable with Malfoy being so overly possessive with her. She felt too controlled by him, and that made her feel uncomfortable to no end. But if she had warned Ron, despite him being with that Brown attention whore, maybe, just maybe, he'd still had been aware of Malfoy's intentions and maybe he could still be alive. But no. She didn't say a word. Even though he had told her, for fuck's sake! Malfoy had actually told her he was going to kill Ron, and... and...!

...And he wasn't alive! Ronald Weasley was dead. And she felt like it had been her fault and only hers. And once again, like so many times that week, Hermione started crying once more.

And once again, once she had come down from the climax of her tears, she'd remember about her research on The Blood Letter. At least, if she had let Ron die, she wouldn't let Malfoy get her so easily. As Ron had said once, 'She was fraternizing with the enemy.' Except for she wasn't. Not this time. At least... not willingly.

She looked at the books in front of her eyes.

Wizard Tales; Fantastic Wizardry, Magical Witchcraft.

She had read every book, every page, and still had found nothing about Malfoy's tale. Of course she had had the superstition about the myth being false a couple of times, but that wouldn't explain The Blood Letter magically appearing in his hands while being unconscious. Also, that wouldn't explain about professor Snape knowing, either.

The Gryffindor Princess frowned. Then... did that mean it was real? Did Malfoy's heart belong to her? Would she ever fall unconscious, wake up, find a Blood Letter, Draco Malfoy written on it... and belong to him? Belong to a heartless murderer? Just like that?

Would that really be her fate?

She started picturing a future with Malfoy. She imagined herself being like a kind of treasure to him; she pictured herself as something sacral. Something only he could touch, something he could claim as his and his only. And she knew she wouldn't like it at first. She knew her hate for him would grow. She would hate him for having killed Ron, and for having taken her as an object. But the most terrible thing was, she would hate him someday so much, so fucking much, she wouldn't even care, because she would have gotten used to the feeling. She wouldn't even care to share her life and her body, her intimacy, with a murderer. She just wouldn't care for anything anymore. And so, one day she would have forgotten about every event that happened back in the past. It would be like a fresh new start. And so, one day she'd found herself caring for and about him. One day she'd found herself loving him.

And fuck. That thought horrified her unimaginably.

The witch sighed and sobbed. What was she going to do? Escaping fate wasn't Gryffindor; she wasn't a coward. But facing destiny would be betrayal to Ron.

Wait. To Ron?

No. Maybe it would be betrayal to her feelings towards Ron, but not to Ron himself. He had been rather busy snogging Lavender. He had been ignoring her completely ever since the year had begun. She had felt ignored. And she didn't like it. She remembered being mad at him, also, she remembering showing it to him. But what she didn't remember was when she actually apologized. She sighed again: Now it was late. It was too late.

But still, she had to move on.

She had to find some information. Just a tiny piece. Please... She needed to at least know why Draco was so obsessed with her. There had to be a reason! Anything!

She looked up at the bookshelf and eyed a very interesting book: It rather looked like a diary. A diary that looked awfully close to the one of Tom Riddle. Hermione stood up and took it in her hands. Carefully, she started smelling it: It smelled like ancient paper and wood; combined with a tune of fresh mint.

Hermione opened it and looked at the first page.

She gasped.

"Holy shit..."

And then, Mme. Pince came over to Hermione all of a sudden and told her to leave the library. It was already midnight. And Mme. Pince had been so rude while telling her to go away, she had forgotten to take the book with her. And the worst part was, she *didn't realize*.

And there he was again. At his own manor, in one of the huge living rooms, stepping towards the Dark Lord. His mind and his thoughts were now filled with hate, Voldemort loved to tease him: That same living room was the same living room the Dark Lord had killed his mother and ordered his father to reduce her into greyish ashes. And that slimy noseless bastard dared smirk, as he saw the facial expression of the blonde: He looked at the room with certain disgust.

"Ah, memories." Voldemort said, "Memories..."

Draco's fists just closed up tightly in anger, until his knuckles were white. Despicable motherfucker.

He took in a deep breath to contain himself from cursing him.

'You're going to kill him soon enough, Draco.' He thought, 'Just, stay calm. Stay calm.'

"You wished to see me, Sir?" He asked, as politely as it went.

Their gazes met. Draco didn't fear him in any way; he just stood there, his greyish eyes completely neutral. He didn't want to show any feelings; he didn't want to let him know how he felt at all.

Voldemort spoke.

"Indeed, I did, young Malfoy. I've heard some fantastic news. Apparently, one of Potter's best friends has died recently. It's been Ronald Weasley, as I've been informed."

Draco just nodded.

"And I presume, a whirlwind has killed him?"

He nodded again, trying his best to hide a smirk.

"And let me guess... It wasn't a natural event at all, was it?"

"No, Sir. It was not."

"Dark magic, then." Voldemort assumed, "Dark magic skills I've taught only you, Draco Malfoy. Fera Aer, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir."

Voldemort smirked.

"I've been told it was a very powerful typhoon. It makes me proud, Draco. It shows I've taught you well. But do not think you're done with these dark magic lessons. You still have to learn a lot. And since you got a clear nuisance out of the way, you shall pick the topic today. Is there anything in particular you want to focus on?"

Draco smirked internally. *Bingo*. Now was the chance to ask him.

"Actually, there is, Sir."

"Then ask away, my heir."

"I've heard about something rather interesting, my Lord. I don't really know if it is called like that, but... does the word 'Horcrux' sound familiar to you?"

Voldemort's eyes widened, as he slightly gasped. The Dark Lord frowned, too. How did that slimy blonde brat know?

He was about to lie, and tell him he didn't know about that. But yet again, he decided otherwise. Draco Malfoy was going to be his heir. And since Voldemort knew Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore had already destroyed one, and were searching for the rest; he knew his end was about to come, and he had to ensure his line. If he was going to die, he had to make sure Draco got to know about how to get immortality granted, in order to still kill mudbloods and other people who denied to surrender to the power of the Dark Side.

He twirled his wand in his fingers and turned around.

"Horcruxes..." He whispered. "They're dark. Very dark indeed."

Oh... Interesting.

"A Horcrux is a powerful object in which a wizard can hide a part of his soul for the purpose of attaining immortality, my boy." Voldemort explained, as he started to walk around Draco, always observing his tensed, manly figure. "But you must understand that splitting your soul is an act of violation, Draco. It is against nature."

Draco stood silent, letting Voldemort continue with his explanations.

"Yet again, you've already committed that evil act. You've already murdered someone, young Malfoy. Everything you have to do now is simply... use this damage to your advantage."

Fascinating!

"How?" Draco asked, completely hooked. "How do I do it?"

"You only have to encase a portion of your fractured soul into a chosen object with a spell."

Draco's heartbeats were incredibly fast, and he was almost panting because of the suspense in the situation.

"And the spell would be...?"

Voldemort told him, and a terrible smirk was drawn on Draco Malfoy's face. His masterpiece was finally perfect. Unbearable.

'Hermione Granger, my dearest princess... You are going to be my Horcrux.'

YES! FINALLY! Again, I'm SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SORRY I updated SO FUCKING LATE. Really, I'M SORRYYYY please forgive meeeee!

So, yeah, I hope you liked this chapter!

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOOOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELL!

Thanks for reading guys you're amazing!

See you on next chappie! :)

Chapter 15: Herpo the Fool

Again, SORRY FOR UPDATING SO FUCKING LATE! SORRY SORRY SORRY!

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR LOVELY REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! KEEP 'EM COMINNNNNNNNNNG!

Enjoy your reading! :)

It had been an entire week since Snape had spoken to Dumbledore, and still, he hadn't said anything to the Dark Side. His reason? Apparently none, He just kept on postponing and postponing it, not wanting to tell them at all. His meeting with Lily last week made him finally realize he hated everything that had to do with the Dark Side or even just with dark magic skills. His only problem was, he had already joined Voldemort's side; he already was a Death Eater, and right then, there was no turning back.

And since there wasn't a turning back, he'd better do it right at that moment. Yes, maybe it was a good idea. The faster he got over it, the better. He just needed to tell Dolohov, Yaxley, and all others and then just apparate to Malfoy Manor. They would convoke an emergency reunion, and so Snape would tell everyone that the magical battle was about to begin.

So he did. It took him hours reuniting them all, and it was a bit difficult to convince some of them in order to follow him, but finally, Snape had told everyone to apparate at Lucius'. And all Death Eaters did: They all apparated themselves at the entrance, waiting for Snape to finally arrive. Once Severus was there, he went to where he thought the Dark Lord was: The Living Room.

He didn't knock on the door. Terrible mistake. It seemed to be Voldemort was practicing, and every Death Eater knew he hated it to be interrupted when he trained. But for his surprise, it was not only the Dark Lord he'd seen, but also his blonde godson, Draco Malfoy. And he wore that arrogant smirk. *Again.*

"How was that fun phrase of yours, Severus?" The Blonde mocked, causing the Dark Lord to turn around, "Ah, yes – Haven't your parents taught you to knock on a door before coming into a room? It's ironic how these insignificant things come back at someone, don't you agree?"

Both, Draco and the Dark Lord smirked. Voldemort's smirk showed a shine of pride; of fondness towards Draco in a way. Yes, that slimy Slytherin did not only learn how to use the arts of Dark Magic, but also, he had learned how to use sarcasm in a sophisticated way. He couldn't deny it, Voldemort was indeed proud.

Severus just sighed, trying his best to ignore Draco's comment. He bowed in front of Voldemort, politely apologized for not having knocked on the door, and told him all of his Death Eaters were now waiting outside for him.

"I cannot recall having called the lot of you, Severus." Voldemort hissed.

"I know, My Lord," Severus agreed, "But it was strictly necessary. There is an important matter to discuss."

Voldemort looked at Draco, he just shrugged, as if telling him he didn't know what his godfather was on about. Even though Draco had to admit, Severus had been behaving quite odd lately. Hm, maybe it had something to do with that.

"Very well," Voldemort finally said, "Let's meet at the dining table. Now."

All Death Eaters were now sitting at their respective places, looking at Severus. He had called

them all, and there had to be a reason, right?

Their looks made him feel a bit uncomfortable: His big hands started to slightly sweat, as the air grew thicker; he found it difficult to simply breathe. Snape tried to relax, as Voldemort questioned him a very skeptical 'Well?', and so he swallowed once and cleared his throat, ready to talk.

"Dear Dark Lord, Dear Members," he greeted, "I'm here to inform you about the Bright Side's newest move: They plan on starting the Battle next week, thus thinking they'd have a chance to win over our power. Needless to say, it is ridiculous, but still, I think there is a point in getting prepared."

There was a murmur between the Death Eaters for a short time. Then they all looked at Severus, whose gaze met Voldemort's.

"And I shall ask you, My Lord, how do we proceed?" Snape asked.

Voldemort thought shortly about it.

"There was a vanishing cabinet, wasn't it?" He questioned, looking at his heir.

"Indeed, Sir." Draco answered, while nodding his head, "Back in the Room of Requirement, I've already checked on it. It seems to work perfectly."

Voldemort caressed Nagini, as she passed the Dark Lord's chair. And then he clapped his hands.

"Excellent. It's settled then. If they want a battle next week, a battle will they have." He stated, "Silly Bright Side... They're bringing Death upon themselves. I presume that was Dumbledore's idea, maybe with little collaboration of Harry Potter?"

Severus did nothing. Neither nod, nor shake his head. His dark gaze was completely neutral, causing Voldemort to smirk. And Draco, internally, too.

"In a week, my loyal servants," Voldemort exclaimed, joy suddenly filling his creepy voice, "I will kill Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived."

Voldemort started laughing evilly, many of his followers joined him. But one of them, Draco Malfoy, just accompanied his evil laughs with a dangerous smirk.

'I wouldn't be so sure, Tom Riddle,' He thought, 'I'll be poisoning and kidnapping Potter tomorrow, in order to hide him from you. Potter is mine, Riddle. And mind you that in a week, Tom, I will kill you.'

Draco lazily looked at his nails.

'But before I do that, I have two people to poison, as I want them to be mine before this battle breaks.'

Draco couldn't help but remember his hot dream with his princess Hermione. Her helpless moans, always begging him for more.

'FUCK, DRACO! YES, RIGHT THERE! PLEASE, DRACO! MORE! YES, YES! FUCK ME, FUCK ME HARDER, HARDER!'

He smirked. Everything was settled, and Hermione would be his in no time.

Nagini passed across Draco's chair. And instead of his muscles tensing up, as they normally would, he found himself relaxed, caressing the snake's scaly skin with the back of his pale, thin hand. His deadly grey eyes gazed Voldemort while he still laughed.

The Slytherin felt his smirk grow wider.

'Soon,' he thought, *'Very soon.'*

Dumbledore had looked extremely worried when he had made his announcement after dinner: War had already started, he had told all students, but Battle still hadn't, and they only got one week left until that magical battle broke. Of course, he had encouraged them to be part of it, to claim themselves as heroes once the Bright Side had won over the Dark Side. But naturally, he hadn't forced anyone. 'If someone can't face reality, you're free to leave. I don't blame you, and no one will', had been his kind words. And then, the school reunion had been dismissed.

Hermione went through the full corridors; her chocolate eyes desperate to find Harry. The curly girl had to tell him about something really important; it was about what she had read. . She had to find him, right then.

"Harry!" She yelled, as she thought she saw his face under the multitude, "Harry!"

The Boy-Who-Lived turned around as he heard someone call his name. And by the looks of it, it had been his best friend. Hermione. He went aside and waited for her to come nearer. Once she had arrived, they both headed to their common room together. Of course, they had been silent. They couldn't risk the fact that anybody heard them.

Harry whispered the password in order to enter their common room, and the Fat Lady opened up. Hermione was first to enter, directly followed by Harry. She started casting silencing spells all around the room, making sure any Gryffindor would hear them.

He looked at her. She looked completely worried; there was a very uncommon frown drawn on her face, and her eyes shone with warning.

"Hermione, what's going on?" Harry asked.

"You told me Dumbledore told you a bit about Horcruxes, right?"

Harry nodded.

"Well, I've found something, back at the library." She said, "It seemed to be Herpo the Fool's diary."

"Herpo the Fool?" Harry asked, a confused look on his face, "Who is that?"

Hermione sighed out in frustration. Ugh. He was searching for Horcruxes and didn't even know who the creator was... Ugh.

"Harry, for fuck's sake, what do you even know?" She asked, frustrated, "Look, Herpo the fool, also known as King of Serpents, a part from being the first parselmouth, and a basilisk breeder, he's been the one to create Horcruxes. In other words, he was a dark wizard, just like Voldemort, that wanted to reach immortality. Thus, killing innocent people."

Harry's eyes opened widely.

"HOLY SHIT!" Harry exclaimed, "And the bloke wrote a diary!? And he left it back at the library, just like that?"

Hermione nodded slightly.

"It seems to be, yes. There must be a reason for him to do that, otherwise, I wouldn't understand..."

"Which house was he sorted into? Slytherin, I presume."

"Most probably, yes." Hermione said, "But that's not the point, Harry. The point is; he wrote about something rather interesting referring to Horcruxes."

"And that would be...?"

"There is a faster way to kill Voldemort, Harry. You don't necessarily have to find all his Horcruxes in order to kill him in the end." She explained, "You see, there is a piece of parchment Herpo had written with his own blood. It was a letter, and it was addressed to the first person that used the power of Horcruxes."

Harry frowned, as his emerald eyes shone with decision.

"Voldemort." He stated.

Hermione couldn't help but yelp a little bit at the mention of his name, but still, she nodded.

"And is this Blood Letter supposed to be a kind of a general Horcrux?"

Again, Hermione yelped. The Blood Letter. Malfoy. Malfoy's heart. Her. Her heart. Bonding.

Horcrux.

Somehow, the thing between his wizarding tale and Herpo the Fool built a very awkward parallel: Draco had killed Ron. Draco had the chance to split his soul into one tiny part and create a Horcrux of his choice. And since he had shown her so many times he wanted her so badly, she couldn't help but think Draco Malfoy wanted her to be his Horcrux. And now that the Battle was coming up; now that Death would be a very common event at the time, him wanting to create a Horcrux only made sense.

"Hermione?" Harry asked, "Hermione, you okay?"

She gasped; Harry had scared her, as she had thought so deeply.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah, I'm fine." She said, as she reckoned she would have to talk to Malfoy about that little issue, "You were saying?"

"I asked you if that Letter was a general Horcrux."

She frowned, as she nodded.

"Precisely."

"Right," Harry said, with decision, "Where do we find it?"

"According to Herpo the Fool's diary, the piece of parchment is to be found at Malfoy Manor."

"The only question seems to be... How do we come in? And when?" Harry asked, "That house is full with Death Eaters, not to mention, Voldemort is most probably also in there. Getting me in there would be a ticket to my own funeral, Hermione."

"I know." She just said, as she started to think about what was to be done.

She tucked her hands into her pockets, and one of her hands sensed a folded piece of parchment. Hermione's chocolate eyes widened: The Blood Letter. Draco Malfoy's Blood Letter. According to what he'd said, his heart belonged to her, thus meaning he couldn't deny anything to her. Absolutely anything.

"Harry," She called him, "There might be a chance to get Herpo the Fool's Blood Letter."

Harry frowned.

"How?"

Hermione took in a deep breath, as she took Malfoy's Blood Letter out of her pocket.

"With this-" She showed him.

Harry looked at her skeptically.

"A piece of parchment for another piece of parchment?" He asked in disbelief, "Hermione, no offense, but don't you think-"

"Will you just unfold it and see what it actually is?" She spat, as she handed him the Blood Letter.

"Fine, fine, no need to get so bossy!" Hermione shot him a deadly glare, "I mean, yes, of course. Uh, I'll have a look."

Harry felt some weird energy rushing through his veins as the piece of parchment touched his hands. It felt... he didn't know exactly how it felt. It wasn't good, for sure. But he'd had to get through it in order to understand what Hermione wanted to tell him.

He started unfolding it carefully, very carefully not to break the piece of parchment. And there it was once more, written with dark, already dried blood: her name. Hermione.

"What?" Harry asked, clear confusion to be seen on his face, "Like, what?"

"A Blood Letter, Harry." She said, "To be more precise, Draco Malfoy's Blood Letter."

"Now, I really don't understand-"

"-Remember when I told you he had killed Ron in order to have me? Remember when I told you his heart belonged to me?"

"I still don't understand-"

"-Harry, open your eyes! Think, for God's sake!" She cried out exasperatedly, "His heart belongs to me. Me! I can use this to my advantage! I only have to ask him to let me into his house-"

"Hermione, this is easier said than done." He warned her, "I clearly remember you saying 'He won't stop until my heart belongs to him' and 'there is no turning back'. What makes you think he won't ask you to be his when you go and ask him to enter his home?"

For the first time of her life, Hermione actually smirked. A smirk that was very close to those of Draco Malfoy.

"The myth says that the Blood Letter happens to magically appear in the hands of a witch or a wizard while he's unconscious. In order to have me, he'd have to knock me out. And honestly, why would he even dream of hurting or harassing me once he's gone so far to kill Ron, just so he can have me? I don't think he would, would he?"

Harry's eyes opened widely. He finally understood.

"Oh. Yeah. It... makes sense."

"I won't be his. Not so easily." Hermione stated.

If she only knew...!

"Of course you won't." Harry replied with a smile, "And now come on, give me a hug and let's go to sleep. I'm tired."

Smiling, Hermione leant into his arms and gave him a bear hug. She felt safe. Warm. She liked it. It made her forget a little bit about the rest of the world. It made her forget about her parents, that didn't know a thing about her anymore. It made her forget about War and about the Battle. It made her forget about Ron's death. And most importantly, it made her forget about a slimy Slytherin: Draco Malfoy.

All was wrong, but in Harry's arms, all was well.

"Good night." Both said.

She gave him a kiss on the cheek and went up to her dorm.

Completely ignorant about Draco's masterpiece.

Draco had woken up early that morning, and a smile was dancing on his face. Ah, yes. What a wonderful day! What a wonderful magical world! And of course, what a wonderful poison!

How did that old man say the poison worked?

'You have to apply this potion like any other: Drip a single drop into a glass, and wait until the drinker drinks it. And as to how it works: The potion causes the drinker to feel incredibly dizzy...'

"Blurry vision..." Draco sang, as he entered the Great Hall, his steps leading him to the Gryffindor Table, "...Blurry ambient..." He continued, the poison already opened, ready to drip, "...and lost balance!"

Malfoy took Potter and Hermione's cups. He dripped a single drop into Hermione's cup, only wanting her to be unconscious for a day; and as for Potter, he dripped three drops; he really wanted to knock him out. He didn't want him to wake up while the blonde was kidnapping him; it would ruin his perfect masterpiece. And no, he wouldn't want that, would he?

"Well, well, well." He stated, satisfied, as he clapped his hands, "Let's hope Potter likes this new flavor in his pumpkin juice."

And with that, Draco left the empty Great Hall. After all, everything he had to do now, was wait.

It was breakfast time. All four houses, Slytherin, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were now at their respective tables; all food appeared in front of them, as Dumbledore wished a good morning. The typical plate with ham sandwiches that refilled itself was there, just like Harry Potter and Hermione Granger's favorite pumpkin juice.

From his table, Draco had his greyish eyes on the Golden Duo, formerly known as the Golden Trio. But, oops. A certain redheaded member had had a terrible accident, hadn't he? Draco had to keep himself from smirking. Now wasn't the time to smirk. Now was the time to just shut up and watch.

Harry and Hermione were sitting at their tables, and both seemed to be really tired. Too tired, in Draco's opinion. Too tired for them to notice him watching them closely. But, oh well. The less they knew, the better.

And then, right then, there it was. Right there! Potter had taken the pot and was pouring juice into Hermione's cup and then into his.

There, there, there!

'Drink, you pathetic moron!' Draco's mind was practically screaming, 'DRINK!'

Potter's hand had a tight grip on his glass. And from Draco's point of view, everything seemed to be slow motioned. It was making him nervous. Why couldn't that fucking idiot just drink!

'Drink, come on!'

The cup was touching his under lip. Draco's hands clinched into nervous, kind of tense fists; his knuckles were white.

'For fuck's sake, Potter! COME ON! DRINK!'

And there it was. Finally! The juice and the poison, both, were now falling down Potter's throat and reaching his stomach. Now, it was just a matter of time. It was just a matter of more or less 90 minutes time. And in 90 minutes time, Potter would be a nuisance less to take care of.

Draco smirked evilly. Not only because Potter had now made the terrible mistake to drink a poison that would be lethal for him, but also because his princess had drunk her poison, too. Just like his good, obedient and little girl. Of course, he would have rather preferred her to just give in to him; he would have rather preferred her to give him the whole of her golden heart. Ah, but well. One could not always get everything so easily. So, unfortunately for her, Draco had created a masterpiece in order to have her. No matter what she did. Her fate was written: She belonged to him. She was his.

'90 minutes, Princess. In only 90 minutes you'll be officially mine.'

SOOOOOOOO! There you go! Again, I'm so so so so so so so sorry for updating SO LATE. I'm sorryyyy!

So, I hope you liked this chapter anyway

Favs and follows are VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME SOOOO HAPPPPPPPPPYYYYYYY! :D Really, they make my DAY.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING, GUYS! YOU ROOOOOCKKKKKK!

See you on next chappie!

Chapter 16: She was his

Omg, sorry I updated so fucking late! I've got pneumonia and I had to rest a lot, so SORRY SORRY SORRY SORRY for updating so fucking late!

Wow. I can't believe it's already been over a month since I started writing this fic! I'd like to show my most sincere appreciation to all my readers, followers, to all who have faved, and to all who have reviewed. THANK YOU SO MUCH! Really, it means a lot to me, and it gives me the strength to write on. So, THANK YOU A BUNCH.

Keep it coming! :)

Enjoy your reading!

Both, Slytherin and Gryffindor were heading to one same direction: The Potions classroom. They had a double lesson Potions that morning, Slughorn as their teacher. And one slimy, blonde Slytherin, who had run into the class in order to be the first to enter the room and see the old professor, used the chance to use Legilimency on him.

Slughorn's emerald eyes lost their shine as he saw Draco's many figure inside his mind.

'Good morning, Horace.'

'Good morning, My Lord.' Slughorn greeted back. 'Is there anything in particular you want to work on today?'

Draco chuckled.

'Polite question. But, no thank you, Horace. I just wanted to tell you that Mr. Potter and Miss Granger are going to fall unconscious in the middle of the double lesson.'

'Have you poisoned them, My Lord?'

'Yes, I have.' Draco said, arrogantly. 'And I want you to dismiss class and tell me to carry her to the Hospital Wing. It's an order. And you will obey me.'

Horace's eyes seemed to be hexed, luckily, none of the students had arrived yet.

'I... will obey... you.'

'Yes. You will. And about Potter... you carry that scum to the Hospital Wing. But be sure to put him on a bed far away from my Princess. Wouldn't want that idiotic twat to come near her.'

'Yes, my Lord.'

'Excellent.' He said, as he clapped his hands and let an evil smirk cross his pouty, pink lips, 'Now... What are we going to work on today?'

Professor Slughorn greeted all of his students to their potions lessons. And he could tell that both houses, Slytherin and Gryffindor, were rather excited to begin with their lesson, as they knew they were about to brew a very powerful potion.

The old master clapped his hands and told the students to pay attention and come around him: he had already prepared such a potion and wanted their students to know how the potion had to look like.

"Now", Slughorn said, a kind smile across his face, "Can anybody tell me the name of this potion?"

Hermione raised her hand, noticing a slight feeling of dizziness as she did so.

"Ah, Miss-"

"—Granger, Sir."

"Yes, please. Do tell us."

"This is Amortentia, the most powerful love potion in the world. It causes a powerful infatuation or obsession in the drinker. It has a different aroma for everyone who smells it, reminding each person of the things that they find most attractive, even if the person himself is unaware of his fondness for the object of their affection. For example I smell... Fresh mint... expensive cigarettes... French wine... And— Cologne."

Hermione frowned, as she looked at him and their gazes met. Warmth against cool, chocolate against ice, and brown against mercury. She remembered that scent. She remembered whom it belonged to. She happened to remember that scent because he had kissed her so many times. And that scent could only belong to him.

That was the very same scent of Draco Malfoy.

"Very well, that's correct! 20 points to Gryffindor!" Slughorn congratulated. "Amortentia doesn't create actual love, of course. That's impossible. But it does cause a powerful infatuation or obsession. For that reason, it is probably the most dangerous potion in this room."

Hermione found herself frowning again. What was Professor Slughorn saying? She couldn't hear him properly. She couldn't hear anything properly at the time. It was all a mixture of blurry voices, and even though she felt like they were talking to her, yet she saw no one looking into her direction.

"You have 90 minutes to prepare Amortentia." Slughorn announced. "Starting... now."

Harry and Hermione automatically paired up. They went together to a table, conjured a cauldron and started looking for the ingredients. And even though Draco knew he should be jealous, he wasn't: In fact, he was rather happy with them both pairing up. He wouldn't want to be paired up with his Princess and even less her to faint in front of him; letting everyone think he had actually poisoned her. Which, he had, really. But that hadn't been then. Besides, no one knew.

70 minutes passed by.

At their table, both, Harry and Hermione started to feel rather sick. Harry desperately wanted to throw up, but couldn't. The Boy Who Lived felt incredible nausea, accompanied by a blurry vision. It was as he had drunk too much alcohol, his tongue was absolutely dry: His head felt heavy, and so did his eyelids. An insistent whistle was bothering his ears, as he felt them warm up like they never had. His forehead was sweaty, and so were his trembling hands. Harry Potter was starting to lose coordination: He couldn't hold a knife and an ingredient at the same time, and even though his mind shouted at him he had to concentrate, Harry just couldn't: The ambience was too loud, the earth was moving too fast. He couldn't even stand on his own feet; he had to sit down immediately. And so he did.

From his table, Draco Malfoy internally started to draw an evil smirk: Those three drops were starting to take their effect.

80 minutes.

As for Hermione, it wasn't much different. Her breathing had become heavy; her chest felt rather uncomfortable with the mere action of going up and down every time she took a breath. It felt so heavy; it was as if a person had laid a rock on it. And so she could feel her fast heartbeats violently beating against that rock.

Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub!

It was beating so quickly, she felt the beats in the helix on her ears.

Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub! Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub!

Suddenly, her hands lost their firm grip of the knife she was holding. And the echo of that knife falling on the table had been so terribly loud, Hermione had to cover her ears.

But that had been a mistake: Once her hands were placed on her ears, she felt a clear lack of oxygen in her brain, and so her head started to warm up dangerously; giving her the feeling that it was about to explode. That heat blinded her eyes; she saw nothing but shadows.

Her heart went faster.

Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub! Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub! Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub!

90 minutes.

Potter fell onto the ground. Granger started to scream. Loudly.

"AAAAAH!"

All students turned to see her, many Gryffindors by their side, as they both fell onto the ground, their bodies violently shaking. Hermione's screams getting even louder and even more painful than they already were. Her eyes were shut forcefully, as the hands on her ears made pressure against her head, in order to make the pain stop.

But it didn't stop. It just grew, and grew, and grew.

Draco used Legilimency on her. Hermione's eyes suddenly opened up, as she saw his manly figure inside her mind.

'Give up, Princess. Resisting is only going to make it worse.'

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?" She shouted out.

'You said the only way for you to get unconscious was to knock you out, so I poisoned you. You refused to belong to me. Now I'm forcing you to.'

"NO!"

'Yes. I got a Blood Letter from you, and you'll get a Blood Letter from me. Because you are mine.'

"NO! NO! SHUT UP!"

She saw him smirk and laugh humorlessly.

'Stubborn girl... Don't you see? What you're doing barely makes any sense, stop resisting. You're about to lose conscience, and there's nothing you can do about it.'

Hermione sobbed, as she shed a tear.

"No..."

Slughorn made his way through all students and approached Mr. Potter and Miss Granger. He then looked around, saw Malfoy's mercury gaze, and remembered the order he had given him 90 minutes ago.

"Class dismissed." He said, "Mr. Malfoy, would you please help me carry these two students to the Hospital Wing?"

"No..." She repeated.

"Yes." He said, rather telling her than Slughorn.

And then, everything turned black.

Draco Malfoy carried Hermione Granger bridal style, as he went through the corridors that led to the Hospital Wing. Horace Slughorn, who carried Harry Potter; followed him.

Both were silent: Slughorn had been told to be quiet, while Draco just thought about his Princess. On one hand, he felt slightly sorry she had to go through such pain in order to get knocked out, but on the other hand, Hermione had deserved it: She had actually refused to be his, and even more, she had told him straight in his face that he was a heartless monster that killed Ron. The one she had chosen in order to ignore the blonde. And even though he had told her he felt ignored, she didn't even seem to care. So he told her he would punish her for that. Now there it was: Unconsciousness through pain.

They arrived to the Hospital Wing, and Draco tucked Hermione in the bed. Carefully, he covered her with the blanket, as he kissed her lips softly and caressed her brown curls. Draco looked at her: She was beautiful. She was perfect.

Madame Pomfrey ran toward the two men, a worried expression on her face.

"What happened here?" She asked.

Draco looked at Slughorn and shot him a glare. He wasn't allowed to tell a single word. Luckily, Horace seemed to understand his mercury gaze, and so he cleared his throat.

"Nothing, everything's fine, Poppy." He calmed her with a warm smile, "Just a little accident during potions."

"A little accident?" She questioned.

"Yes. We were working on Amortentia, and you know what can happen if you mix up the ingredients the wrong way." Slughorn kindly explained, "Mr. Potter and Miss Granger seemed to have a little disagreement about what to pour into the potion first, so they lost control and they caused a little explosion. And as they were narrowly near to the cauldron, that explosion let them fall onto the ground. And as their heads hit the floor, they lost conscience. All they need now is a bit of rest."

Poppy raised her eyebrows. Surprising. Two of the best students at Hogwarts. Who would have told?

Again, Draco used Legilimency on Slughorn and told him to lay Potter on a bed and to leave with the nurse. Those two were starting to slightly get on his nerves.

Slughorn obeyed.

"Poppy, why don't you come with me so we can have a cup of tea?" He invited, "I'm sure Mr. Malfoy will take good care of Miss Granger."

"And what about Mr. Potter?"

"He'll be fine." Draco spat, giving them both a look.

Pomfrey was a bit skeptic about it; she knew Potter and Malfoy hadn't precisely been 'best friends'. But, on the other side, she knew Draco Malfoy was, according to what Headmaster Dumbledore and other professors said, a brilliant student with loads of capacities. If something happened to Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy wouldn't have a problem to handle it. Besides, even though everyone pictured him as a bad boy, Madame Pomfrey somehow knew that Draco Malfoy wasn't all that bad.

If she only knew...!

"Alright. But only a cup, Horace." She said, as they started to leave.

Finally, Draco Malfoy was left alone in the same room as Potter and Granger's.

Now was time to work.

Like the first time, Draco searched for an empty crystal bottle. Once he had found one, he threw it onto the floor, breaking it into thousands of tiny pieces. He took one of them and made all others disappear. The blonde looked at the tiny piece of crystal he had taken and then at his beautiful Hermione: She was beautiful. She was perfect.

He smirked, as he placed the tiny piece of crystal on his forearm and slightly put pressure on it, while tracing a fine line on his arm. And then came his blood. Red and pure, about to be wasted on a mudblood. Yet again... Hermione Granger was his mudblood. Therefore, it was a very special occasion in which he would be wasting his pure blood drops.

Once he saw there was enough of his blood flowing out of his flesh, he quickly conjured a piece

of parchment and a feather and, using his pure blood as only ink, he wrote down a name.

Draco.

He cast the feather away and folded the piece of parchment carefully, as if it was even more delicate than a flower. And then, he looked at Hermione, a smile of triumph drawn on his face.

The blonde leant in and placed his Blood Letter between Hermione's fingers, as his lips joined hers in a kiss. He started moving against her lips, as his pale, big hand started caressing her thin fingers.

And then, still against her soft, pink lips, Draco Malfoy softly whispered the spell that would make Hermione Granger become his Horcrux.

Draco slowly pulled away from his kiss and looked at her once more.

She was beautiful.

She was perfect.

And finally...

...She was his.

YES! YES I FINALLY UPDATED! AGAIN, I'M SO FUCKING SORRY I UPDATED TO LATE, BUT THIS PNEUMONIA IS KILLING MEEEEEE! (Like, literally lol hahaha)

Well, guys, I truly thank you for your patience, and I hope you enjoyed this chapter! :)

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLL! :)

Thanks for reading guys! You rock!

Until next chappie! :)

Chapter 17: The Invisibility Cloak

OH. MY. GOD. I'm sooooooooo mega ultra hyper sorry to be updating so. Fucking. Late. I know I've been ill, but that's no excuse. So, my most sincere apologies to all of my readers. I'm sorry!

Plus, THANK YOU SO MUCH for all your lovely reviews! I'm so happy to know that you're liking this story so much!

So, now, new update. YAAAY! :D Here comes!

Enjoy your reading!

Draco Malfoy was standing in front of Hermione Granger's bed; an evil smirk across his aristocratic facial features. Finally. Finally! She was his. His masterpiece finally showed its results. He was so content; he could almost taste the sweet savor of victory.

Almost.

His head turned to the left, only to see Potter lying unconscious on one of the beds. Yes, he had to take care of him, and then *he would have won*. Just... How to take care of that nuisance? Of course, he was planning his murder, and he was planning to do so by drinking the Unforgivable Potion. The only problem was, it wasn't brewed yet. And as Slughorn had informed him, it would at least take two more months until the potion was finally finished.

And of course, Draco Malfoy didn't have so much time. Rather, he didn't want to let Harry Potter live so long. His reason? Easy: Once the blonde's princess woke up, she would be in denial. She wouldn't accept the fact that she belonged to him now. That meant he had to manipulate her mind, wash her brain, so to speak. And as Draco Malfoy knew, it would be a hard and a very long work. If Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, or rather much more, The-Boy-Who-Just-Wouldn't-Fucking-Die; lived, the process of convincing her to give in and to truthfully belong to him would be even longer than necessary.

Draco smirked: Of course, he wouldn't let that happen, now, would he? Of course not. But now was just that funny thought: Since he wouldn't be killing him with the Unforgivable Potion, what would he be killing him with?

The blonde took swinging and slow steps toward Potter's bed; his hand resting on his chin and his eyebrows raised. His mercury eyes were cold and neutral, as they gazed into the nothingness; showing he was deeply submerged in his thoughts.

"Harry... Potter." He whispered. "Potter... Harry. I'll have to admit, it's kind of hooking in a way."

He chuckled, as he examined Potter's features.

"What a shame... Weaselette was all over him. Would have been kind of a nice couple, really." He smirked, "Unfortunately, he's going to die. Oh, well. You know what they say: Keep your friends close... And your enemies closer."

Without really thinking about it twice, he slid a hand into his pocket and took his wand. He started to twirl it between his fingers, as he thought about a spell. Which one would he use to kill him? A simple killing curse? No, maybe something more interesting. A cruciatus? Well, he could, but it wouldn't be fun at all: Potter was unconscious, for fuck's sake, and he wouldn't wake up to scream out loud. Draco wouldn't even see his facial features tensing up completely because of the pain. No, the cruciatus curse wasn't fun. A whirlwind? No, too much wasting on energy for such a little piece of scum.

Oh! He knew! Sectumsempra! He had read something about that wonderful spell in one of his godfather's books. Interesting, really. Almost beautiful. Apparently, Snape himself created Sectumsempra, with the intention of using it against his enemies. And of course, it soon became one of his specialties. According to the book, the light of the Sectumsempra curse was white, the hand movement had to be slash, and the effect on the victim were deep cuts on his skin,

which caused him to bleed to death.

"Beautifully done, Severus." He said to himself, "Really, wonderfully done."

But then he frowned. He couldn't just kill him right there: Firstly, because Pomfrey was still in the room, and secondly because killing him was way too obvious. And it could literally kill his masterpiece if he got caught. By whom? Pomfrey, naturally. That sneaky nurse sometimes didn't know when to shut up. And since he didn't want to risk his life and be sent to Azkaban, he quickly created a new plan.

Potter had an invisibility cloak, hadn't he? Well, then it was easier as he had thought! He only had to go to the Gryffindor tower, fetch it and come back. He then would cover Potter's body with the cloak, would go to Mme. Pomfrey, obliviate her about the fact that Potter had been there, and simply apparate him to his manor. He would imprison him in the dark dungeons and let him be there until Potter woke up.

A wider smirk crossed his pale face. Ah, yes. Everything was so ridiculously easy.

With a decided pace, Draco Malfoy left the Hospital Wing, heading to Gryffindor's Tower.

The Fat Lady was somewhat sad. The Magical War, or, the Battle, as they decided to call it now, got everyone in a horrible mood, thus creating impoliteness between the students. They didn't smile at her anymore when they stood in front of her, they didn't funnily mess around with her and her singing, and said the password to enter the common room. No. It was much different: Showing all grumpiness they had, they simply muttered the password, and slammed the door behind themselves. She sighed. Hogwarts wasn't the same anymore. And that made her sad. Oh, so sad.

But suddenly, a blonde guy appeared, and he had a smile across his face. Wasn't that Draco Malfoy, the boy who never smiled?

How bizarre...

"Good morning", the blonde greeted, suddenly noticing The Fat Lady's face. "You seem sad. Why is that?"

The Fat Lady sighed.

"Hogwarts is not the same anymore. Everybody is concerned about this magical war coming up."

"Yes, but that is no reason not to show manners, wouldn't you agree?"

"You're right, actually. But I have no right to tell them how to behave towards a lady."

"Who says that? A beautiful lady like you should be treated as such. And it is not prohibited to ask for a bit of politeness, if you ask me."

Was that a blush?

"Oh, dear. You really are one of the polite ones, aren't you?"

"Oh, please, My Lady. I'm just showing you my respects."

Of course, Draco was being an absolute crawler. He had to get into that room, no matter what. And if being an insufferable brown-nose and at that, a liar; because he hadn't meant any of the words he had said, then, so be it. He'd do anything to enter the Gryffindorks' common room.

"Oh, dear. You're so polite."

'And you're so fucking dumb. When will you ask me if I await something in retour?' Draco thought, as he made a sad face. 'You better notice this and ask, you freaking Fat Lady! I swear, I'll get into that room!'

The Fat Lady finally seemed to notice. With a sad expression on her face, she kneeled down to face Draco. And then, with pouty lips and a sad frown, she asked:

"Oh dear, what's wrong? You seem to be so sad all of a sudden."

"Oh... No, it's nothing." Malfoy faked innocence.

"Oh, no, dear. Now you tell me. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Bingo.

'Fiiiiiiinally!' Draco thought with irony.

"Well... In fact, there is, dear Lady. But... Well, it is against the rules. And you know, I wouldn't want to break them."

"Oh, boy, but you're so polite, and you seem to be so sad! Come on, it's just once, for you, I'll make an exception. What is what you need?" She asked.

Bingo, bingo, fucking bingo!

"You see, before Ron Weasley died, he stole my..."

He hesitated a little bit in order to think, making the Fat Lady wonder. Brilliant, Malfoy.

'Absolute-fucking-ly brilliant, Draco. Weasley stole my what? Sheesh, of course he was needy, but...'

"He stole your...?" The Fat Lady said, encouraging him to continue his phrase.

"M-my fe... Ferret! Yes! That. He stole my ferret. I miss him so much! And I bet he didn't take care of him." He explained, making a very sad face. "I know it's against the rules, but... I'd need to come into the common room. Please."

The Fat Lady felt bad for poor Draco. He looked so sad! And his poor ferret! Why would Mr. Weasley do something like that? It was very unlikely of him! Yes, she definitely would open that door. For Draco Malfoy and his ferret. As she had said, it was only an exception. Besides... No

one had to know.

The door opened and Draco came in, sweetly closing the door behind his back. The room was completely empty, as all students were in class.

The Fat Lady never saw the evil smirk drawn on the face of a poor ferret's owner.

He had to be quick, he didn't have much time. And he had to be careful, otherwise, people would suspect. Not of him, of course. But maybe of Death Eaters having entered the castle. Which, by the way, was already a fact. But nobody knew, so, it didn't matter at all.

Draco entered the boy's dormitory. God, did they ever open any window? The air was so thick; it was almost hard to breathe. So with a quick hand movement, Draco casted an *alohomora* on the window and it opened up, refreshing the dormitory's air. Ah, yes. Much better.

The blonde looked around, somewhat amused. Oh. How. Cute. The Gryffindorks were known to be oh-so-brave, but they didn't even sleep in separate beds! Bunk beds were what they slept on! Ridiculous bunk beds! How childish was that?

Chuckling, Malfoy started to search for the invisibility cloak. On the beds, under the carpets, behind the bookshelves, in every corner... And so he continued until he sighed: Yes. The trunks. He had to look inside them, and it honestly was something he didn't want to do. Because, EW! Some guys hid their most private things –and thus referring to privacy as something literally dirty, like, for example, dirty boxers with already dry semen – inside them. And seeing how needy Potter looked over Weaselette, Malfoy wouldn't be really surprised to find a pair of those hidden in the truck. But he would be disgusted for life.

'Harry Potter, not only known as the Boy-Who-Lived, but also as the-Boy-Who-Wanked.' Draco thought ironically, 'Priceless.'

He cast a quick *alohomora* on the truck, covering his face with a disgusted expression and not really wanting to look at it. But from the corner of his eye, he saw it: The invisibility cloak, carefully folded.

"*Wingardium Leviosa!*" Draco casted.

The cloak started to float in the air, slowly approaching Malfoy's pale hand. He grabbed the piece of clothing and hid his hand under it. Perfect. His hand had disappeared.

"Welcome to the show of Draco Malfoy, dear children of Hogwarts. Today, I'll be making a person disappear. Let the magic begin then!" He evilly laughed, as he talked to himself, "From a second to another, Harry Potter will disappear. And because I'm the magician, and because I'm in a bad mood, I won't make him appear again. Tough luck, Hogwarts kids. Your hero is *now gone forever.*"

And again, he left without being spotted.

Ah. That Hospital Wing was starting to get really boring. But, oh well. At least there would be a

little more action right now, wouldn't there? Yes, of course there would! Draco Malfoy would make sure of it. Starting right then.

Draco carelessly unfolded the cloak and shook it twice. Then, he went up to Potter and placed himself right in front of his bed.

'So, dear Hogwarts kiddos, here's my trick: Now you see Harry Potter...' Draco covered Harry's body under the invisibility cloak, '...and now you don't. I hope you've all said your last goodbyes. Tsk.'

Part one, done. And now that he started hearing steps coming towards them, he suddenly remembered that he had to take care of that nurse.

For being a bit less obvious, Draco went up to Hermione's bed and sat down on its corner before Mme. Pomfrey arrived. He looked at her with almost loving eyes, as he caressed her soft curls and her smooth skin. Ah, yes. She was beautiful. She was perfect. And she was his.

"Where's Mr. Potter?" The Nurse almost yelled, as she came in. "Where is he?"

Draco's gaze shot her a death glare, as, with a real fast and sharp hand movement, he picked out his wand and casted a spell.

"Obliviate!"

And then, there it was. Poppy Pomfrey calmed down at once, as her wide eyes lost their shine. Draco smirked. All he had to do now was tell her who she was. And of course, not say a single thing about Harry Potter, Horace Slughorn, Severus Snape or Draco Malfoy.

"Who am I?" She asked.

Smirking, Draco stood up from the bed, took two large steps towards Pomfrey and looked deeply inside her eyes.

"You will listen to me, as I happen to know who you are." He ordered, "You are Poppy Pomfrey, a witch and the only nurse at Hogwarts. You are known for having incredible medicinal potions skills. Meaning, you heal people in almost no time at all. You work for Albus Dumbledore, an old man with a large beard. He's the headmaster of this school. Minerva McGonagall, also an old woman, comes to visit you every known and again. If she asks you why you are acting weirdly, you will say you don't want to talk about it."

"Who are you?"

"You don't need to know."

"What do I need?" She was becoming hysterical, as she didn't know anything. Tears threatened to come out of her eyes. "I don't understand anything!"

"You need to sleep." He dryly answered, "Here, there are some beds. Lay yourself down and sleep."

She did as she was told, as she reckoned it to be the best solution to her current problem.

Before falling asleep, she asked him again:

"Who are you?" She said in a soft whisper.

"Someone you'll never see again."

And with those words, she fell asleep; allowing Draco to go up to Potter's bed, put a hand on his chest and apparate themselves to Malfoy Manor.

Oh. The sweet hour of torture was about to come.

And the honeyed taste of victory, too.

OMG. UPDATED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! Again, I'm so fucking sorry to have updated so late, but as I told you on last chapter, I had pneumonia, and I've almost gone to hospital... So, yup. Much stress, much coughing and all that shit... But oh, well! Here's the new chappie! FIIIIIINALLY! HAHAAHA :D

So, yup. I hope you enjoyed it! :)

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLL! :D Seriously, they make my day!

So, see you on next chappie!

Thanks for reading guys, you rock!

Chapter 18: Avada Kedavra

WARNING: VERY DARK CHAPTER.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR LOVELY REWIEVS! REALLY, THEY'RE SO MUCH APPRECIATED! :) KEEP THEM GOIN'!

Enjoy your reading!

Slowly, vey slowly, Hermione started to wake up. Her head felt dizzy, and her eyelids felt heavy. Her vision was blurry, and partially blinded by the light. She had to breathe through her mouth, as her nose was closed up.

Hermione wanted to sit up, and as she did, she felt her stomach turn upside down, giving her a nauseous sensation. She felt vomit coming up her throat, as her shoulders and her head suddenly bent down. Her mouth opened and her eyes forcefully shut, and so she felt the poison leave her body through her open mouth.

Luckily, there was a kind of a pot she could throw up into. Well, at least she wouldn't make a mess.

While she puked, her fists clenched up and so they noticed a piece of paper. Hermione gasped, as she turned to see her hands: It was a carefully folded piece of ancient parchment, and it smelled like...

Fresh mint... expensive cigarettes... French wine... And— Cologne.

She remembered that scent. She remembered whom it belonged to. She happened to remember that scent because he had kissed her so many times. And that scent could only belong to him.

That was the very same scent of Draco Malfoy.

She gasped again, as she felt another nausea overcoming her. Once again, she bent down and threw up into the pot, as her tiny hands tightly crumpled the piece of parchment.

Some long seconds passed by, and her stomach decided to give her a little truce, so she had the chance to examine the piece of parchment. Carefully, very carefully, Hermione sat up and brought her hands up to her nose, smelling the piece of parchment once more.

Fresh mint... expensive cigarettes... French wine... And— Cologne.

Her hands and jaw trembling and her forehead frowning, Hermione swallowed so hard it hurt, as she started to slowly unfold the ancient piece of paper.

Dark red, dry blood; his name written on it: *Draco*.

The Blood Letter.

The Blood Letter magically started to float in the air, as following golden words were written in front of her:

What magic has done, no man can undo. And with this Letter my heart belongs to you.

The Prophecy.

But...! No! No, she refused! Her heart didn't belong to Malfoy, no it didn't! It couldn't! She... She...! The myth said that The Blood Letter only appeared magically while the witch or wizard had lost conscience, and she... She...!

...And she, Hermione Granger, had been unconscious. He, Draco Malfoy, had poisoned her. He had knocked her out in order to finally have her. And now, he had her. As he had put it so many times, she was his. His! Not Ron's, the person who she had actually liked so much, even... loved! But no. She wasn't Ron's. Not only because she was Malfoy's now, but because firstly, Ron was dead and secondly, his heart had apparently belonged to someone else. Someone like Lavender Brown.

She shed a tear. And then two. And then a hundred more.

Hermione cried. She cried bitterly, as she remembered and assumed so many things. Ron had loved her as a sister, completely ignoring her true feelings, and now he was dead. Lavender had treated her like shit whenever she came near Ron and gave him a friendly hug. Harry was being persecuted by the most feared wizard of all time, and his life was at stake.

And her...

Well, her. She had taken her parents' memories away, so they were safe during that magical war, battle, or whatever it was called. She had gone to Hogwarts with some hope. Hope that everything would have a happy ending. But no, it wasn't like that. Everything was horrible: Draco Malfoy had become obsessed with her. He had killed her best friend in order to have her. He had poisoned her. And now, he had her. And now she lived under constant fear.

The Blood Letter started to fall, and she grabbed it once again, as it was still floating in the air.

She took a look once more, as she read his name again.

Draco.

Hermione took a closer look; there was something rather odd about that piece of paper. She turned over the parchment and she saw a phrase. She knew that phrase. It was the last phrase of her favorite book, Cinderella. And come to think of it, she had missed that phrase the last time she had read that muggle fairy tale. And it had been right after her first encounter with Draco Malfoy, back at the library.

That slimy bastard! He had ripped it from the book! His reason was more than clear: He wanted her to miss that phrase, as he knew that, whenever she read that sentence, she would think of Ron instead of him. It was pure jealousy! Draco Malfoy didn't want her to think of a happy ending with Ronald Weasley, she wanted her to think of a happy ending with him, so that was the reason he had killed Ron!

Everything had been planned, back then at the library.

Draco didn't really care if she came near Weasley or not after he had threatened her. He had planned to kill him anyway. Because he had seen him as an obstacle on the way. As a nuisance on his way to her.

And somehow, that phrase started to barely enlighten her: Draco Malfoy wanted to have a happy ending together with her. He felt lonely. He felt... abandoned.

Hermione sighed. She didn't know whether to feel pity for him or not, since he didn't deserve it, but... It was really sad to know that a person felt so left by society. So alone. It was sad and kind of unfair, too. No one deserved to be that lonely. Because, once they were, they would become obsessed. They would become psychopathic and do things normal people would never dream of even doing. Things like, killing, for example. Things like Draco did.

The worst part was, a psychopath never regretted. A psychopath was someone who had learned not to care about what others thought about him. And so, that lack of knowledge encouraged a psychopath to do these horrible things. And once the psychopath was newly known to society, he became someone, no, even something everybody feared. And so, the terrible mistake of society was to shove him off, to push him further into loneliness, never giving

him the chance to get cured.

A psychopath lived on people's fears, so, the more people feared him, the crazier a psychopath got.

Unfortunately, Hermione Granger belonged to society. She couldn't help but fear him, push him further into his bitter loneliness, as she rejected to bond with him, as she denied the fact that her heart belonged to him, as his to her.

Not really knowing whether to feel disgusted or pitiful, she looked at the phrase once again.

...And they lived happily ever after. The End.

Sobbing, she turned her head to the right, so she could wake Harry and tell him it was too late. Tell him that she already belonged to Malfoy, even though she didn't want to.

Just...

"Harry?" She called him.

Where the hell was he?

The dungeons at Malfoy Manor had always been dark, cold, and dirty. It was utterly perfect! That was just the right place Harry Potter belonged to. So, without thinking about it twice, Malfoy threw Potter harshly onto floor, and started to cast silencing spells around the room. Because, there was something he had to keep in mind: A bunch of Death Eaters and Voldemort himself were on the first floor, and considering Draco would be probably hexing the hell out of Potter once he woke up, he thought it would be rather a good idea to take some good precautions.

So, yes. A Silencio would do.

Malfoy turned around to see him, as he kneeled down and took the invisibility cloak off of him. He folded it carelessly and tucked it under his arm. Draco then cast some ropes and started to tie him, so he couldn't escape. With another spell, he undressed him, leaving Potter in his underwear only. He had to make sure his body was cold and sensitive enough, so the torture Malfoy had prepared for him would hurt him until he fucking begged Draco to kill him.

All he had to do now was wait for Potter to wake up.

"So be it."

Six hours. Six hours had passed by since Draco Malfoy had kidnapped Harry Potter. And finally, oh finally, Potter started to show signs that indicated he was waking up.

Seeing that, Malfoy conjured an Aguamenti, and splashed the freezing water on Potter's body. As response, he swore out loud, as he started to cough. And just as Hermione, he threw up all of the poison he had drunk during breakfast.

"Fucking ew, Potter! Disgusting!" Draco made a face, as he arrogantly smirked and mocked him, "That must've been more than your breakfast."

"Malfoy!" He yelled, "What the fuck, you fucking ferret! Where am I? And what the fuck am I doing naked and tied against the fucking wall!"

"Language, Potter. Language."

"Shut the fuck up and answer my questions."

"You won't like the answers."

Harry glared at him.

"I don't fucking care, Malfoy."

Draco chuckled, amused.

"Potter, Potter, Potter..." He dangerously whispered, as he twirled his wand between his thin, pale fingers, "You really should watch your language and learn some manners, you know. Hm, maybe you're grumpy because you're still a bit sleepy. I shall help you to fully wake up. Crucio!"

"AAAAH!"

The pain echoing Harry's voice made Draco smile. Finally. Potter finally was starting to pay for all those years he had pushed Draco into his shadow. He finally was starting to feel how Draco felt every time people would acknowledge The Boy-Who-Lived and ignored the blonde. And that was just the beginning.

Draco lifted up the curse, as he knelt down in front of him, seeing how heavily Potter was panting right then. Priceless.

"Will you watch your mouth or are you going to force me to curse you again?"

Potter swallowed so hard it hurt, as he kept panting heavier and heavier with every second passing by; not really answering Draco's question.

The blonde didn't like that response. So he gave him a hard slap right across his face.

"Answer me. Will. You. Watch. Your. Mouth?" He asked, as he gave him a slap for every word he said.

Harry finally nodded, as his pants were starting to calm down.

"Good." Draco said, as he stood up, "You just asked me where you are. Well, let me enlighten you. You're at my Manor, down in the Dungeons, to be a bit more precise. I decided to kidnap you and tell you a little story nobody knows, as you won't be able to tell anyone."

"You're a Death Eater and you've killed Ron. Now, tell me something I don't know."

"Oh, so you finally made it up, huh?"

"I've always known it had been you-"

Draco bitterly chuckled.

"Oh, really? You don't say. You seemed to be rather surprised when you didn't see the Dark Mark on my forearm. And now," Draco said, lifting up his left sleeve, "you do. Congratulations, Potter. Yes, I'm a Death Eater and yes, I've been the one to kill red head. Such a shame old Dumbledore didn't believe a word coming out of your mouth."

"How would you-"

"-Your precious Hermione told me you were at Dumbledore's office, Potter, trying to get me to Azkaban."

"She wouldn't-"

"Oh, but she has! Not as faithful as you thought her to be, hm?"

"SHUT UP!" Harry yelled, "Hermione told me you wanted her! She told me your heart belonged to her! And that you wouldn't stop until her heart belonged to you! And then... The piece of parchment with her name written on it... The Blood Letter! It all makes sense now! You are behind all of this! "

Malfoy clapped his hands three times, the sound echoing the room.

"Well done, Potter. You got me. But there's a tiny, insignificant thing you got wrong."

"And please tell, what would that be?"

Draco's mighty and scary mercury gaze met Harry's bright emerald one, which was now filled with somewhat confusion.

"I already have Granger, Potter. Her heart already belongs to me. But that doesn't mean I'm going to stop. Because you wouldn't be here if I had. I'm going to take three more steps, Potter. I'm going to kill you first, then I'll kill Voldemort, and then I'll fucking rule this fucking world." He dangerously stated, "I'm going to fucking torture you until you fucking beg me to fucking kill you."

"And then you say I'm the one that should watch his language..." The Boy-Who-Lived whispered to himself.

"What was that?"

Harry gulped, as his eyes opened widely.

"Nothing."

Draco started to laugh at him.

"Oh, just look at you. You've just been cruciated and you still have the fucking nerve to make

fun out of me. You slimy motherfucker." He funnily chuckled, "I mean, I'm here, torturing you, I've just told you that I'm going to fucking kill you, and you make a joke about language! Yah, I like your sense of humor. It's so fucking pathetic I still have to laugh."

Malfoy turned his back to Potter.

"Let's see if you can still make any kind of joke after round two." With those words, he turned to Potter, his wand pointing at him, "*Crucio!*"

"AAAAH!"

Harry could feel like each and every bone he had was breaking. At the same time, he felt all of his muscles tensing up completely. His skin burnt and it stitched, too: It was as if thousands of knives were being stabbed into his body. His hands were clenched in white and trembling fists, as they started to sweat out of pain. His ears burnt, as they went deaf. His eyes were forcefully shut, as they shed blood tears. His stomach was upside down; he wanted to vomit again but couldn't. His lungs were panting even heavier than before. His heart was beating so fast and so hard, he could feel it against his panting chest. And his brain felt like it was about to explode.

Malfoy made the curse stop, and the pain ceased.

Harry panted so heavily; he needed some fresh air, and not that sticky thing that came in and out of his mouth and nose.

"W-What do you want from me?" He quickly asked, as he even coughed for air.

"Your death, Potter." He whispered, "And trust me, I won't kill you so easily. You'll have to beg for it."

"I don't beg."

"Ha! We'll see about it, Potter." He mocked, danger echoing his voice. "We'll see how you don't beg after I've cruciated you ten more times. We'll see how you don't beg after I've cast a Sectumsempra on you. We'll see about how you manage to control yourself from begging me to kill you."

"Why would you do that?"

And all of a sudden, Draco exploded.

"Why?! Why!? You seriously are asking me why I'm fucking about to kill you?" The Blonde yelled, "Well, let me enlighten you, as you are as dumb as fuck: You didn't even know magic existed, and you were the most known child in the whole magical world. Every fucking teacher at school has always protected you, no matter what! Back in fourth year, Cedric fucking Diggory fucking died because of you, and no fucking teacher came to save him! But you! You were at the ministry of magic, and Albus fucking Dumbledore came to save you! Do you actually know what I've been going through!? What I'm going through while you are always being oh-so-protected, oh-so-save!?"

"Malfoy-"

"SHUT UP!" He yelled even louder, "Well, let me tell you, Harry Potter! I am a fucking pureblood that has been living in the same house as many fucking Death Eaters since his early childhood and there was no fucking teacher to protect me! Voldemort would come every known and again to fucking torture me, because, as he had always put it 'You can't let that Potter boy be better than you!'. And for fuck's sake, Potter, you have always been!"

"Malfoy, I—"

"I said, *SHUT UP! Crucio!*"

"AAAAH!"

And again, Harry felt an unbearable pain. It got worse with every time Draco cursed him. After ten seconds, Malfoy lifted up the curse again. The Slytherin knelt down in front of the Gryffindor and looked deeply into his emerald eyes.

"Three months ago, Potter, I was forced to become a fucking Death Eater. It was either me becoming a Death Eater, or my family dying. So, against my will, I became one of them. And still, Potter, the Dark Lord had the fucking nerve to kill my mother in front of my eyes." He related, as he felt a tear running down his cheek.

"Voldemort has killed my mother, too, Malfoy." He said, "Don't you fucking think you're the only one who has experienced this kind of pain."

"What do you know about pain, huh, Potter? What the fuck do you think you know about pain?" He bitterly asked, "You may have lost your mother, but you don't have memory to remember the day Lily Potter had been killed, because you still were a fucking baby. That fucking murderer on the first floor killed my mother three months ago. The same fucking murderer who ordered my father to reduce her into greyish ashes in front of my fucking eyes. I, in comparison to you, will always remember her and her fucking death. And you, you pathetic and undeserving piece of scum, will not."

There was a minute silence, in which Harry's heavy panting was to be heard. The Boy-Who-Lived had to admit: He was fucking scared. Malfoy scared him to death.

Draco continued.

"You asked me why I would kill you. The reason is simple, Potter: I've always been your fucking shadow. Whenever I'd do something, you'd do it better. And I would suffer the Dark Lord's wrath. And honestly, I'm fucking tired of it. I'm fucking tired of you being better and me suffering the consequences. So the only solution is to kill you. And then, him."

Draco Malfoy stood up and pointed his wand at him.

"And I'm so tired, I want you to beg for me to you kill you. Now."

"—MALFOY, NO! WAIT!"

"WHAT!?"

"You said you wanted to kill Voldemort! I happen to know how to do it!" Harry quickly and

desperately said, before he tested Draco's patience way too much, "Have you ever heard of the word 'Horcrux'? Well, those are objects, which contain Voldemort's soul, and in order to kill him, one would have to find each of these Horcruxes and destroy them. But Hermione has found out that there is a kind of a general Horcrux hidden at your manor. That Horcrux happens to be Herpo the Fool's Blood Letter. We could... I could be your ally, help you find that Horcrux so we can kill Voldemort! But please, Malfoy. Don't do that. Don't make me beg for my death."

Draco started to laugh. His laugh was evil and bitter, and it scared Harry to no end.

"My Ally? Oh, good Lord, you're funny. I already happen to know where that bloody letter is. But, wait, don't tell me. Did she find Herpo the Fool's diary back at the library, Potter?"

Harry's eyes opened widely.

"What! How would you know!?"

Draco rolled his greyish eyes.

"Oh, dear Lord, how can you be so fucking stupid!" He yelled in exasperation, "Potter open your fucking eyes! I knew my Hermione would be searching for information on the Blood Letter. And I knew you two had to meet in order to discuss the Horcruxes' whereabouts. So since the silly coincidence that the actual Blood Letter is in fact the general Horcrux that can kill Voldemort, I decided to make things easier for her, and easier for me."

"What do you mean, 'easier for you'?!"

"Potter, Potter, Potter...! Think! She surely told you about a myth, didn't she?"

Harry frowned. Yes, she did.

"The myth says that magic considers a witch and a wizard to be together for all eternity. Once the Blood Letter is in the hands of a wizard, with a name written on it, there is no turning back, both witch and wizard are to be bonded." He quoted.

"Exactly, Potter. Now, do you really think she'd be so dumb to actually believe that story without any kind of background information? Please, of course she wouldn't. So she would search until she found something, anything. I made things easier for her as I placed Herpo the Fool's diary right in the bookshelf I knew she would take the book from, and gave her important information about how to kill the Dark Lord more easily. And as for me, I made things easier for me, as I knew she would forget about the myth, once Herpo the Fool's diary fully occupied her mind."

"It has always been you."

"Yes, Harry Potter." He stated. "It has always been me. The one who has killed your precious best friend. The one who has poisoned you and Granger. The one who has made a Horcrux out of her, thus using my split soul and thus making her *officially mine*."

"She's a fucking Horcrux!? *YOUR fucking Horcrux!?*" Harry yelled. "I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Draco laughed at him, as he found a new nickname for Harry Potter: The-Boy-Who-Was-Stupid-

As-Fuck.

"Ah... Ironic, Potter. Firstly, you don't have a wand, as I've taken it from you. Secondly, you're naked, tied up against a fucking wall and have been cruciated three times, meaning, you are weak. And thirdly, even if you wanted to kill me, you'd have to kill her first." He mocked, making a pouty face, "And you wouldn't want dear Hermione getting hurt, now, would you?"

"You bastard!"

"Nope, pureblood. You are the bastard here, you Half-blood." Draco said, mocking him, "Besides, did you know that my Godfather was like, all over your mother, back at the time when she lived? Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if one day came out that Snape's your actual father."

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

"You don't want to listen to me? Fine. I'll give you two choices, since I'm nice: It's either you asking me nicely to kill you or it's me using Sectumsempra on you until you fucking beg. And since you say you 'don't beg', I'd suggest you pick the first option. And then you won't have to listen to me. Otherwise, I'll keep provoking you until you get on my fucking nerves and I curse you into oblivion."

"I'm choosing none." He spat.

"As you wish." He calmly said, "But then you won't mind me telling you that I've caught Snape wanking over Lily like, a hundred times, right? Saying things like, 'Oh, Lily, you're so tight', or 'Oh, Lily, let me fuck you' –"

"SHUT UP!"

"You know what choices you have."

"NO!"

"I heard his moans and groans, as he touched himself and looked at your mother's picture. His cum was probably all spread over her red hair-"

"MALFOY, I'M WARNING YOU!"

"No, Potter, I'm warning you. You are starting to get on my nerves."

"THEN WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING FOR TO KILL ME!?"

"There, that's a good boy." Draco mocked, as he started to laugh dangerously, "The Boy-Who-Lived, Harry Potter. Any last words?"

"Voldemort will suspect of you, Malfoy. He'll know you've killed me. And then he will kill you."

"You're wrong Potter. Once you're dead, once I reduce you into ashes, I'll apparate to my room and act normally. I won't even know you've existed. And when Death Eaters start wondering 'Oh, my, where is Harry Potter?' I'll tell them some big news: He escaped. He abandoned

England. Then I'll He abandoned all of you. And then, you'll be remembered as Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Betrayed. And when I get to kill Lord Voldemort, Potter; I will be regarded as a hero. And I won't be hidden in your shadow any longer."

"No... No, please. You can't do that... Please..."

"Goodbye, Harry Potter."

"NO!"

"Goodbye."

"NO! NO!"

"Avada Kedavra!"

And then, once the bright green light hit Harry Potter's body, he closed his eyes and took his last breath.

And then, everything was silent.

OMG NOOOOOOO! HE'S DEAD! I don't know if I can promise a happy ending, but I promise to give my best!

So, I hope you liked this chappie!

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELL! :))))

Thanks for reading guys, you rock!

Until next chappie!

Chapter 19: Ticktack

HEEEYYY! :D So, here I am again I know I'm updating quite late these days, but I'm kind of stressed lately, sooooo... yeah.

Oh, yeah. I've been receiving really nice comments, with WONDERFUL ideas and some questions. To the question: Is Harry dead? Like, for real. You'll find out when you read this chapter. And as for Hermione, I've read a comment that said something like: let her do something, don't let her lose against Malfoy, she has to stay strong...! Yeah, I know. And don't you worry, I have something planned. Maybe it won't come out just now , but you'll see that Hermione isn't a weakling at all.

And... THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR LOVELY FAVS, FOLLOW AND REVIEWS! THEY MADE ME HAPPY AS HELL! KEEP 'EM GOING!

Enjoy this chapter!

Harry opened his eyes: Everything was bright, maybe way too bright for his taste.

"Agh..." He coughed, "Am I dead?"

He stood up, slowly, trying to feel every muscle that had been hurt because of Malfoy's multiple Cruciatus curses. They seemed to be fine. He could stand, he could move: he could walk, he could run and he could jump.

Amazing, in a way.

Far in the distance, Harry saw the figure of a woman. He was sure he knew her. But just to prove his evidences, he decided to take a couple of steps closer, as his emerald eyes shot a closer look at the woman.

Red hair, skinny figure. No doubt. It was her.

"Mom?"

The woman turned around. Her eyes seemed to overwhelm him for a couple of seconds.

"Harry, my baby. You've been so strong, so brave. I'm so proud."

Her voice was so soft and tender, and it had been so long ever since Harry had heard her speak. He felt his eyes water.

"Mom..."

Harry was standing right in front of his mother, Lily Potter né Evans. Her beautiful red hair fell down her shoulders like waterfalls, and it combined beautifully with her bright smile. Their eyes met: They were identical. Emerald. Greenish emerald.

Harry ran towards his mother and gave her a right hug. She stroked his hair, as her other hand softly patted his back. And so Lily felt how his little boy started to let it go: He cried in her arms. All of his anger, anguish, and angst. His fears. His aggressions. He let it all out. And therefore, she smiled.

"Am I dead?" He asked again, with a sob.

Lily softly chuckled.

"Only if you choose to be."

Harry frowned, confused, as he cuddled into his mother's hug.

"What do you mean? Malfoy has just killed me!"

"No, Harry. He hasn't killed you. He has destroyed a part of Voldemort's soul." She explained, "17 years ago, Harry, Voldemort came to kill us. I decided to protect you with a strong spell,

even if that meant giving up on my life. When the Killing Curse hit my body, the curse rebounded to Voldemort, and a part of his soul nested itself into the only living thing it could find: you yourself."

"-You mean that I... Am a Horcrux?"

Lily chuckled again.

"You were. Now you're not. And I think you should thank Malfoy for that." Lily chuckled once more, this time, with more humor.

Harry frowned, as he asked again.

"Mom", he called, "Am I dead?"

Lily caressed his hair and pulled him closer to her once more. Two minutes later, she pulled away and looked deeply into his eyes. Her smile was soft, and her emerald eyes shone with tenderness.

"The question arises if you want to live. Do you have anything to live for, Harry?"

His best friend Hermione, he had save her. Ginny. All his other friends back at Hogwarts. Professor Dumbledore. Professor Slughorn. Professor McGonagall. Hagrid. And so many, many more...

But, yet again... did he truly want to live? Come to think of it, Harry thought it maybe would be better now that he was dead. He would be with his people. With his parents and with Sirius, also with Ron and other friends. Plus, he wouldn't be taking part of that awful event; that awful magical battle. He would be... dead and... free.

And God, he knew that was the most egoistical freedom he could be wishing for. So, yeah. He didn't want to live. But he had so much to live for.

Harry sighed.

"Yeah... Lots of things, actually."

"And do you think they're worthy enough for you to live?"

"Definitely." Harry answered without hesitation.

"Then go, and live your life."

Lily caressed Harry's cheeks, as she said the exact same words she said the night Voldemort had come to kill her.

"Be brave, my boy. Harry, be safe. Harry, be strong. You're loved. You're so loved, Harry."

"Mom..."

And with a last kiss on the hair, Lily started to vanish.

And with that last kiss on his hair, Harry sighed and opened his eyes, just to find himself naked, and tied up against the wall.

"Oh well..." He sighed, "Here we go again..."

Draco Malfoy was now at a Death Eater's meeting. Once again, all Death Eaters were sitting on their respective places, their gazes focused on Lord Voldemort, who seemed to be rather sick. He looked like he had lost an enormous amount of power: He was heavily breathing; almost panting, and as all of his followers had noticed as the Dark Lord came into the room, he couldn't walk in a straight position.

He had weakened. A lot. And casually, Draco Malfoy happened to know why. But of course, he wouldn't dare tell. And he wouldn't dare smirk, either.

The Dark Lord sat down on his chair, as one of his hands held up on his chest.

Before anyone asked, the Dark Lord spoke:

"I feel weak. It seems to be..." He panted, "...That Potter is finding his way to destroy me, my loyal servants. But... Do not fear. When it all ends, he's going to be dead and I will conquer the world."

Draco had to pull himself together so he didn't smirk. Oh, sweet irony. Firstly, Potter didn't find the way to destroy Voldemort; rather, Draco had found his way to destroy Potter. Secondly, Voldemort would not conquer the world. And thirdly, by the time Voldemort would have planned conquering the world, he would be already dead, thus claiming Draco Malfoy as the brand new Dark Lord; the most powerful wizard of all times.

Sweetest irony.

But Severus just had to open his mouth, hadn't he?

"But, my Lord, the Battle is about to break out. Tonight, Draco will have to lead all of us into the Castle, and then-"

"-And then he'll kill Albus Dumbledore." Voldemort finished for him. "Now, Severus. I don't see any issue in doing that."

"My Lord, with all my respects, you're feeling too weak for this. Maybe we could postpone the Battle until you feel-"

"-Better? More powerful?" The Dark Lord smirked, as he rapidly took his wand out of his pocket and pointed at one of his Death Eaters "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

All of Voldemort's followers turned themselves to see. It had been Dolohov: Half of his body lay now on the table, completely inert. Voldemort didn't even seem to care, as he twirled his wand between his fingers with a hand, and caressed his precious Nagini with the other one.

"You were saying, my dear Severus?"

"I beg for your apologies." He said with all neutrality he had, "Never mind me, Sir."

"Very well." Voldemort answered, with a rather pleased tune, "Now, as I was saying... Our youngest member, Draco Malfoy, will lead us into the castle and he will kill Dumbledore. Meanwhile, all others will be searching for all mudbloods and will kill them. And during that time, I will search for Harry Potter and finally kill him. And all of this will happen tonight. Am I understood?"

Draco was the only one that didn't nod. Luckily, the Dark Lord didn't see it.

Severus Snape was wandering around Malfoy Manor, searching for Draco. His reason? Simple. He had to tell him that it wasn't entirely his mission to kill Dumbledore, but it was Snape's. Severus would have to give him explanations about his very long conversations with Dumbledore, and he knew Draco had to know about it before dawn broke. The only problem was that sheesh!, that boy wasn't to be found anywhere! Where was he hiding?

Snape humorlessly chuckled at the thought? Him, hide? A psychopathic murderer, hide? From his very own godfather, who actually was under his control? Now, that was a bit contradictory, wasn't it? But yet again, maybe that was one of his sick games to test his nerves. The Professor sighed out in grumpiness. His blonde godson really did have a fucking nerve.

He wandered and wandered, and still didn't find him. Until, after an hour, he remembered where Draco liked to play most when he was just still a little child. The dungeons of course!

Snape had never understood Draco's fascination for the Dungeons, as they were dark, cold and kind of wet – It just wasn't the right place for a little boy to play. Maybe it was the right place for a little boy his age to be grounded, but definitely not the right place to play.

"Oh well." He just sighed. "Let's just get this over with."

And with that, his steps started to lead Snape down into the dark dungeons.

"Lumos!"

As the light came out from the tip of his wand, Severus fastened his pace, as he thought he had seen the silhouette of a person deep inside the darkness.

"Draco, I know you have always liked this place, but for God's sake-"

Indeed he had.

"–Potter!?"

"Professor Snape!" Harry yelled, "Please, help me! Help me!"

Draco apparated himself back to Hogwarts as soon as the meeting had finished.

SHIT!

Time was running.

Ticktack, Ticktack, Ticktack!

And he had to hide his Princess in a safe place before he had to lead all of Voldemort's servants into Hogwarts. But time was fucking flying!

Ticktack, Ticktack, Ticktack! Ticktack, Ticktack, Ticktack!

FUCK!

Draco apparated himself at the Hospital Wing; his grey orbits desperately searching for Hermione.

Nothing.

His legs started to run as fast as they could, as his eyes kept searching for his sweetness. He had to find her, and it had to be soon. She didn't know, but right then, it wasn't everything just about her life, but also about his. If a fucking Death Eater killed her, that very same fucking Death Eater would be killing him too. And for fuck's sake, after all the work he'd done in order to have her, he wasn't about to let Voldemort overcome his fucking masterpiece.

Not by a fucking chance.

And so, the blonde Slytherin kept running, and running, and running. He had been at the library: she wasn't there. He had apparated into the Gryffindor Tower, he had apparated himself into her room, and still nothing: She wasn't there. Cursing, he apparated himself right in front of the closed door of the Great Hall, and, without thinking, he entered the huge room in a rush, and so his eyes finally caught her sight.

And right then, everything turned upside down for Draco Malfoy.

Everything had been done without thinking: He had called her name. She had turned around. He had taken his wand out of his pocket, as he pointed at her. Her chocolate eyes had opened widely, as she gasped. She felt her heart beat furiously.

Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub! Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub!

He had casted a Desmaius on her, and so her body started falling onto the ground. He ran towards her as fast as he could, catching her while she fell. She was now in his arms, unconscious. He apparated away with her, ordering Horace Slughorn to follow him before the blonde vanished. And so Horace Slughorn did.

Everything had been done without thinking, as time had been fucking flying. Ticktack, ticktack. Everything had been done in front of all students of Hogwarts, as time had been fucking flying. Ticktack, ticktack. And right then, everything turned upside down for Draco Malfoy.

For the very first time in three months, Draco Malfoy felt his heart race out of fear and nervousness.

showed up so weak back at the meeting. Harry Potter, his Horcrux, had been destroyed.

"What?"

"Yes! He knocked me out with a poison, tied me up against the wall, told me his whole plan and killed me! But it turns out he killed a part of Voldemort, whatsoever, I don't really get it either—" And then the Boy-Who-Lived noticed he was saying way too much for his own good. "-Oh, for fuck's sake, will you help and untie me already!?"

Snape raised an eyebrow, somewhat amused.

"What if I don't?"

And Harry rolled his eyes. He hated that professor; no matter he wanked over his mother, as Malfoy had put it! Severus Snape was just... just... Just, ugh!

So, Potter huffed and hissed in a bad mood.

"If you don't, I'm going to *die again*, and I won't be able to come back this time!"

"What makes you think I'd believe you?"

"Because I just told you Malfoy explained his whole plan to me! He's been the one to kill Ron—"

"You and your severe accusations, Mr. Potter. I hope you know accusations are nothing to trifle about." Snape mocked, "Now...Have you got any proofs?"

Harry just exploded in anger. Was that professor blind or just dumb as shit? Of course he didn't know that Snape would do absolutely everything to keep Draco's honor and innocence proven due to the Unbreakable Vow he'd made to Narcissa, but wasn't his position just obvious? How could Snape be asking for proofs when Harry was standing right in front of him, trembling, wet with sweat, half-naked and tied to a fucking wall? How could Snape be just so cold to be actually asking for any proofs?

"JUST LOOK AT ME! I MEAN, COME ON! I'M TIED UP TO A WALL, AND NOT JUST ANY WALL, BUT THE WALL OF DRACO MALFOY'S MANOR. DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT I WOULD TIE MYSELF UP JUST FOR FUN!? THAT I WOULD WAIT FOR MALFOY AND SAY: 'Hi dude, I wanna play an homo slave!' SERIOUSLY, SNAPE!?"

Severus looked at him and frowned. He did have a point, certainly.

"Mr. Malfoy did this to you?"

"Oh, yeah. And he poisoned me too, and Hermione, and he killed Ron, AND HE'S GOT A FUCKING INSANE PLAN TO KILL EVERYONE AND RULE THE FUCKING WORLD! SO, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE YOU TO UNTIE ME SO WE CAN STOP THAT PSYCHOPATH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!" Harry ended up yelling.

Snape's eyes opened widely. Potter knew. Potter knew everything. Every single and tiny detail of Draco's plan. He hadn't been joking about what he had said, Draco had indeed told him about his masterpiece, and he had killed him afterwards, completely unknowing that Potter would

revive. So, seeing it didn't matter anymore to prove Draco's innocence in front of Potter, considering Potter already knew Draco was indeed an assassin, Snape took in a deep breath and frowned.

He took two steps towards him and, with a quick wrist movement; he untied him with a spell. Harry fell onto the floor and tried to find his clothes. Seeing Malfoy had probably burnt them, he gave Snape a look, somehow telling him he wanted him to cast some new, fresh clothes. The professor just rolled his eyes, as another quick wrist movement followed.

Once Potter was finally dressed, Snape looked at him deeply in the eyes and frowned even more than he already did.

"What's he going to do next?" He asked, trying to hide the fear in his voice.

Harry swallowed hard and sighed.

"He wants to kill Voldemort." Harry answered wryly. "And then conquer the entire world."

Snape's eyes widened.

"But he can't-"

"-He can, Professor." Harry rudely interrupted him; "Horcruxes aren't the main issue anymore. The general Horcrux is."

That actually surprised Snape. The general Horcrux? Now, he had never heard about such thing. Even with all his experiences with Dark Magic...

Once more, Snape's forehead drew a frown. Maybe that boy was making it up. He thought about questioning him, thus probably ridiculing him, but decided against it. His reason? Simple: Potter's emerald eyes seemed to be deadly serious; he knew Potter never made jokes about death or assassins. So, now that they were talking about that, he couldn't be possibly joking. That meant, that the general Horcrux actually existed, and that just by destroying it, Voldemort would be at his most vulnerable stage at once. Everything they had to do then was just kill him. Use the killing curse, and then everything would be over.

Yes, that would be fantastic. Phenomenal! Brilliant, excellent! It would be... if he hadn't forgotten about whom they were actually talking about. It wasn't the Dark Lord... It was Draco. His Godson. Narcissa's son. They were actually talking about him killing Voldemort in order to conquest the world. In order to be the next Dark Lord.

For fuck's sake, would Dark Magic, Dark Lords and Dark Followers never extinguish? Would they spread out evil and pain? Would evil and peace belong together? Now, that was a very sad thing to think of. Peaceful times had to come to reign soon. And if Draco was about to destroy such peaceful times, the only solution to it was to kill him.

If they killed the Blonde, there wouldn't be a successor to Voldemort's darkness kingdom. Evil would be over once for all.

Snape bit his under lip hard. On the one side, yes: Draco was a slimy little psychopathic asshole that had enough of a sick mind to kill a person, to even think about killing a person. He had

enough of a manipulative mind to make people surrender to his incredible power. And, without a doubt, he had enough of a fucking brilliant mind to conquer the world without having any kind of problems. And therefore, someone had to stop him. Someone had to end his life.

But on the other side... Draco was still related to him, he was his godson. And even though he couldn't say he loved him, he had to admit he cared very deeply for him. He had been there for him when he was still a little child, maybe he was only five years old; and he remembered a time he had seen him crying in his room because he was afraid of the Dark Lord. Draco had told him the Bad Lord had hurt him badly, he had put him under a spell and it had burnt. Draco told Severus he hated that person. And ever since that day, Severus knew that that hate would grow and grow within Draco's heart. And he knew it hurt. He could actually understand him.

But... Why would he make others pay for something they didn't do? For something they were not guilty? Why would he kill a person? Why would he try to kill Potter?

Just... Why?

Maybe, in order to know, all he simply needed was seeing him. And once he saw, he could decide which side was more powerful. And oh, he hoped. He hoped it would be the reasonable side, the side that screamed at him to end his life.

And there they were. Lost. In the middle of the nothingness. In the heart of an abandoned forest, filled with dead trees and dead fauna. And it was raining. God, couldn't that be more wonderfully... fucked up. Granger was unconscious, Slughorn was shocked and Draco was fucking furious.

It had been within a second. Within a fucking second, a big part of his brilliant masterpiece had been destroyed, just like that. Now all students of Hogwarts knew for sure Draco Malfoy was a Death Eater, and that, somehow, Horace Slughorn was something like a servant to him. That could only mean, that they would now try to find them and send the both of them to Azkaban. Fucking brilliant, as if he hadn't had enough with Potter wanting him in there since the beginning of the year!

Ugh, GOD.

Horace stood there, staring at him.

"What are you looking at you old man?" He rudely asked, "It's raining, we have to look for a cave or something, so don't you just stand there and stare at me!"

"Yes, My Lord. Sorry, My Lord." Horace apologized, as he started to walk.

Draco huffed and also started to walk, while he held Granger in his arms. He just hoped she would remain unconscious until they had found a place to stay in, because if she woke up she surely would start to kick his chest and yell at him, demanding what he had done, why he had done it and all those things girls did when they were utterly furious. And right then that was the last thing Draco wanted or needed.

An hour later, and totally soaked with water, Slughorn ran towards Draco and told him he had found a big cave: There was place enough for at least ten people. The blonde just nodded and

ran along together with him until they had achieved the cave. Once in, Draco cast a drying spell on himself and on his Hermione, while Slughorn took care of himself, made a fire and sat down on a rock, his gaze lost in the nothingness.

Draco laid Hermione nearby the fire, so her body didn't cool too much. He caressed her cheek with his pale thin fingers and focused his greyish gaze on her beautiful face, completely ignoring the fact that Slughorn was looking at them.

Hermione moaned every known and again, but didn't show any signs of waking up anytime soon. But every time she moaned, Slughorn could appreciate that Draco Malfoy's lips drew something close to a tender smile. Something really close.

Taking the chance Draco seemed to be rather calm, Horace opened his mouth to talk to him.

"She must be very precious to you, My Lord." He said.

Again, that soft and tender 'smile' was on his lips.

"Yes. She's my life. Like, literally my life." He said, "A part of my soul lives inside her."

"She's your Horcrux."

"Exactly."

Horace felt the need to keep talking to him. He felt the urge to ask him questions.

"Why?"

Draco's icy gaze looked at the old potions master briefly.

"What do you mean, 'why'?" He asked, defensively, "Why what?"

"Why her?" He calmly asked, "Why not another girl?"

"Don't you see she's beautiful?" He asked, as if it was an obvious question.

"I see that. But I also see you don't search for beauty. Not even intelligence in this case."

Draco said nothing. Horace asked again.

"Why her? She's a Muggleborn. I've heard you hate Muggle-borns. Besides, don't Death Eaters want to kill them first?"

"That's why we're here. To hide her. To protect her."

And, after the third time, he wouldn't keep asking anymore.

"Yes, but why her?"

"Why are you asking me that question? It's ridiculous."

"Because you keep denying yourself the answer." Horace answered. "As I said, you're either searching for beauty nor for intelligence."

"I'm searching for an equal."

"A person that is cold minded, ready to kill other people in order to reach their goals, My Lord?"

"How dare you speak to me like that!"

Horace didn't seem to be intimidated at all.

"-You said you were searching for an equal, My Lord. And if Hermione Granger is the equal you've found, I shall tell you you've sadly taken the wrong person. Hermione Granger is a brave, warm-hearted, friendly and helpful Muggleborn. You, Draco Malfoy, are a coward, cold-minded, lonely and selfish Pureblood. You're not searching for an equal, My Lord. You're searching for your opposite."

Draco bitterly chuckled.

"Oh, am I? Care to tell me why I would be searching for an opposite?"

"Because you've lost the light within you. You lost it a long time ago. And you've been afraid of your darkness for a long time. And seeing that Miss Granger is indeed the light you need, you've decided to make her yours. Because you're scared. Scared of everything."

"You have no idea what you're saying."

"Don't I? I think I do. I had never seen you smile, My Lord."

"I smile and laugh a lot." He said, trying to defend himself again.

Horace just chuckled like the old man he was.

"No, you don't. You smirk and chuckle. And I don't blame you. I can't blame you. When one is in the middle of the forest in the middle of the night; the sky foggy and the moon new; how can he smile? He just can't. But once the moon is full and the stars shine, his lips automatically form a smile. And five minutes ago, while you were caressing Miss Granger's cheek, My Lord, you were smiling, because you found a rich source of light."

Draco said nothing.

"I still have one last question, My Lord."

The blonde rolled his eyes.

"What is it now?" Draco hissed.

"Don't you think you are a black hole to her?"

Draco frowned.

"I beg your pardon? A black hole?"

"You're evil, My Lord. You've told Professor Snape to put me under an Imperius Curse in order to serve you. You've needed my help to know what the Unforgivable Potion was, and you've ordered me to brew it. You've asked me what a Horcrux was. You've asked me for Felix Felicis. And all that just to get your obstacles out of your way. Meaning, killing a person, Ronald Weasley."

Draco had to chuckle at the mention of Redhead. Yes, well spotted. Ronald Weasley had been an obstacle, indeed.

Horace Slughorn continued.

"Let me tell you a thing about Ronald Weasley, My Lord." He said, "I've known his family for years. They might not be the richest. They might not be the best. But they are good persons, and they are full of light. Of a light you need. I didn't get to know Ronald Weasley closely, but from the moment I'd seen him, I could tell he was the brightest of his family. And you just seemed to want him out of the way. And look at what you did: you ended up killing him. You ended up sucking up his light, like a black hole. Now, I wonder if you will end up sucking up her light and killing her, as you need her light so desperately. Because just as Ronald Weasley was... Hermione Granger is a great person."

Draco listened to each of his words. There was no doubt that man was incredibly wise and also, incredibly nosy. He didn't particularly like that combination, but he knew that, even though he'd tried, he wouldn't be able to change the personality and the character of a person.

He felt touched, moved, actually, by that black hole theory. Even though he would never say it aloud, of course his heart was filled with darkness, but what did he expect? He had lived with Death Eaters, Voldemort had tortured him all along his childhood, he never had a loving father, his mother was everything he had, and she was almost always away. He had lived in the darkness; he didn't know any light. Of course he would suck up any light he could, because he was fucking broken. And Hermione Granger seemed to be his only repair.

Hermione Granger was his one and only light. And therefore, he...

Loved her? Felt happy with her?

HA!

Those words weren't words Draco Malfoy was familiarized with. He was an expert with words like blood status, muggle, magic, hate, darkness, sorrow, loneliness, bitterness, anger, and danger...

Draco Malfoy knew it: He was obsessed. He was completely obsessed with her. He didn't know how, or when, but he knew why: He needed light and he was a black hole. He wanted to keep her as his most precious treasure, and he certainly would, now that she belonged to him and to him only. She was his.

"I don't think you're wondering about the right thing, Horace." Draco said, "I think you should wonder if I end up killing the both of us. Her, and myself right after her. If I can't live with her light anybody can. She is mine."

"She must be very precious to you, My Lord."

Draco said nothing.

Hermione moaned every known and again, but didn't show signs of waking up anytime soon.

But he kept caressing her cheeks, and, for the first time of his life, he smiled.

**YES! FINALLY. FINALLY FINALLY FINALLY FINALLY FINALLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYYY!
OMGGGGGGGGG! CHAPTER XX!**

Yeah, I know, not much action in here, but I promise I have some wonderful ideas about how to continue this story! So, yeah! :D haha

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOO! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLLLL! :D :D :D

Thanks for reading guys! YOU'RE THE BEST AND YOU ROCK! AHAHAHA :D

See you on next chappie! Byeeee!

Chapter 21: You do not

Hey there! :) Soooo, yeah :D I'm back :D Thank you SO MUCH for all your 200 reviews. I'm touched. Really, I am. It's been lovely to read comments from all people who think that my story is great, so THANK YOU THANK YOU AND THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES! :) It really means the world to me.

So, yeah. I know it kind of sucks to wait SO FUCKING LONG for a new chapter, but a lot has been going on lately. Boyfriend and such... But, oh well. You know. Shit happens. – I can't promise I'll be updating as frequently as I did when I started writing this story, but, I can promise you I'll finish writing it. I still don't know how long this will be, probably still 10 or 15 chapters. And then The Blood Letter will be complete! :)

...But why don't we just firstly enjoy this following chapter? ;)

Harry had told Snape the whole story about the general Horcrux. He had told him it was somewhere hidden at Malfoy's manor, and that it would be of real help if they could put aside their differences in order to win over the Dark Side. And even though Snape didn't particularly like Potter's heroic tune of voice, he had to admit it was a good idea to work together.

They didn't leave the dungeons; Harry wasn't so dumb to show up in a place filled with Death Eaters and a murderer that wanted to kill him more than anything else in the world. So they conjured a Lumos, and started to plan some things.

But right in the middle of their planning, Potter realized.

"We have to get back to Hogwarts, Professor." Harry said.

"What? What for, Mr. Potter?" Snape asked, annoyed.

"I have to get Hermione. I can't— We can't do it without her."

Snape frowned. What did he need that insufferable Know-It-All for? She surely would only be blubbing about how to do things, and would only complain when things weren't done the way they should. At least, that was the Hermione Granger he knew.

"What do you mean, we can't do it without her, Mr. Potter? I thought *you* were the hero in here." He mocked bitterly.

Harry was so annoyed that that professor just mocked around. He was so fed up with that shit. Mr. Potter hero here, Mr. Potter hero there. Why was it so difficult for him to understand that he just didn't choose it? And even if he had, couldn't he just shut up about it and let him live his life like a normal person? Was that really too much to ask for?

He huffed. Why did everybody think Harry Potter thought of himself as a hero? He didn't. Or at least, he thought he wasn't a hero without his friends by his side. And now that Ron was gone forever, he needed Hermione more than he ever did. Was that really so difficult to understand?

He sighed.

"Look, I'm not a hero, Professor. I am not the 'mighty Harry Potter, the brave Boy-Who-Lived' that everybody talks about. I haven't chosen the fact that a serial murderer wants to kill me desperately. And I didn't defeat him with 'incredible magical skills' every time I was forced to face him, as everybody puts it. It has always been pure luck. I still am a person, and I have my life and my friends. And there are many things I can't do without them. So, would you please stop mocking me, and just apparate us to Hogwarts? *Please?*"

Snape looked at him, as he raised his eyebrows. Harry couldn't really tell in what kind of emotion he did that. It wasn't surprise, it wasn't astonishment... He just couldn't tell. That professor was kind of unpredictable.

And as unpredictable as he was, he placed his hand on Harry's shoulder and apparated them in front of the castle. Snape then took his hand away and gave him a look.

"I'll be at my office preparing some potions we might need. Come over once you've found miss Granger. Then, we'll return to Malfoy's Manor and destroy that main Horcrux."

Snape went inside the castle, leaving a very surprised Harry Potter behind.

"Wow," he said to himself, "He's cooperating."

The castle was completely dark. The corridors were empty. Everything was so incredibly silent.

Harry's feet led him to the Gryffindor Tower, so he could just enter his common room and get

Hermione. Of course she would be awake, seeing it was only midnight. Contrary to popular beliefs, Hermione Granger never went to sleep early. 'I like enjoying the peace and the silence of the night', she had told him once.

He was already in front of the Fat Lady, and as much as he hated it, he had to wake her. And he knew The Fat Lady could get really grumpy if someone dared interrupt her 'beauty sleep'.

"Ahem." He coughed.

The Fat Lady snored.

"Ahem." He coughed again, this once louder.

The Fat Lady seemed to react, but then she snored three times like a pig and slept on.

"AHEM!" He finally yelled.

"Oh!" – Finally, the Fat Lady had awoken. "Mr. Potter, how dare you! And what are these late hours to be wandering around the castle?!"

Harry made faces and gestures to tell her to keep quiet. He would be getting detention if any teacher or prefect caught him, and that would have its consequences: He would be getting Hermione way too late, would meet Snape even later, and by that time, everybody would be in a perfectly bad mood. And honestly, he didn't want that to happen.

"Shh! Miss, please! Keep quiet! It's important! Let me in!"

"Let me in, let me out!" The Fat Lady mocked, making faces, "Why couldn't everyone be as polite as that blonde guy was?"

Wait a second... WHAT?

"A blonde guy?"

"Yes. He was very polite indeed. He had nicely asked me to come into the common room, because one of you Gryffindors had kidnapped his poor little ferret! You should be ashamed of yourselves!"

WHAT!? Blonde guy, ferret, SHE HAD LET HIM IN!?

"Are you talking about Draco Malfoy!?"

"Yes, I believe that was his name."

"Oh, for fu— goodness' sake, Miss, he's a SLYTHERIN! You're not supposed to let him in, even if he asks nicely!"

"Well, Ronald Weasley kidnapped his poor little ferret, and didn't want to give it back to him! And since you Slytherins and Gryffindors have this bizarre house-hate, he didn't have the chance to ask another Gryffindor in to get him his ferret! He had to do it himself! So I made an exception and let him in."

"FUCK!"

"What was that?"

"Bravest Lions" Harry had said the password. He just didn't want to keep talking to the Fat Lady anymore.

The Fat Lady sighed. She had to let him in.

The Boy-Who-Lived ran up to his room as fast as he could. He could perfectly imagine what Draco had stolen. The invisibility cloak. Of course, that was how he'd poisoned him! He stole it and somehow poured the poison into the Pumpkin Juice so nobody saw him!

"Such a sick mind!" He said to himself, as he searched inside his trunk.

And indeed there was no cloak.

"Fuck!" He swore. "Well, alright. Maybe Hermione knows a spell for that. Now I just have to get to the common room and get her."

And so he did. He went downstairs so he could take her with him a bit faster; Professor Snape was surely waiting already. And he probably was starting to feel kind of grumpy, too.

"Hermione?" He softly called after her.

He waited for 30 seconds. No answer.

"Hermione." He called again.

Again, 30 more seconds. And still no answer.

Seeing it was rather stupid to call after her again, he decided to look up in the girls' room. Maybe today she had made an exception and had decided to go to bed earlier than usual. Harry carefully grabbed the knob of the door and softly opened it. He silently stepped into the room and really carefully made his way to her bed.

But once he stood right in front of it, he saw one thing: The bed was untouched. Hermione hadn't lain on there for a while.

Suddenly, a witch conjured a Lumos and pointed her wand at Harry.

"Harry! What are you doing here?!" She whispered, surprised.

"I'm searching for Hermione." He whispered back, "She should be downstairs in the common room, but she isn't. And she's not here either. Have you seen her?"

The witch, presumptuously Padma, stood up from her bed and went towards him, a serious expression drawn on her face.

"This isn't funny, Harry." Padma said, "Stop making jokes about it."

"What? What isn't funny? Jokes? What are you talking about?"

"Harry, stop it."

"STOP WHAT!? I have been poisoned, Padma, in case you've forgotten!" He freaked out, "So I have no idea what I should be kidding, joking or being amused about! So, care to tell me where Hermione is?!"

Of course Harry wouldn't tell Padma about Malfoy kidnapping him and killing him and then reviving, because she firstly wouldn't believe a word, secondly, she would tell everyone, and thirdly he didn't want to go into detail as he hadn't much time.

Harry saw Padma's facial expression sadden.

"Malfoy has kidnapped Hermione, Harry. And Professor Slughorn has gone with him. Surely they're both Death Eaters. And now she's probably dead." Padma explained, "God, this is horrible. First Ron and now Hermione... Will this never end?"

The sun started to rise, painting the sky in red, orange, yellow, violet and baby blue. The fog started to vanish as the sun rose and the birds started to sing; unfortunately, it wasn't so clear inside Draco Malfoy's heart – On the contrary: Once he opened his greyish eyes, he realized Hermione Granger wasn't lying next to him.

Had she gone?

Trying not to freak out, Draco abruptly stood up on his feet and went outside; his predator eyes searching for her, his manly voice calling after her, almost roaring. But then he realized something that was rather important: If he kept being so noisy, he wouldn't hear her. So he closed his mouth, stood still for a minute, closed his eyes as he focused, and waited for her to make a sound.

And there it was: Draco heard rather quick steps coming from his right and it sounded like someone was running. Not even thinking about whether it could be an animal or not, he started to run in that direction as fast as he could, even trying to be faster than his prey.

His steps had led him to his goal: his prey. His Hermione. Of course he knew it was her; her feminine silhouette had given her away. She was trying to escape. But she wouldn't get away with that. He took impulse, and then he jumped, as he got a grip on her legs to make her stumble.

She gasped as she tripped, scared, as she turned around to see who had gotten her. Could that be a Death Eater? Would he take her to Voldemort, so he could torture her until she begged him to kill her?

No. It was *worse*. It was *Malfoy*.

She didn't know how he did that, but he did: He turned her around so she faced him, and then he got on top of her, his weight ensuring she couldn't move, as he held her cheeks tightly,

forcing her to look at him.

And again, just like weeks ago, Hermione saw his dangerous grey eyes burning in fury.

"WHAT DO YOU JUST THINK YOU WERE DOING!?" He yelled.

Hermione didn't answer; she just kept struggling and screaming underneath him, trying to just go away, go away and never come back. But he was too strong; there was nothing she could do. She didn't have her wand with her, so she couldn't hex him. She figured she had left it back at Hogwarts, but she was wrong. She didn't know –yet– that Draco had taken her wand and hidden it away from her, just in case something like that could happen.

"STOP IT!" He ordered, "STOP IT RIGHT NOW!"

She didn't know if she wanted to obey or not. On the one hand, she knew there was nothing she could do, and that Malfoy would lie on top of her until she didn't have any more force to struggle against him. On the other hand, she knew she would blame herself for the rest of her life if she stopped trying to escape him. She knew she could never forgive herself.

And so she continued, and so he ordered again. This time, more ferocious than before.

"I SAID, STOP IT. NOW!" Draco roared, as he held her cheeks even tighter.

Once she realized how strong he truly was, and that she really had no chance in escaping, she felt a moment of fear overwhelming her. And so she stopped forcing against him and started to breathe heavily, pant, and cry. Cry for her life, because she now didn't know if he would end up hurting her badly, or torturing her.

"Now. I'll repeat my question: *What do you just think you were doing!?*"

She still said nothing. She just panted and closed her eyes tightly, as if trying to wake up from a nightmare. From a nightmare that had been persecuting her for months. A nightmare named Draco Malfoy.

"Oh, will you just stop this childish nonsense?!" He demanded, clearly annoyed. "Stop crying, calm down, for fuck's sake!"

His grip on her had remarkably diminished. Not only because he didn't want to hurt her physically, but also, because he felt a stitch somewhere in his body, he didn't exactly know where, as he had held her too tightly. *It had hurt.*

But finally, she seemed to calm down a little bit. Her breathing wasn't as heavy as before, even though there still were many tears flowing outside her eyes. She panted every known and again, but it was normal. There was only one thing that annoyed Malfoy most: Her eyes were still tightly shut, and she didn't make any signs of wanting to open them. Not anytime soon.

"Look at me." He ordered.

She didn't. His voice had been rather menacing; it had sounded way too dangerous for her to open her brownish irises.

"Look at me."

She mouthed a 'No', as more tears ran down her face. She shook her head as she could, frowned; her eyes still closed, and mouthed a 'no' once more.

Malfoy frowned. What did she mean, 'no'?

"Don't make me, Princess. You've clearly tested my nerves this morning, and I'm having a hard time trying not to let out my bad mood on you. Now, open your eyes. Look at me."

"No." She mouthed.

"Very well," He simply said, " Very well. As you wish."

And so, Draco got off of her, and quickly picked her up –bridal style– before she could escape. Of course, she started struggling again...

"LET ME GO! LET ME GO! MALFOY LET ME GO!" She screamed, as she kicked and punched the air.

...Completely in vain. He ignored her, as he kept walking towards their cave. Once there, he told Slughorn to go fetch some food. Hearing his voice, her eyes still closed, Hermione cried out for his help. And even though Professor Slughorn felt deeply affected by the girl's cries, he couldn't do other than obey Draco's orders. So, whispering an 'I'm sorry, miss Granger', he finally went.

Hermione kept crying out for his help, still in disbelief that he had ignored her completely. She screamed his name, in vain. Slughorn had gone.

"Don't bother." Draco told her, once he was gone. "He won't listen to you. He will only obey my orders."

"What-"

"–He's under my control, Princess..."

Draco took his wand out of his pocket and cast a spell on the cave opening.

"...And so are you. Isolated in here, until I can be sure you will behave." He said, "Be grateful I haven't done the same as him to you."

"What have you done to him?" She asked, deadly serious.

Draco chuckled. She was so cute.

"Oh, curious, aren't we?" He chuckled again, this time softly, whispering words into her ears. His breath was warm. "Will you open your eyes and look at me if I tell you?"

"No."

"Oh really? Let's test. What if I told you he's under the Imperius Curse?"

She gasped. And yes, the impulse of opening her eyes was there, both noticed. But Hermione had to resist the temptation, and so her eyes were still shut. She wouldn't give him that pleasure. The pleasure of seeing the lot of her emotions reflected in her eyes. She wouldn't give in to him so easily. She wouldn't. She couldn't.

But still, Draco tried again.

"What if I told you I would set you under that curse and force you to be mine, hmm? What if I told you I'd order you to love me forever? What would you... No, rather what could you do about that, hmm?"

"You wouldn't."

"Certainly. I would not. Because, you know. You'll end up accepting your fate anyway. You'll end up opening your eyes and looking at me."

"Never."

"Princess—" He warned.

"—That's not my name." She whispered, her voice broken.

"Fine. Hermione." He said, this time, in a rather softer voice, "Look at me."

"I don't want to, Malfoy—"

"—That's not my name."

"It is."

"It's my last name. My name is Draco."

"Draco," She corrected herself, spitting out his name disgustingly, "I don't want to look at you. You're a murderer. You've killed Ron. You've killed my best friend. You've killed a part of me. You've killed—"

"—I've killed a nuisance that was hurting you."

Her eyes were starting to give in to Malfoy's dirty game. He was trying to manipulate her mind in order to make her see that Weasley wasn't doing her any good. Weasley wasn't her best friend — Not even a friend. Weasley was supposed to be her enemy.

"That's not true!" She exclaimed.

"Oh, now, isn't it? Wasn't it killing you from inside that he didn't love you back?"

"No..."

"Wasn't it destroying your heart to see him snogging Lavender instead of you?" He mocked, bitterly.

"Shut up... You're breaking me..."

Her eyes, her eyes, her eyes!

"I clearly remember we've had this little talk before. This little disagreement led to a little threat, didn't it?"

"YOU ENDED UP KILLING HIM!" She screamed, finally opening her eyes widely.

Her lachrymal sacs were red as fire. Her under eyelids were somewhat swollen and wet, still shedding thousands of tears. Her lashes were soaked. And her chocolate brown eyes were burning in anger. In fury, even. But they didn't shine. She was too sad, too unhappy. She had sunken into fear and anger; there wasn't a drip of happiness left within her. Not a single one.

Somehow, she managed jumping off his arms push him against the cave's wall hardly and punching his chest. He did nothing to stop her. If she wanted to be childish for a little while, so be it.

"YOU KILLED RON! YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND! YOU KILLED THE MAN I LOVED FOR FUCK'S SAKE AND YOU GOT AWAY WITH THAT—"

Wait, what?

'The man I loved?'

The man she loved? That was supposed to be him, not Redhead!

His hands clenched into angry fists, while Hermione kept punching him. That wasn't any kind of childish crap. She was telling him about her true feelings. She had loved Ron. She still loved him, he could tell. And even though it was a brave action to do, he didn't like it. He didn't appreciate it.

"—Enough."

But Hermione just didn't have enough. She was furious. She was enraged. So she kept on kicking and scratching his chest, calling him a murderer while she did so.

"ENOUGH OF WHAT, EXACTLY!? ENOUGH OF YOUR KILLINGS, ENOUGH OF YOUR OBSESSIONS!? I'D RATHER SAY IT IS ENOUGH OF YOUR STUPID TALES AND BLOOD LETTERS! ENOUGH OF YOUR PSYCHO EXTORTION, OF YOUR SICK PLANS TO HAVE ME—"

"I SAID ENOUGH!" He yelled, as he grabbed her wrists and turned them around. Now she was against the wall.

"I HATE YOU!"

"No. You do not." He darkly said. "*Imperio.*"

Draco Malfoy had had enough.

WOOOOOOHHOOOOOO! CHAPTER 21 FINALLY UUUUUUUP! :D hahah :D So, yeah, I really hope you liked it, annnnnnnnd yeah :)

Oh, plus, don't worry. Hermione won't be imperiused for too long. ;) I am mean, but not that mean. Besides, if I did, I would bring her out of character, and I'm not really planning to do that.

Favs and follows are highly appreciated! :D

And reviews tooooooooo! They make me as happy as hell! :DDDDDD

Thanks for reading, guys! You roooock! :D

Chapter 22: I know everything

GUYS GUYS GUYS GUYS GUYS GUYYYYYSSSSS! I'M FINALLY FREE FROM ALL MY EXAAAAAAAAMS! THIS MEANS, I'LL BE ABLE TO WRITE A LOT MORE! To celebrate, I've decided to make this chapter a bit longer than many others, 'cause, you know, you just rightly deserve it. Firstly, because it took me so fucking long to update (again, I know. I'm just to blame, haha), and secondly, because this chapter is just so filled with so many emotions, and it's just so fucking intense, I just COULDN'T part it up in two chapters. Therefore, I've only written a single scene for this one. Still, I really really really hope you guys like it

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR LOVELY REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS, KEEP THEM COMING, THEY'RE LOVEEEEE!

Enjoy your reading! :)

"Imperio" Draco cursed.

He dared. Draco Malfoy dared setting Hermione Granger under the Imperius Curse, even though he had told her he wouldn't. But only by mentioning Ron –the man she loved, – he seemed to just snap and lose control: So he cursed her. And with a gasp, Hermione's mind seemed to be gone. Her ideals and her opinion on things; everything just seemed to have become blank. Everything vanished, poof! It disappeared. Only her attention was directed to Draco and him only, and he had a very furious frown drawn on his face.

Deep inside her, Hermione was frightened. What was he going to order her?

"Ronald Weasley, the man you love?" He spat, "No, Princess. You don't love him. *You hate him.*"

Hermione was silent and stood still. She just didn't really know what to say or what to do, as he didn't concretely order around. She just knew his next words; no, his next orders would break her. Because she knew he wanted her to hate Ronald with her entire soul.

And, actually, ever since she woke up from the Hospital Wing, before being kidnapped, she had to admit: She had felt somewhat near despise towards Ron. Something... Something that was really close to hate. And she just didn't understand *why*. – Of course she didn't know she was now Draco's Horcrux, and that the part of his soul she carried had that kind of effect on her: Everything he loved, she loved. And everything he hated, she hated as well.

And very unfortunately for her, Draco hated Ron. And so she felt it, too: Hate towards Ron, her best friend.

Never before had she experienced such a bizarre emotion: So incredibly dark; so incredibly... awful. Hermione had pictured hate as something else. Something it caused anger, but not pain. Yet, whenever she thought about Ron, a part of her hurt badly: It stung right in the middle of her heart. It caused her lungs to pant heavily. It made her face frown and it made her eyes lose their bright shine. – A part of her mind screamed at her Ron had been a total douche, a complete idiot, not capable of doing any kind of things. Ron had been a blind bloke that had ignored her feelings right away. That evil part of her mind kept screaming at her that Ron ate like a pig, that he had no manners at all, and that he would never be a gentleman. He hadn't been any worth. In fact, Ronald Weasley had rather been a burden... And it was much better now that he was dead.

And every time this part of her mind would scream at her, she would fall apart and cry. Because she had never pictured hate as such a powerful and strong sensation. Hermione had never realized how much hate could hurt people. Of course, she had never realized, because she simply hadn't ever felt any hate before.

"Do you feel it, Princess? Do you? This growing hate. You feel what I feel, and I feel what you feel." Draco explained, as he noticed her growing panting, "Those are our Blood Letters. Our Prophecy. Our bonding. "

Obviously, Draco wouldn't be so dumb to tell Hermione she was his Horcrux, because if he did, she would do her best to try and kill herself. And considering his masterpiece was already breaking into thousands of tiny pieces, he wouldn't want to let such thing happen. So, as excuse for the Horcrux, he'd refer to their respective Blood Letters.

"I am yours. And *you are mine*." Draco stated, "Not Ronald Weasley's. He's dead. He will never come back. Besides, as I said, you don't love him. You hate him. You hate him as much as I do."

Every single word broke her more and more. She didn't want to hate him, but... *She did*. She felt the hate growing within her. And the worst part was... she couldn't make it stop.

Draco smirked evilly, as he looked deeply into her eyes; his gaze superior, controlling.

"Look at you. Held up against the wall of a cave, cursed under an Imperius. Waiting for me to keep ordering around." Draco took in a breath "I know you're impatient, Sweetness. In fact, I happen to know you're even *anxious*. So, do you want to listen what I have to say?"

Of course she didn't! No!

Hermione stood still. Seeing that, Draco leant into her ear and bit her earlobe, pulling softly.

"I remember having told you I'd punish you, Princess—" Draco huskily muttered. "—And the time of your punishment has arrived."

Hermione gulped. Hadn't the poison been enough?

"Firstly, I forbid you to react." Draco whispered dangerously.

"What do you mean by that?" She asked, somewhat curious.

Draco smirked.

"I mean you cannot cry. You cannot scream. You cannot throw yourself onto the floor and behave like a little baby. You cannot punch or kick me. Did I express myself clearly enough now, Princess? It is forbidden to you to show the slightest reaction or emotion. No surprise, no sadness, no anger, no hurt. You'll have to stay completely neutral." Draco explained in an evil tone of voice, "Am I clear?"

Hermione's head automatically nodded, even though she knew that staying neutral was never a good sign.

"Tremble for me sweetness."

Her jaw started to tremble. Her hands did as well.

Draco leant in, his nose brushing hers. The blonde leant further in and devoured her mouth with passion: He wet her soft lips with his expert tongue and then he French kissed her; he tongue-fucked her even. And he knew she liked it: She was kissing him back, but he still missed the moaning.

"Moan for me." He ordered huskily.

And so she did. Soft moans escaped her mouth, as she heard Draco moaning back and deepening the kiss.

He slowly pulled away and his lips drew an evil smile. Hermione's eyes opened widely: The punishment was there.

"I killed Harry Potter." Draco whispered.

His voice was full, round and really slow as he spoke, and Hermione noticed very well the fact he savored every single word he pronounced. That reflected the typical mind of a psychopath: 'Always kill, and never feel. Never forget, and never regret.'

Even though she desperately needed to show her emotions, her body wasn't cooperating with her: Her legs didn't tremble. Her hands didn't clench into angry, white fists. The muscles of her back weren't tensing up. Her lungs didn't pant, as her heart didn't race. She didn't gasp, nor frown; her lips didn't trace a fine line either. And her eyes, oh her beautiful, innocent eyes... they didn't become watery. — *It was forbidden.*

Draco looked down at her and was satisfied, and even somewhat amused; to see she wasn't

showing any emotions. Probably, it had killed her from inside. It had broken her into thousands of tiny pieces. But she had to be punished... because he was still very angry with her. And he had to let it all out.

"The Weasel and Potter are dead, Princess." Draco told her, "You can't love them, and they can't love you."

'Please... Just a tear.' She thought.

But emotions were forbidden. And so her eyes were dry.

"You can only love me."

She wanted her voice to sound broken; she wanted to be unable to pronounce a word. But...

"Are you done hurting me?" She asked.

...Neutral. Her voice was completely neutral, like she didn't care.

"No." Draco said. "Tell me you love me."

"I love you." It had been so automatic. It had been just simply empty. It hadn't meant a thing.

"No, not like this. You have to be more passionate." He demanded, "Say it again."

She had no choice. So she looked at him deeply in the eyes, briefly stared at his ajar lips and looked back at his greyish irises. She leant further in, caressed his lips with her own and finally said what he wanted to hear.

"I love you." She whispered.

"Good girl. And now, believe it." Draco whispered back, as he gave her little kisses, "Believe you love me."

What?

"I beg your pardon?"

"Love me." He simply repeated.

And again, her parted mind started yelling at her. Her reasonable side, even cursed, told her to tell him he was completely crazy, that there was absolutely no way she loved him. Yet her other side, the evil side, —Draco's side— not only told her to love the blonde, but also let her feel.

What he felt, she felt.

But, what was that? Her chest didn't feel warm. On the contrary, it felt actually cold. It was... freezing. She looked at him deeply in the eyes; her coffee irises completely surprised and somewhat questioning. He had just ordered her to love him, and so she should be feeling love, but... She felt emptiness.

"I... I can't." She suddenly said somewhat surprised.

Draco nodded, never breaking their eye contact.

"I know." He responded.

And then, the blonde chuckled. Hermione really couldn't tell if it was out of amusement or out of bitterness.

"What I feel, you feel. What you feel, I feel." He said softly in a tender whisper. "That's why, even though I tell you to love me, you won't be able to do so. Not until I learn how to love."

Those words shocked Hermione. Not until I learn how to love. Did that mean he was willing to truly learn? That would mean change. And Hermione Granger knew it was really difficult to change a psycho murderer. Not only because of the fact that she wasn't her real self whenever she was around him, in a certain way; but also, because society was afraid of him. And it would take months and years until society barely started to feel comfortable with his presence, and so, it would take months and years until Draco felt comfortable with himself. And once he got to feel comfortable and thus feeling confident; he would be able to love. But the main question arose...

How much time would it take?

Hermione shook her head inside her mind. She didn't know. She couldn't know. And the proof was right there: From a second to another, Draco could transform himself from a dangerous psychopath to a very sensitive person. The probability it actually took an entire lifetime for him to change was as probable as he changed right the day after. So, no. She didn't know. She just couldn't know.

She didn't even realize, and Draco had lifted the curse; it had been a way too soft Finite Incantatem. And suddenly, there were so many emotions flowing out of her eyes, soaking her cheeks in salty tears. Hermione had never felt so damn much at once: On one of so many sides, she felt devastated because of what Draco had told her about Harry. Was he truly dead? The Boy-Who-Lived, dead? She just couldn't believe it. On another side, she felt anger and hate towards Draco. On another one, she felt compassion for him. She actually pitied him. And at the same time, she knew she didn't want to, but she just couldn't stop herself from doing so. – On other sides, she felt Ron's death present. It was there, at a corner of her heart, somehow laughing at her. She heard a slimy voice: 'You knew, you knew! And you didn't do anything!' – The voice of guilt. The voice of remorse. The voice of self-pitying. – Her unknowing parents accompanied her as well; she could still see their empty eyes. And even though the last word she said was 'Obliviate', she could perfectly picture her own parents looking at her as if she was a complete stranger and asking: 'Who are you?'

Guilt overwhelmed her. It all happened because she was a Mudblood. And because she was a Mudblood, she had been forced to do things she didn't want to do. And it was so unfair. It was so unfair many others still had their parents. It was so unfair her best friends died. It was so unfair a pureblood was so obsessed with her.

Her blood started to boil; she felt how the guilt transformed itself into anger; and a very powerful one at that. And so she let out a furious scream; a scream that gave her away as an animal, and finally pushed Draco with such force, he fell onto the floor. With a rapid move, –she didn't really know how she got to it–, she took Draco's wand, got on top of him so he couldn't move, and

pointed at him.

Her lachrymal sacs were as red as fire, fiercely contrasting with the shining brown of her now sparkling irises. Hermione let out another ferocious scream, as she cast a spell on him.

The resonance of the cave cast the curse repeatedly.

Crucio!

His groans were loud, she noticed. But it wasn't enough. She felt like he had to pay. To pay the prize for the unfairness towards her. – Her parents, his obsession, Ron and Harry's deaths. Her muddy and filthy blood.

"YOU COMPLETE IDIOT!" She yelled, furiously, "I SWEAR TO GOD, I'M GOING TO HURT YOU SO BADLY YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE!"

And even though he was being cursed, and even though all his muscles tensed up and all his bones felt like breaking, Draco dared smirk and mystically laugh. Painfully, yes. But still. He stirred that smirk she hated so badly. Because of that, Hermione's fury kept rising and rising, it didn't look like it would ever end.

"WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT!? WHY THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING, MALFOY!?" Hermione shouted, while she wondered when had been the last time she went so angry. "AND I HOPE YOU GIVE ME A PROPER ANSWER IF YOU REALLY HAVE THE PAIR OF BALLS TO BE LAUGHING WHILE I'M HEXING YOU WITH AN UNFORGIVABLE!"

And painfully, very painfully; his smirk still drawn on his face:

"I won't be able to remember who the Dark Lord is... If I don't even know who I am."

"What are you on about!"

His expression filled with incredible pain crossed Draco's face.

"Lift up the curse and I'll tell you, Princess," He managed to say, grieving his teeth, "Now."

That 'now' had rather sounded like a 'please'. But of course, Draco Malfoy did not beg. And even though he was obsessed with her, even though he wanted to learn to love with her help, he would never beg to a mudblood. Not even to his mudblood.

Because he was Draco Malfoy: *A pureblood.*

Skeptically, Hermione lifted up the curse and looked down at him: His eyelids were closed, and he was breathing heavily. His lips were ajar and a little wet; his forehead was covered with cold sweat, probably like the rest of his entire body.

Normally, Hermione would have felt bad for having done such thing. She would never forgive herself for such an act. Yet again, she couldn't help it: He did deserve it. – It didn't cause her any kind of satisfaction, though. Any feeling at all. She just stood there, watching him.

A couple of minutes passed by, and Malfoy seemed to be getting better. As he tried to get up,

Hermione pointed at him with the wand.

"Don't. Even. Think about it." She said, glaring at him.

"Whoa. Easy there, Princess. You can hurt me again with that wand. Wouldn't want to let that happen, would you?"

"Shut up." Hermione dryly answered, her hand still pointing at him, "You tell me what you were blabbering about just a couple of moments ago, Malfoy."

"It's Draco, Princess."

"No, for God's sake, it's not! I'd call you 'Draco' if you were a friend of mine, but you are not! You killed my two best friends, Ron and Harry; "She said, remarkably pronouncing their names, "kidnapped me, set me under the Imperius Curse, and fucking tried to manipulate my feelings! So, forgive me for not calling you by your first name, Malfoy, but I think I actually do have my reasons for mistrusting you!"

"Such a speech for something so insignificant." Draco muttered under his breath, "Fine, Sweetness. But then you don't get to say a word when I call you names. – And with names, I mean any kind of names."

"That's fine with me, *Malfoy*." Hermione spat.

"Alright then, *mudblood*."

Hermione just rolled her eyes at him, letting him know she didn't care. And she knew she wouldn't care for a certain period of time, but she also knew it would end up hurting: Not because of the fact that her parents were muggle, but because, for now, it felt like not having any parents at all. And by being called a mudblood, she remembered her parents. She remembered how fucking much she was missing them.

But of course, she wouldn't show. Not just right then, at least.

"Spit it out already: what were you on about just fifteen minutes ago?"

"Oh, I don't know. What was I on about?" He teased.

"You said you wouldn't remember who the Dark Lord was if you didn't remember yourself."

"Ah! So that was what I was on about."

"MALFOY!"

"Yes, my little mudblood?"

"Will you just stop playing games and tell me about that matter!? It could be of real help in order to defeat him!"

"And, what, exactly, it's in for me?"

Hermione looked at him weirdly, just as if he was totally dumb.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe peace in the magical world?" The irony in her voice was quite remarkable.

"Oh, just look at you, you're so cute!" Draco mocked her, "Seriously, do you honestly think that the magical world will regain its peace and quiet once that bastard is gone? Do you really believe in that?"

She couldn't help but gasp, as she had to admit she was surprised: She hadn't thought of it from that point of view...

Draco stirred a laugh –way too sexy for his own good–, as he started to incorporate, noticing Hermione had taken off her guard. She was sunk deeply in thought, and it was the perfect chance for him to regain a bit of control.

"Now, Princess. Think. Voldemort might be gone by then – If we get to defeat him, that is. But in the case it happens, you still have to know that his followers won't disappear just like that. – Most of them will hide themselves in their own houses, waiting for a new leader who tells them to wait for a proper moment to attack again. It is a circle, love. It will never end."

The blonde was hugging her from behind, as he was talking into her neck, spreading his warm breath all over her delicate skin. Hermione listened to every word he said, but she couldn't really focus on her own thoughts. – She just knew something, she needed...

"...More..." Hermione almost moaned.

"More?"

"More."

And there was that purred, sexy laugh again.

"Returning to your main question, I can tell you the answer. But I'll tell you a thing: There's a part you don't and a part you already know." He stated, "If I don't remember myself, I won't be able to remember the Dark Lord, and so, I won't be able to remember my close contact to him."

"Close contact?"

"Precisely. Sweetness, don't deny it. You know I am a Death Eater. You've known from the very beginning. Come on, say it. Don't lie."

"I knew that you–"

"Hush, I don't need any other words." Draco interrupted her, "Now, here comes the part you probably won't know. As a very talented Death Eater, the Dark Lord picked me to be his heir. As a consequence, I got to spend more time with him: He trained me, he told me the darkest secrets of magic..."

"Darkest secrets..."

"Yes. And, to those darkest secrets, there was a particular interesting one. The one that got me so obsessed with you."

Hermione had goose bumps, as her heart started to beat rapidly and her breathing become heavy.

"Tell me, my adorable, little Mudblood..." He whispered, "Have you ever heard of the word 'Horcrux'?"

And right then. Right then she knew what he had been on about. Herpo the Fool. His Blood Letter. The fastest way of killing Lord Voldemort, aka Tom Riddle.

Slowly pulling away from his hug, Hermione turned around to face him, in order to clear her suspicions: He was smirking, thus clearly showing he perfectly knew about the whereabouts of Herpo the Fool's Blood Letter.

Hermione's coffee irises widened widely open; her jaw slightly dropped.

"You..."

"Exactly, Princess. You guessed well." He darkly whispered; his greyish eyes shining with somewhat evilness, "I know. I know *everything*."

OMG. OMG. OMG! I TOLD YOU THE THING JUST GOT SO FUCKING INTENSE! WHAT WILL DRACO DO? AND WHAT ABOUT HERMIONE!? WHAT HAPPENED TO SLUGHORN? HOW'S HARRY DOING WITH SNAPE!? OMG, THIS CHAPTER JUST GAVE ME LOADS OF IDEAS, GUYS! LOADS, LOADS, AND LOADS! OF IDEAS!

REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE JUST FUCKING LOVELY, PEOPLEEEEE! THEY REALLY MAKE MY DAY AND THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, GUYS! YOU ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOCK!

See you on next chappie! :) x

Byeeee! :)

Chapter 23: Thankful

WARNING, PEOPLE. THIS IS GOING TO BE SMUTTY. EXTREMELY SMUTTY. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, DON'T READ IT!

I know you had to wait eternities AGAIN for an update, and I'm so sorryyyyy! T_T I'll make it up to you and I'll be writing a longer chappie, with loads of adventures, with new situations and revealing of secrets!, just for you :) OMG, HOW COOOOOOL! Ahahahhaha, sorry, just kidding :D

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR LOVELY REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS! KEEP THEM COMING, PLEASE! THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLL! :D

So, yeah :) I'm really happy you all liked the last chapter :) So, here's your reward! :D

Enjoy your reading! :)

Just as he had been told, Horace Slughorn went out in order to fetch some food. It had been an entire night and half a day, and the three of them, Draco, Hermione and himself were starting to get hungry.

He wasn't an expert in finding food in the forest, but maybe, just maybe, if he searched well enough he probably got a tiny thing. He didn't exactly care what he got; everything he cared about was fetching any kind of food. It could be any animal –which would be more than perfect–, but it also could be some rare sort of plant, which was eatable. As said, he didn't really care what it was, but he had to find something. And he had to find it soon.

It had been two hours from then, and still he hadn't found a thing. He wasn't getting any desperate, rather, he was starting to become grumpy and impatient. It was a goddamned forest, there had to be something; anything! Unfortunately, that part of the forest was just so... dead. As if a huge fire had burnt everything.

Slughorn sighed. Maybe it hadn't been a fire; most probably it had been Death Eaters cursing the forest with darkest magic so they could train properly for the magical War.

And speaking of such...

"Oi, yo, you old man!" A rough voice called from behind him, "What are you doing here so alone and unprotected?"

The professor turned around and saw a person, clothed with a dark, ripped and dirty cloak. Also, he was wearing a mask. – The exact typical clothing of a Death Eater.

Horace frowned, as he turned all around himself once more and saw he was surrounded by a bunch of Death Eaters. – Cursed or not, Horace Slughorn was still a master of magic, and he was not afraid of cursing them, thus injuring them badly if necessary. And so, with a rapid hand movement, the ancient master took out his wand and pointed at the sky.

"Don't force me to do something I don't want to, gentlemen." Horace threatened.

Of course, –completely unknown of the fact he had been The Dark Lord's Teacher, and only judging him by his advanced age–, all of the Death Eaters looked at him briefly and started to ruthlessly laugh at him. One of them laughed so hard, he had tears in his eyes and was holding his stomach.

"Oh, dear God, this is so priceless! All right, old man. Show us what you got." The Death Eater said, as he stepped toward him.

"I warn you, I won't hesitate!"

Horace's voice kind of trembled. Not out of fear of hurting them, of course. They could root in hell for all he cared. Rather, because he knew he was scared of his own power. – Yes. Horace

Slughorn had been Tom Riddle's master for a very long time, unknowing of the fact he was indeed creating a serial murderer, a killer— A horrendous monster. Taking that fact into consideration, one could say that Lord Voldemort wasn't as powerful as Horace Slughorn was.

And that was why Horace's voice was trembling: He was powerful. Too powerful for his own good.

Of course, the Death Eaters kept on mocking him. Sayings like: 'You killin' me!' or 'Tha' ol' man sure got big balls!' were to be heard. And the ancient professor didn't like it. Not a bit. — Not as if the Death Eaters cared, anyway.

"Oh, are you sure?"

Just one more step towards Horace made it. Just a single one. The Death Eater clearly was a threat to him, a threat he could easily face. As already stated, the old professor was not afraid of any of them. But he had felt rather provoked, and really laughed at — Maybe he was a keen, tolerating man. But that had been it. And so with a frown, Horace screamed the curse.

"FERA AER!"

And quickly, very quickly, a very powerful whirlwind —very similar to the masterful typhoon Draco Malfoy had cursed himself in order to kill Ronald Weasley—, came out of the tip of Horace's wand.

All of the Death Eater's jaws fell open, so that all their faces had drawn rather surprised and fearful looks: The hurricane certainly was attacking them, in order to fulfill Slughorn's wishes. Attack the Death Eaters, banish them from where they were.

Voldemort's followers started to disappear. — Ones were taken away by death, the others simply by the wind. But once the storm had gone, Horace Slughorn found himself to be alone once again.

Or at least, that was what he had thought. Very quiet from behind, the Death Eater that had first seen him had quietly crawled towards him. The whirlwind had knocked and hurt him, no doubt, but it hadn't knocked him fully out. Meaning, he was still fit enough to be conscious for, at least he thought, one more hour.

A harsh hand move was more than enough to cast a spell.

"STUPEFY!"

And because luck seemed to be on the Dark Side lately, the curse hit Slughorn's back, making him fall onto the floor. Seeing that, the Death Eater stood up from the floor and lead his steps to him, knelt down, put a hand on his shoulder and smirked.

"The Dark Lord's going to be pleased with this old man... Such a temper and such a mastery of magic..." he said to himself. And so he closed his eyes and focused. "Malfoy Manor!"

And with that, a very unconscious Horace Slughorn was officially kidnapped.

Harry was running down the stairs that lead to the Dungeons, and so, also to Snape's office. Of course he could believe Malfoy had had the actual nerve to kidnap Hermione, seeing how fucking obsessed he was with her, and seeing he'd gone so fucking far to kill Ron in order to have her. Seeing he had actually gone so far that he made a Horcrux out of her so they were literally bonded together for all eternity. Clearly he had a nerve to do such thing, but Harry just wondered why he hadn't done so before. The Boy Who Lived simply shook his head. He didn't understand, yet at the same time, he just thought it didn't really matter: Hermione had already been kidnapped, and the fact of wondering why sooner or later wouldn't bring her back.

Finally standing in front of Snape's office door, Harry hurried to knock harshly and quickly, screaming out loud for Snape to open up. As Snape finally got a grip on the door's knot, Harry stormed into the office and sat down on a chair, not even waiting up for his breath to be normal again; and told Snape about what Padma had told him: Hermione had been kidnapped. And they had to find her.

"What I don't understand is why Professor Slughorn has helped him kidnapping her!" He burst out, "I mean, I knew Malfoy would be capable of doing such a horrible thing, but Professor Slughorn? If I didn't know any better, I'd say he's been set under the Imperius Curse."

Professor Snape tensed up at the mention of Slughorn being cursed. Indeed he had been cursed. He himself had done that, after being blackmailed by Draco Malfoy. How did he put it? Ah, yes: If the blonde died, he would die as well. And as the selfish rat he was, he wouldn't allow losing his life. Not like that, at least. He had a deal; two in fact. – Firstly, he had to kill Dumbledore that night. And secondly, he would keep his promise to his Lily: he would try and restore their friendship by dying. As she had told him, he now had the chance of becoming a better person in a brand new life: His afterlife. And so he would have the chance to resume their friendship, left behind years and years ago.

Harry, already with a perfectly calm breathing, saw his obvious tensing and eyed him skeptically.

"Professor." He called out.

Trying his best to control his emotions and his thoughts, Severus looked at him.

"Yes, Mr. Potter? Has your brilliant mind already made up a plan to how to rescue Miss Granger?" He asked, using his usual tone and also, trying to mock him to make him lost focus.

Harry ignored his mocking voice and stood up from the chair, in order to come closer to him and face him. He was going to look deeply into his dark eyes and make him tell the truth.

"Have you got anything to say?" Harry asked accusingly, "Rather, to confess?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Potter?" He asked back, facing him with raised eyebrows, and an uncaring facial expression.

The boy with the emerald eyes frowned and glared at the professor, as he repeated his question:

"Have you got anything to confess?" He spoke slowly, attacking, as if he already had already figured out Snape had something to do with all that.

"I certainly don't know what you're going on about, Mr. Potter."

Harry's glare intensified as he looked at Snape.

"Your eyes are shining."

Snape frowned. What had one thing to do with another?

"Pardon me?"

"Your eyes" Harry repeated, as he felt how his patience was quickly vanishing, "are shining. Do you know what that means, Professor?"

"How am I supposed to understand a thing which is completely out of the content?"

Harry ignored his comment again.

"It means you're lying." Harry accused, "Not about Hermione, but about Professor Slughorn. You know what's up with him, don't you!"

Severus tried his best to hide. He was right. He knew. He knew perfectly what was going on with Slughorn. And even though he was hiding extremely well and being a master of his own control, Severus Snape felt cold drops of sweat running down his back.

"Clearly, your unceasing accusations have come to the extreme of being ridiculous, Mr. Potter. I do not have anything to do with Professor Slughorn, unless it has to do with our respective schedules. Referring to your accusation, –which, let me stress, is awfully ridiculous–, it is to say that if I got to know what happened to professor Slughorn, I would have had spent more time with him. Otherwise, Dumbledore would have made sure all of the staff knew. And considering I wasn't present at the time–"

"–You were at Malfoy Manor, Professor." He rudely interrupted, "What exactly were you doing there?"

And right there, Snape made a terrible mistake. – All arrogance had its price.

"Even though it is absolutely none of your business, I'll clarify, so the mighty Boy-Who-Lived can finally admit he's wrong, like so many times. "He added with bitterness, "I happen to be related to the Malfoy family, Mr. Potter."

Harry finally got his perfect chance.

"Oh, so you are related to them. Interesting. Then you will surely know what is going on in there."

Snape was starting to become visibly nervous, as he saw Potter was playing all his cards to win that game. And damn, it was actually working.

"Again, Mr. Potter, I don't know what you're on about."

Harry's patience vanished completely. That Professor was being really tough with him, and he didn't like it. He didn't like it one bit. Firstly, because he was treating him as if he was a complete ignorant child, and secondly, because Hermione was out there, somewhere, and all Snape was doing was wasting precious time!

"DON'T YOU LIE, PROFESSOR!" he yelled, "You know as well as I do that a bunch of Death Eaters and Voldemort himself are currently staying at Malfoy's! And to your following question: 'How would you know?'. Well, let me tell you, and listen up closely because I'm only saying this once: I already told you I was killed by Draco Malfoy himself at his own dungeons. And I told you I was able to come back to life since I was a Horcrux! But since none of us both knew that before he killed me, Malfoy told me everything that had been going on in his Manor."

Severus wanted to interrupt him, he wanted to say something so he could keep himself together: Potter's accusations were quite affecting him, and if he didn't stop him from his talking, he was certain he would lose control. And it would be soon.

The professor opened his mouth to say something, but Harry was faster than him.

"My information's source –Draco Malfoy, mind you – couldn't be any more reliable than that, so get in that thick head of yours that the house is filled with Death Eaters and that you were there when you saved me. You had been in the same house as Voldemort and were not harmed. You! A teacher at Hogwarts! A member of the... Bright... Side?" Harry spoke slower as he realized. "Wait a minute, what!?"

And right there Severus started to show clear signs of losing his control: His jaw started to slightly tremble, and his hands were soaked with sweat.

"You are a Death Eater, and at the same time, a teacher at Hogwarts. Which means... you are a spy." Harry accused, his eyes shining with fury.

Snape swallowed so hard it hurt. He could not deny that.

Harry's breathing was becoming heavy again. He was finding out so incredibly much at once; it was way too much to handle. He looked at him once more, tears started to form in his eyes.

His voice was terribly calm when he spoke.

"You have been helping Malfoy, haven't you?" Harry dangerously muttered. "You have helped him get to Slughorn. You have helped him kill Ron. And you have helped him get Hermione to himself."

"No, I—"

"—You fucking *nothing*."

"You don't understand—"

"—I think I understand very fucking well, thank you very much!" Harry yelled, "Do you *actually* know what Draco Malfoy is capable of doing!? For fuck's sake, he's able to kill Voldemort if he wants to, and he's planning on doing so!"

"He will fail—"

"—He will not!" He yelled, this time exploding in bitter, angry tears, "He will not. It's impossible."

"How would you know?"

Harry shot Snape a mortal death glare. His eyes reminded Severus of those of Lily when she broke their friendship. It hurt. Badly.

"Do you really think I'd lower myself so fucking down so I could tell you?" He spat furiously, "Well, I shall think not. Not after knowing you've been a fucking spy all these years and have told Voldemort where I was or with whom. So, that was your fucking plan, huh? 'Destroy his friends first, and when he's alone, we'll kill him. It'll be easy enough.'"

"No—"

"—You disgust me." He spat once more, while he felt more and more tears running down his cheeks, "I really wonder why Dumbledore has even... Wait. Dumbledore?"

Harry sat back down on the chair and looked at him, his eyes shining from his salty, crystal tears. Dumbledore.

"Does he know?" The Boy Who Lived wanted to know.

Now that Potter had found out so much at once, lies and faking dumbness just didn't make any more sense to Snape. So, with a sigh, the professor rubbed his forehead for a minute and took a seat in front of Harry so he could face him.

"He knows everything." He confessed. "I'll tell you everything I know if you let me. This means, don't interrupt."

Harry just nodded and kept quiet, not really being able to say a single thing. Everything was happening fast. Too fast.

And so, Snape told him his very story from the very beginning, from Dumbledore to Voldemort, his twisted part in both sides; not leaving aside the part in which Draco Malfoy came into his life and practically ruined it.

And then, *slowly, very slowly*, everything started to finally make sense.

While being held in Malfoy's arms, Hermione's lips traced a fine line. He knew as much as she did, if not more. He didn't just know that the Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter was hidden at his own manor, but he also knew the exact room; the exact spot. He knew what to rip the paper with in order to kill Voldemort, and she didn't. And goddammit, she had always hated it when someone knew better than her.

The arrogant smirk on his face only made her even more aggressive than she already was. It just looked so mocking, so damn superior. — Superior, that was the word. That superior smirk his lips always drew whenever he reminded her of her place. Her mudblood place. And she would never admit it hurt, even though it did.

Suddenly, Malfoy leant in and started to kiss her neck, sucking on her delicate skin, leaving a hickey in there. She felt his tongue licking the sensitive spot on her neck, making her slightly shiver. And against her soft skin, she felt his smirk.

Hermione jerked away as she could, and Malfoy let her. His smirk hadn't left his aristocratic facial features. In fact, it had grown wider, and was now accompanied by two shining eyes that somehow, were seducing her. Their powerful grey seemed to be melting into silvery mercury.

Her focus was now centered on Malfoy. She noticed; his body wasn't standing in a rigid position; he seemed to be rather relaxed. His legs seemed to be holding the weight of his body with lightness; it was as if he was floating while lightly holding the weight of his chest: It was moving calmly, in a slow rhythm, marking the way his lungs inhaled and exhaled. From his calm shoulders hung his arms, which were softly rocking his hands, slightly closed. As she focused on his face, she noticed his superior smirk had disappeared: His lips were now ajar, just as appealing as his eyes were: his eyebrows totally relaxed, his eyelids slightly closed, and his eyes seductively shining.

He. Was. Fucking. Handsome.

"Come." His manly voice called after her, softly.

She didn't hesitate – She was hypnotized. Hermione let him pull her into a hug, as he leant in again, their lips brushing.

"Surely got precious pieces of information from Herpo the Foul's diary, hm, Princess?" He almost purred, in a sexy voice, "What would you say if I told you I knew even *more*?"

His lips captured hers in a hungry kiss, sliding his tongue into her sweetest mouth and sucking on her tongue. Their lips were dancing against each other's mouths, thus leading to a very pleasurable, warm sensation. He could hear her moan, and so could she.

His Horcrux pulled away for a second.

"Tell me more..."

"More?" He teased.

"More." She moaned.

Malfoy stirred a sexy laugh, just as he had done so many times already. He brushed his nose against hers, as he spread his warm breath against her mouth. His strong arms were holding her, and so they felt how she was slowly melting into his hug. – That was good. Did that mean she was starting to give in?

He kissed her only once before speaking again.

"Beg, and I'll tell you more." His voice was husky, manly. And that kept her within her hypnosis.

"Please..." She moaned again, *"Draco, please... more..."*

Now it was him that felt her warm breath on his mouth. And it was so captivating. So deliciously warm and somewhat wet. Draco liked it; no, he found himself loving it.

"That's a good girl, Princess. Now, here's your reward." He whispered, "When I was a little child, I used to go down to the Dungeons and play. One day, I found a kind of chamber down there and I opened it. There was a Letter, written with blood. There were two names: Herpo the Foul and Tom Marvolo Riddle."

Hermione gasped.

"Voldemort."

"Exactly, Princess." He said, "Because I've always been surrounded by magic, it is needless to say that I didn't dare touch that Blood Letter, for fear it could hurt me. But with time, I've learned there is a way to touch it, to hold it and of course, to destroy it."

Hermione's eyes widened.

"How?"

"Oh, so you'd like to know, hm?"

"Yes." Her mind was lost, she didn't know where, but it was.

"Unbutton my shirt and kiss my chest, and then I'll tell you, Princess. Allow yourself a bit of pleasure." He lightly groaned into her ear, "You know you want it. You know you need it."

Had he put her under a spell? Hermione didn't know, as she hadn't seen him use his wand, his wandless magic even. But somehow – Somehow she found herself unable to disobey... Somehow she found herself liking, wanting, no, even needing it. And so she did as she was told. Passionate and sensual, such as a little kitten in season; Hermione even traced a line of kisses down his neck, while her petite hands slowly, teasingly unbuttoned his shirt.

Draco moaned, as his eyes closed, fully enjoying the pleasure of Hermione's kisses. The blonde finally felt the cold air directly attach his bare skin, and her sweetest lips making it warm again. – He looked down at her: It was difficult; rather very uncomfortable for her to stand in such position, so he decided to make it easier for both: he picked her up, as he lay himself down onto the floor, with her atop. Before she could continue, he stole a pair of kisses from her delicious lips, fisted some curls in his hand and so he led her to his chest again, making sure all of her saliva marked his naked, pale skin.

A little voice in the back of her head screamed at her that what she was doing was wrong, terribly wrong, and that she should stop at once. Kissing the enemy, a psychopath; was not right. He was merely tricking her into having sex –or at least, for what it was now, just make out– so she could have valorous pieces of information on the general Horcrux in exchange.

But Hermione couldn't stop. She tried, she did. But she just couldn't. She needed to let out her anger, even if the way she was doing it wasn't exactly how she wanted it to happen. She had expected herself to punch him, to curse him, to despise him. But not... kiss him. Caress his chest. Actually, that was the last thing she wanted to do. Yet at the same time she wanted it so much...

"Oh, Princess..."

Malfoy moaned again, as he felt Hermione lick and bite his nipples. And just after that, he regretted it: The witch had stopped all of a sudden; his voice had reminded her she wanted information. He groaned out in frustration, as he saw the demanding look in her eyes.

The Gryffindor Princess repeated her question.

"How?" Her tone of voice was now impatient, somewhat grumpy.

Malfoy's smirk returned to his face.

"It's so hot when you get all bossy-" "–

Malfoy..."

"Alright, alright! But it's kind of simple, really. Now, think, Princess. Other than using their own bloods to write their names, what would both dark wizards need in order to even write?"

"A feather."

"And there you just stated the obvious, Princess." He exclaimed, "In order to touch the Blood Letter, you have to hold the feather in your hand."

Hermione frowned.

"But... Where do I find it?"

"What if I told you..." He sensually whispered, as he pulled her in for a hungry, hot kiss, "...I had it?"

Her golden eyes popped widely open in complete shock.

"What?"

"I have the feather. I have the power to destroy Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter."

"How do you destroy it?"

And again, his sexy purr, whispered into her ear just as if it was a soft caress that turned her on.

"D'you want to know, my sweet?" he taunted, "D'you really want to know?"

And again, his eyes, appealing for lust got her hypnotized once more.

"Yes... I... I want..."

Draco rolled them over, so he was on top of her, and attached the fine skin of her collarbone, nastily biting.

"More? Is that what you want?" He breathed into her skin.

Hermione didn't reply, as her focus was completely lost, due Malfoy giving a sonorous suck on the juncture of her neck and shoulder, while his hands had gotten rid of her jumper and shirt.

"You know you want more... I know you want more." He moaned, as his hand massaged one of her breasts, still covered by her bra, "You need more. You crave yourself for my touch. You want me to touch you. You want more pleasure. Always more."

The evil Slytherin was brainwashing her, no doubt. And his hoarse, rasping voice almost got her to give in. – She didn't fight him when she felt his hands undoing her bra, exposing her breasts to him. She didn't fight him when she felt his mouth covering her pink nipples; she actually liked it. She had found herself moaning.

"You want more, Kitten. Say it." He commanded, giving a hard suck on her nipple.

"More!"

He squeezed one breast and bit her again, harder this time. "Louder!"

"MORE!" She screamed out.

Hermione's vision was so blurry, and her mind couldn't think straight. Even though she hated Draco Malfoy with her entire soul, she had to admit, he had the skills of a perfect lover. – He made her moan, he made her pant heavily, and he made her feel lust. A powerful lust she'd never felt before. Not even when she touched herself, back at her lonely moments. Her oh-so-lonely nights.

Yes, as virginal as Hermione Granger claimed to be, she also had her needs. Her desires. – The desire of a man touching her, giving her pleasure. And yes, she had pictured Ron every time she would touch herself; even knowing it would never come to it. Ron had been in a relationship with Lavender, and had seen her as a mere sister.

Almost every night, Hermione touched herself. Almost every night, she felt the anger and the frustration escape her through her pussy, causing her to feel overwhelming waves of pleasure. And always, after having come to her delicious sexual delirium, she would imagine how it was to have any man –preferably Ron– touch her.

And there it was. Draco Malfoy, he who had been a complete bully, a murderer, a fucking psychopath – he was touching her. Her, out of all people. A mudblood. Certainly she would have never dreamt of the day Draco Malfoy would even come near her. And there he was. On top of her, feeding from her breasts. And yes, she still hated him. She still despised him. She still thought of him as despicable. But his hands were so mastering... And it felt so good. – So incredibly wrong, yet so incredibly good at the same time...

Hermione felt his hand wander down her belly, making a brief stop on her belly button, gently tracing ticklish circles around it, somehow managing to make her giggle like a little girl.

Draco thought that was so cute. He thought she was cute. – No. He thought she was beautiful, extremely beautiful. Just as he had imagined, ever since he got so obsessed with her: Angelical face, and the body of a fucking goddess. And there she lay, under him, half exposed. And it was

all for him.

His hand pulled off her skirt, as it started to have its way with her panties. Slowly, teasingly, playfully even, the hand was starting to slide them down her beautifully shaped legs.

Finally, she was lying in front of him, fully naked. Most importantly, she was willing. There had been no forcing, only the dirty game of seduction. And she was seduced. She was so terribly seduced she was letting him touch her. Because she wanted it. She wanted it so badly.

"You're naked, Princess." He pointed out sensually.

She looked at him questioningly, as she raised an eyebrow. He cupped a hand on her jaw and caressed her cheek with his thumb, being incredibly gentle with a sexy touch. He hummed.

"It's your turn to fully undress me."

Hypnotized as she was, with only the thought of sex on her mind, Hermione's hands wandered down his abdomen, caressing his godly six pack, and finally coming to their destination: Malfoy's belt. She undid the piece of clothing effortlessly, and now she had to unzip his trousers.

Once more, Draco rolled them over, so that she was on top of him again. Like this it would be clearly easier for her to unzip his trousers, take them off, –accompanied by his pants– and take his member in her little hands. And if his dirty talk, which he would be certainly using on her while she stroked his cock, worked, Draco was certain that Hermione Granger, also known as the virginal Gryffindor Princess, would be giving him a blowjob.

Slowly, dreadfully slowly, Hermione slid Draco's trousers down his legs. He kicked them off with his feet and so she could focus on his pants.

The voice that had been shouting at her how extremely wrong it was to be about to have sex with the enemy had apparently disappeared. Certainly, it would reappear once she had officially slept with him. She would blame herself; that she knew. But, at that moment, she felt curious. Curious and oh, so fucking horny. She wanted a man to seduce her, to touch her everywhere. Fuck, she needed a man to fuck her. She needed a man to fuck with. And she knew Draco Malfoy was more than willing to do so.

She decided to tease before she took care of taking his pants off: She caressed Draco's cock still covered by his underwear; she put slight pressure on it, making him moan loudly. – For once, Hermione felt like she had power over him: Whenever she didn't feel like pleasuring him anymore, she could just simply stop touching him. Not that she would, considering how horny she was feeling right then. But just the thought of being able to punish him sexually turned her on. Maybe she would give it a go...

Draco's hands were now on her head, his fingers playing with her curls. His eyes were looking down at her, silently demanding her to finally pull off his pants. She looked back at him –a terrible mistake, for she felt even more hypnotized than before, more seduced, more attracted to him– and understood his order. She got rid of his pants, took his member in her hand and started stroking. Gently at first, but she increased the speed of her strokes with every passing second.

Fuck, he was so hard. So *fucking* hard. And so fucking big, too.

His moans were so loud, they echoed all around the cave. His eyes were closed, thus trying to focus on his own breathing, so he could last much longer.

"Fuck Princess..." He moaned, almost desperately, "Keep going. Stroke your daddy's fucking cock!"

His voice. His voice was so manly, and his tongue so dirty. She found herself loving it. His nasty talk, it turned her on. She couldn't help it but submit to his wishes. He wanted her to stroke him. And she wanted to do so. She wanted to drive him crazy with pleasure.

"Suck my cock, baby." He commanded, "Suck my fucking cock with that little sweet mouth of yours."

Hermione licked her lips. Her tiny hands started to toy with his testicles, as her tongue gave a long lick all along Malfoy's dick. Once her tongue felt the head, somewhat dark and pulsing, it started to lick all around it, making it wet. Her lips would suck on it every now and then, while her hands took care of the rest of his manhood.

Draco moaned, and groaned, and kept on talking dirty to her, turning her on. Always looking deeply in her golden eyes, keeping her hypnotized, seduced. Forcing her mind to be all blurry, unable to keep any coherent thought. – Of course he knew she wouldn't have come so far to suck his dick if it hadn't been for his haunting and hungry eyes. He had learned to do magic with them. He had learned to hypnotize, making the victim surrender to his wishes. Just like then. He didn't feel like waiting any more to take her; he had waited for way too long already. He had had loads of patience. And it was to be said that Draco Malfoy was not known for being a patient man.

He felt her mouth sucking his entire manhood. It felt so warm, so wet, so tight. He felt the urge to hold her head against him and make her gag, and so he did. His eyes closed, his head lifted back, and his hands holding her still. His lips ajar, letting moans and heavy breaths. His tongue was still as nasty as before, swearing every time he felt her tongue licking his cock.

"Fuck!" He swore. He heard Hermione gag, "Hold still baby, just a bit more... God, fuck, yes!"

Once he felt a rush of pleasure giving him gooseflesh, Draco basically screamed and let Hermione pull away from his cock. Hungrily, he picked her up, kissed her mouth roughly, making them both moan; and rolled them over once more, so that he was now on top of her.

Tauntingly, very tauntingly even, his pale fingers wandered all down her body until they stood right in front of her wet and tight entrance, barely caressing her pussy lips, teasing her to no end. Draco looked at her face before he started masturbating her. It was so exquisite: her forehead was slightly covered with sweat, wetting the root of her hair. Her cheeks were blushing furiously, and her eyes...

Her eyes were filled with lust, with desire, with passion. Almost with hunger. Of course he could see the hate and the despising towards him, too, but right at that moment, he didn't really care. What he cared about was, she was lying right there, her legs wide open for him, ready for him to masturbate her and then fuck her.

Draco covered her lips with his own as he pushed two fingers deep inside of her, making them

both scream in pure pleasure. God, she was so tight and wet. It was so delightful. It was simply as he had always imagined. It was perfect.

He fingered her fast, hearing her pussy smacking, as he looked at her face, completely lost in another world. Her mouth open, and her tongue was almost sticking out. Her eyes were half shut, only revealing their lustful shine. It was like fire, a fire that would never cease to burn.

Her insides were tightening around his finger even more, so making him understand she was about to cum. Noticing that, Draco pulled his fingers out of her, making her groan disappointingly. She wanted more.

"Look at me." He said, getting a grip on her chin and forcing her to look.

With wide eyes, Hermione observed how Draco licked his fingers clean, as he moaned. He licked them one by one, slowly, sucking them all over, his eyes never leaving hers. – It caused her to moan lightly, as she felt she was closer and closer, not really being able to finally reach her orgasm. She needed him to bring her to her climax, she needed... she needed him to fuck her. And she needed it now.

Getting a grip on his nape, Hermione pulled Draco closer to her, and devoured his mouth with hers, their tongues playing with each other. She could taste her own sweet juices, and she had to admit, she liked his taste better. – Her sudden kiss surprised Draco, but he was pleased, nevertheless. He pulled away, smirking, and looked at her with the eyes of a hunter, positioning himself in between her thighs; his cock rubbing against her pussy.

"What do you want?" He asked, teasingly.

"More... Always more..."

Draco leaned in and bit her earlobe.

"D'you want me to fuck you, Princess?" He gave her ear a lick, "Do you?"

Hermione nodded.

"I can't hear you..."

"Yes..." She begged, "Please, Draco, just... just..."

"Just what, Princess?"

"Fuck me!" She finally cried out.

No more words needed, Draco pushed himself inside her, breaking her hymen, finally realizing his dream had come true. He started moving gently, so she could bear the pain of her first time. – He was thrusting into her so lovingly, careful not to hurt her, just as if they had been in love for a lifetime, just as if a single wrong thing had never happened between them. It felt like making love, not like having sex. But deep, very deep inside him, he knew she hated him and that she would be probably regretting this once they were done.

And somehow, just somehow, a slight painful feeling of guilt started to rush through his veins.

Luckily, Hermione's nasty pleas to fuck her harder turned a slow making-love session into wild, hot sex, making him forget as both of them came hard.

Never had he been so thankful.

It was done. He had been inside her. He had climaxed together with her. Both had felt an incredible wave of purest pleasure, there was no denying. And now, with an arm around his chest, still pulling him closer to her, the voice that had stilled while she felt so passionate came back.

A single question echoed inside her head: 'What have you done?'

What had she done? She'd slept with a murderer and had enjoyed it. She'd given him her most precious thing: her virginity. She started to feel terrible. Wasn't virginity meant to be given to person she loved? As far as it concerned her, she didn't love Draco Malfoy. She despised him. She hated him. She had even feared him, from time to time.

Her eyes widened even more, as her forehead drew a serious frown, for she hadn't found herself able to fall asleep. She started to understand the question: What had she done?

His arm was around her back, as his hand rested on her shoulder. He could hear her think, and he didn't quite like it. Even without using Legilimency on her, he could even sense her guilt feelings. Probably, she was regretting having slept with him. It probably burnt her insides that he had been the one to give her such pleasure. And it burnt her even more to know that he would be the only man she would ever sleep with.

Her bully. Her lover's murderer. But after all... *hers*. – She was his, and he was hers. It was meant to be like that. Had always been. Period.

None of them made a move. They lay there, in silence, the only warmth they had were their own bodies.

Minutes passed by; maybe they'd even made it to an hour. And still there was no movement, just a sigh every now and again.

No words. They both knew if they ended up saying something, anything, it'd ruin the moment. She would feel angry, would threaten him; and he would laugh at her, reminding her she was defenseless. She would bring up he had murdered her two best friends, practically a big part of her life. And he would contra-attack by saying that, alive or dead, she still belonged to him. And so she would be in complete denial, having to get over the fact that even if she tried, she was stuck with him. Forever.

Silence just made things easier for both of them. It gave him the chance to enjoy her company, while knowing she wasn't hurt; and it gave her the chance to start to get used to the feeling of what it would be to have him as her man. Maybe, just maybe, silence gave her the chance to start to accept Draco Malfoy. – He wasn't that bad of a lover, after all.

No words. Just silence.

Never had they been so thankful.

Once Harry Potter had processed all the things Severus Snape had told him, he decided to go to Dumbledore's office and pay him a visit.

He was furious. Actually, he was more than furious. The man he had put all his trust in, all his faith... he just turned up to be a selfish pig.

Snape didn't try to stop him. Actually, he even thought it was for the best for them both to have a little talk. Maybe this way, Harry could comprehend Dumbledore's intentions, and maybe this way, Dumbledore would have the chance to explain himself.

Before parting their ways, considering Snape had told Harry he had 'some other important things to do', Snape gave Harry a little crystal bottle, which contained a transparent liquid.

"I believe you are familiar with Felix Felicis, Mr. Potter?"

Harry nodded, took the potion, looked at Snape deeply in the eyes and stood there for some moments. He didn't know whether to thank him for telling him the real truth or just to leave.

"Good luck, Harry Potter." Snape said, somewhat softly. "Maybe we'll see each other someday."

The Boy Who Lived nodded once more, turned back and finally went. Snape did the same, heading to the gardens, where he could apparate without any problems.

Severus Snape had apparated himself to Malfoy Manor, as Voldemort had called all of his loyal servants. Surely, he was beyond infuriated, as his orders had not been followed. The Dark Lord had given specific orders: Draco Malfoy had to lead all Death Eaters into the castle, in order to kill Dumbledore, mudbloods and Harry Potter. And all of this was supposed to have happened an entire day ago.

But it seemed to be that Draco sodding Malfoy had decided to follow his own rules and had not appeared, leaving the Dark Side behind. And as Lord Voldemort had been calling and calling him by making his Dark Mark burn, and hadn't had any success at it, Severus Snape would suffer, for he had to keep a close eye on the boy while he was at Hogwarts.

After maybe an hour of torture and humiliation, the Dark Lord's wrath ceased. With his creepy and calm voice, he ordered to find his heir and so they could start anew. During that time, Voldemort would think of a proper punishment for Draco's disloyalty.

Voldemort was about to release his servants, when two men came into the room. His jaw dropped open, and so did Snape's.

Slughorn, his master, his teacher; was there.

Harry Potter, who was standing right in front of Albus Dumbledore's office door, couldn't help but sigh. He couldn't believe that every time he had felt upset he had gone to visit the headmaster and tell him about it. He just couldn't believe that old wizard had comforted him every time he'd

told him about his dead parents. About how much he sometimes hated it being reminded of how alike he and his father looked; about him having his mother's eyes.

Resented, he knocked on the door.

"Come in." His voice said.

Harry sighed again before getting into the room. It was going to be tough to face him without feeling a slight repulse towards a man he had almost regarded as a part of his family.

He stepped inside, but didn't dare take too many steps towards Dumbledore. Not really going unnoticed, the ancient director stood up from his chair and looked at him, his eyebrows raised in surprise.

"How lovely of you to visit me, Harry." He politely greeted, "Wouldn't you like to take a seat?"

"I'd rather not, thank you, Professor."

Even though he wanted to sound manly, and somewhat angry, Harry's voice sounded rather broken. Sad. Anguished. The man in front of him had been hiding so incredibly much from him. Because of his hidings, Harry had put his best friends' lives in danger, not only once, but several times. They could have died because of him, because he hadn't known, that on the night Lord Voldemort came to Godric's Hollow to kill him, and Lily Potter jumped between them, the Killing Curse rebounded. When that happened, a part of Voldemort's soul nested itself into the only living thing it could find: Harry himself.

Of course, he knew now. Not because of Snape, but because of his mother. She had told him everything when Malfoy had killed him. And so now he knew. But all those past years... He had been suffering and suffering, having nightmares almost every night, being persecuted by the darkest wizard of all time, and... And... Dumbledore, the man he had trusted so deeply, hadn't said a single thing.

"Well then..." Dumbledore continued, "Can I help you with something, Harry?"

And then, it blurted out, just like that.

"Why didn't you say anything?" He almost yelled, his breathing becoming heavy, "The reason I could speak with snakes. The reason I could look into his mind!"

Dumbledore frowned, as he perfectly knew what he was on about. He had had a long conversation with Severus, by the looks of it. And Severus probably didn't hesitate in telling him the hidden truth.

"Harry-"

"—That a part of Voldemort lived inside me!" He finally yelled, exploding into tears.

There was an awful silence in the room, in which two great wizards stared into each other's gazes. Dumbledore's, pleading. Pleading Harry to let explain himself. Harry's, incomprehensible and unbelieving. There was a clear question in their reflection: Why?

"Harry, please, listen to me."

"Why should I?" Harry asked him, giving him a glare, "All you've done this years is hide the truth!"

"But now I am willing to tell you everything, aren't I?" His calm, deep voice asked.

"I don't need you to tell me! I already know. But I don't understand why."

"I had to wait-"

"—For the proper moment. Yes. Wait for Voldemort to be most vulnerable. I know." Harry interrupted him, "But the question is, why? There are six Horcruxes more to find. It wouldn't have mattered if I died at first or at last. Actually, it would have been a relief for the people I love, because they wouldn't have been exposed to the dangerous situations I put them into."

Harry sobbed, as his eyes stared the floor.

"And now- now it doesn't matter anymore. The mess is already made; a magical war is about to break out, and many people are about to die. And I feel responsible. If you had told me before, if you hadn't hidden anything, I'd found a way to die peacefully and prevent all this. But now that he's not a part of me anymore, I feel like it just doesn't matter."

"What do you mean, 'he's not a part of you anym-'" Dumbledore's bright eyes opened widely, as he inhaled a gasp. It was right then that he realized. "That means... You've faced death?"

"I... Yes, professor."

Dumbledore went towards Harry and put his hands on his shoulders, using the chance to look at him deeply in his emerald eyes.

"Who?"

Harry gulped.

"The same person responsible for Ronald Weasley's death, Sir." Harry almost spat, "The same person I told you killed him, and still you didn't believe me."

Dumbledore's grip tensed up a bit, putting slight pressure on Harry's shoulders.

"Draco Malfoy." Harry confessed in a dangerous whisper.

Slowly, very slowly, Dumbledore's hands released Harry. His eyes were in complete shock, as he remembered the night Severus had been standing in front of him, telling him the boy was dangerous. — He had wanted to believe that, at some kind of point, Draco Malfoy would get the feelings of regret and guilt. Yes, he had even hoped he would, as his greatest weakness was to only regard the good side of a person. But, apparently, he had been wrong. The proof was Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived, standing in front of his eyes, telling him that the blonde pureblooded Slytherin Draco Malfoy had had the nerve to send him to the afterlife.

Albus shook his head in defeat. He had been wrong, he had been wrong indeed. But... It just

didn't make any sense! *Every person had a good side!*

Just as if Harry knew what Dumbledore was thinking about, he decided to cut it off.

"He has forced Professor Snape to put Professor Slughorn under the Imperius Curse, Sir." Harry insisted, "He's been the one to conjure the typhoon during the Quidditch match. He has killed Ron, has killed me, and the worst part is, he has made a Horcrux out of Hermione and has kidnapped her!"

"What?"

"He has her. My best friend." He felt a tear running down his cheek, "I need your help. Please."

Before Dumbledore could answer, his phoenix flew into the room, placing itself on his shoulder. It had a note.

'Tonight I'll fulfill my part of the deal. Severus.'

The clock hit half past eleven of the night. He still had half hour to go.

Dumbledore looked at Harry.

"I'll help you, Harry. But I have to ask for your trust one more time."

Harry nodded. With Dumbledore's help, it was going to be easier to get Hermione back.

Draco's Dark Mark had been burning like hell for hours. Even when he had been having sex with his Hermione, he had felt the Mark burn his forearm. Of course, not wanting to ruin the moment –rather, not wanting to skip the opportunity–, he had ignored it. But now the pain was simply unbearable.

He opened his eyes, lazily, as his head turned to see the outside of the cave. It was dark. It was nighttime. Which reminded him...

Dumbledore.

"Shit!" he swore, waking Hermione up. "Wake up! We have to go."

"Wh– What?"

Draco didn't answer. He was way too preoccupied with summoning up his clothes and getting dressed. Hermione used the chance and got dressed too, so he wouldn't peek at her naked body.

Once they both were finished, Draco turned around and faced her, giving her a serious look.

"What's going on?" She demanded.

"A magical War, Princess." He explained quickly, "We have to leave."

Draco picked her up, and apparated away to the dark dungeons of his house. Once there, he carefully put her back on the ground and looked at her, deeply in the eyes, as his hands cupped her cheeks.

"Listen up closely, Princess, because I'm only saying this once." He said, "We're at the dungeons of my manor. There is a bunch of Death Eaters right in the first floor that would more than welcome to kill you, since you're just a filthy mudblood to them. If you appreciate your life, I'd suggest you stay here and don't try to do *anything* stupid."

Tears filled her eyes.

"You sick bastard!" She exclaimed, angrily, "Why have you brought me here?! You want to take me to the Dark Lord! You want to let him torture me, so I give him information! You— You—"

A slap across her face silenced her.

"Oh, will you just shut the fuck up!" Draco groaned, "Don't be stupid, I won't take you to him. *I won't have you killed.*"

"Then why are we here!?"

He suddenly realized he hadn't told her he was a Death Eater; so it was comprehensible she couldn't follow his track. But he couldn't tell her *just now*. He had to have the time in order to do so. And his time was way too little.

"Once all this comes to its end, Princess," he told her, "you'll be thankful I brought you here."

And with a kiss on her lips, he silenced her before she could protest.

"And I'd be incredibly thankful if you trusted me, just once." He whispered, "Stay in here. Stay safe."

She just nodded without saying a thing, and so he was able to leave.

SEXIEEES!

YES! I DID IT! I JUST WROTE 22 PAGES! AHAHHAAAAAAAAHA I SAID I WOULD MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

So, yeah! I hope you liked it

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

Oh, and REVIEWS TOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLLL!

THANK YOU A BUNCH FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT, GUYS! YOU ROCK!

Until next chappie!

Chapter 24: Betrayal and the Elder Wand

Heeeey Sexieees, how's you people? Haahahahaha :D I hope you're fine and everything :) I'm feeling FANTASTIC because, well, you know. Exams are FINALLY OVER and I'm feeling extremely hyper lately haha :D But between these moments of "hyper-ness" (I know, it's called hyperactivity, but seriously. Haha), I've had two brilliant moments of inspiration, that have led my way to keep on writing! So, yeah! There you go! :D

THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR LOVELY REVIEWS, FAVS AND FOLLOWS ON LAST CHAPTER! – I know you had been waiting for it, and again, I'm deeply sorry for having updated SO FUCKING LATE. So, another kind of "reward" is this chapter here :) – KEEP THEM GOING, THEY TRULY MAKE MY DAY!

Enjoy your reading! :)

With all dignity he had, Draco stepped into the living room, filled with Death Eaters, and Voldemort himself. Many of them were shooting deadly glares at him, somehow telling him they had suffered the Dark Lord's wrath for something they didn't do, but he really couldn't care any less. In fact, he didn't even hesitate to glare back, giving them to understand he didn't fear them in any way. The young Malfoy pushed some of his Dark Fellows aside, so he could face the Dark Lord himself. As soon as he stood in front of Riddle, Draco's eyes focused on the floor: In the middle of the room lay a corpse: His father's corpse.

Even if Lucius had died from natural causes, Draco wouldn't make a scene. – Not that he hated his very own father. But truth to be told, he didn't love him either. Lucius hadn't been a paternal figure, to say the least. He had just been at home, more concretely, in his study room; always occupied with his business. The most Draco would get from him would be a cordial handshake once he came back home from Hogwarts, not a hug. The elder Malfoy didn't treat Draco like a son; like his son. Much more like a boy he knew, a kid that would come to his house every now and again. – But Lucius had been far away from being Draco's father.

Luckily, the Dark Lord didn't know. He had thought the boy would be as traumatized as he had been once his mother had been reduced into greyish ashes. He thought it would've provoked his wrath and his deepest fear at the same time. That was the reason Voldemort was so surprised that Draco just shrugged at the sight of his father's dead body. What the Dark Lord had thought would be a punishment for his tardiness, had been absolutely nothing. – But well, maybe he could push the subject a little bit.

"Your pureblooded father's dead, my young heir." Voldemort wryly pointed out. "But I wouldn't like to dirt your living room with a corpse. Care to do the honors, and reduce him into ashes?"

The Dark Lord's followers whispered. Some gasped, and some lightly whistled, but once again, Draco didn't show any kind of interest. The blonde just stood there, frowning, and looking at Voldemort skeptically.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me, my boy."

An evil smirk crossed Voldemort's face as he saw Draco was hesitating. Probably his blood was boiling, and his fury was about to explode. – He was just about to laugh like the monster he was, but his evil smirk vanished instead: Draco had taken his wand in his hand, and easily pointed at his father. Careless, he casted a dry *Incendio*, and so Lucius' body started to burn, slowly transforming into ashes.

Voldemort frowned. Why didn't the boy show any kind of emotion? Not even the least hurt or pain or anger, he just stood there, giving him a look that clearly said: 'Right. Now what?' And that infuriated him. Not Draco, but him. That was supposed to be a punishment, and the blonde truly looked like he couldn't be caring less!

His teasing didn't cease. He wanted to make him suffer, only for a bit. Because Draco deserved it, as he had been asking for it. The noseless bastard kept his intends on infuriating him with his mother, with him being a worthless and pathetic excuse of a pureblooded wizard. – But Draco had learned it a long time ago: Whenever he was around the Dark Lord, he would wear a neutral mask to cover his feelings.

When he came to mentioning his mother he had to admit it had hurt. It had hurt like a bitch, being reminded of her. And yes, the impulse of throwing himself at him and hex him into oblivion was there. But his conscience screaming at him was there, too. – It wasn't about him having no chance against the Dark Lord, because, in fact, he had. He had the Feather to Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter, and he knew where it was to be found. Everything he had to do was get over with his mission, and go find the Blood Letter thus killing Tom Marvolo Riddle and becoming the Dark Lord himself. But right now, he wouldn't even dare risk– He would wait for the proper moment.

'Patience is a virtue, Draco.' He thought repeatedly. 'Don't do the wrong move just yet.'

Voldemort ended up sighing, as he had seen all of his efforts were practically in vain: Draco Malfoy wasn't showing any kind of emotions; in fact, he seemed to be perfectly calm. So finally deciding it would be best to ignore that and think of another punishment for the boy once War was over, the darkest Wizard of all times spoke to his loyal servants:

"Tonight's the night, my companions." He said, as he went to vanishing cabinet and uncovered it, "Tonight is the night in which Albus Dumbledore will fall from his reign. Tonight is the night in which the sweetest taste of glory will be given to all of us. Tonight is the night!"

Almost all Death Eaters started to shout around the room, expressing their full excitement. However, from the corner of his eye, Draco Malfoy saw a certain professor hidden between the multitude, which was not cheering: professor Severus Snape. And even if the blonde was rather surprised to see him there and not back at Hogwarts, Draco sent him a smirk.

However, his Godfather responded by slightly shaking his head, his dark eyes never leaving Draco's grey irises.

They had to talk.

"What was that look about?" The blonde demanded to know.

After many tries, Snape finally got to talk to his godson before they left to Hogwarts. His facial

expression was severe, somewhat filled with worry.

"Draco, listen to me, and do it carefully because I'm only saying this once." Snape warned.

"Ooh, bossy, aren't we?"

"Draco-"

"-Yeah, yeah. Go on." The blonde rolled his eyes at his Godfather, "Don't waste my time, I have to be back before that bastard notices I'm gone again."

Was that hurt hidden behind his icy tone of voice? Was it bitterness? Did Draco regret killing Lucius at all? – Severus didn't have a clue, and honestly, he didn't really want to know either; he knew how Draco could get whenever he felt sad or angered. He behaved like a little child, blaming anyone getting on his way.

Snape cleared his throat before speaking.

"Firstly, you have to know that Professor Slughorn is at your dungeon. Greyback caught him in the forest and stupified him. He was unconscious when he arrived."

'Good to know... Good to know.' Draco thought.

"And Draco," Snape called him, "In a few minutes we're going to get into the castle. You know what you have to do."

Draco huffed. Was he kidding? Like, did he send him that worried look in order to state the fucking obvious?

"Dear Lord, Severus, are you looking like this because you don't think I can manage to go to the Astronomy Tower and kill that old man?" He almost mocked, "Honestly, you know I've killed before and you know for certain I'd do it again. It's not going to be for fun this time, though-"

But right then, Snape cracked up.

"Will you just shut up and let me finish?!"

"What got your knickers in a twist? Calm down Severus. Sheesh!"

Severus sighed out in frustration. That boy could rather be a royal brat when he wanted to.

"Draco, look, you are not killing professor Dumbledore tonight."

"Wait a second, what?" He asked, frowning, suddenly realizing what Snape was on about, "Severus, do you actually realize what you're saying? This isn't a game, you know. This is about earning his fucking trust–

"Precisely, Draco." Severus interrupted him, "It's about trust. But not just any kind of trust... It's about his entire trust. Therefore, I, one of his best Death Eaters, shall kill Albus Dumbledore."

Draco's frown hardened.

"I don't understand. Why should you do it, I mean, what would that change? It's about killing that old wizard, not about who kills him."

Once again, Severus Snape sighed.

"Actually, it is about who kills him." He whispered to himself, "There's a thing, Draco. A thing the Dark Lord desperately wants to claim as his."

There was an intense silence; the blonde paid special attention to each and every word his protector spoke.

"I presume that you, Draco, you, as a pureblooded wizard, know about the Elder Wand?"

"The most powerful wand in the entire world, yes. Also known as the 'Wand of Destiny'."

Draco internally smirked, as he had heard himself speaking. He had sounded awfully close to Granger whenever she raised her hand in class to give the correct answer. – He had sounded like an insufferable Know-It-All. Just like her.

Snape's voice interrupted his thoughts about his Princess.

"Exactly. Do you know, by any chance, where the Elder Wand's true loyalty lies?"

Draco had heard about it, he knew he had heard about it. And he tried to remember; he tried hard. But unfortunately for him, his mind didn't seem to recall the memory. Giving him a look to keep talking, professor Snape started to speak again.

"The Elder Wand belongs to the wizard who killed his last owner, Draco. Now, let me ask you another question. Do you know who *Gellert Grindewald* was?"

The younger Slytherin shook his head.

"Gellert Grindewald was considered one of the darkest and most powerful wizards of all time. He and Dumbledore fostered a friendship while living in Godric's Hollow, and made plans to find the Deathly Hallows. They wielded their newfound power as Masters of Death, leading a Wizarding Revolution and creating a benevolent global order led by other wise witches and wizards." Snape explained, "However, their friendship broke as soon as the two of them were involved in a three-way duel with Aberforth Dumbledore."

"Albus Dumbledore's brother?"

"Yes. This confrontation ended up with Arianna Dumbledore dying. As soon as the duel ended, Grindewald left Britain and stole the Elder Wand, continuing the Wizarding Revolution on his own. But of course, it didn't turn out well. After some time, he and his followers committed several crimes; some of them were very well known murders." Severus continued, "And then, in 1945, Albus Dumbledore confronted Grindewald and defeated him-"

"–And so he became the owner of the Elder Wand."

"That's correct. However, he did not kill him. Grindewald ended up in a prison cell in

Nurmengard, and many years after the Legendary Duel, the Dark Lord decided to pay him a visit. It seems to be that Grindewald firstly refused to give any pieces of information on where to find the Elder Wand, but lastly, right before the Dark Lord murdered him, he referred to a certain 'next great adventure'."

"Yes, I remember him mentioning that at one of our meetings..." Draco said, thoughtfully.
"Surely he meant this Wizarding War- And professor Dumbledore himself."

Snape nodded.

"Now, Draco. Think. What would happen if you got to kill the Headmaster? Yes, I know you are the Dark Lord's heir, and the Elder Wand would be yours. But do you honestly think the Dark Lord would let you have it, let alone even use it once before he died? I think not. Besides-"

Draco looked at him skeptically.

"Besides, what?"

Severus glared back at him, as he huffed in disgust.

"Look at you. You're a murderer already. You've already killed, and you crave for more power. As you said just a couple of minutes ago, this isn't a game; this is about earning the Dark Lord's trust. And considering you want so much power, do you honestly think you would give him the wand? You, out of all people?"

"He trusts me." He almost mocked.

Snape's eyes widened.

"But you don't trust him..." He stated, "—And you'd betray his trust."

Draco smirked evilly at his only living relative.

"You know me too well, my dearest Godfather. Yes, you are right. I would not hand him the Elder Wand. I would be... *Draco Malfoy, the Darkest Lord of history.*"

"*Exactly*, and I'm not letting that happen." Snape snapped, "If you betray his trust, you betray us all. You could condemn us, Draco!"

The cold, empty look Draco gave him scared Snape to no ends.

"Do you care? *Do you actually care at all?*"

"One reason, Severus." He said, his voice deadly and highly dangerous, "Give me one fucking reason to care. That bastard has been torturing me ever since my early childhood. That fucking noseless wizard has killed my mother. And not even an hour ago, he's killed my father and has told me to reduce him into ashes."

And right at that point, Draco totally broke out in fury.

"How would you feel if it had been your precious mudblood Lily, huh!?" He yelled.

Snape's body completely tensed up at the mention of her name. And the way he had blurted out her name, the name he had called her caused his half-blooded blood to boil. – He grieved his teeth, but the youngest Malfoy didn't seem to notice. – He was way too furious.

"Yeah, you thought I didn't know about her, didn't you?" He snapped angrily, "Well I fucking do. Now, if it had been her instead of my stolen childhood, my mother, even instead of my father, for fuck's sake – How would you fucking feel? Would you fucking care, Severus? Would you give a fucking shit about condemning a bunch of idiots that follow a senseless fuckwit? I think not. Firstly, because everything you'd care about would be Lily. And secondly, because you're nothing, but a selfish cad."

The Half-Blood Prince said nothing.

"The reason, Severus." Draco demanded mockingly, "I'm waiting. *Why should I care?*"

There was only intense silence.

"I knew it." Malfoy smirked, "You should be ashamed of yourself, you pathetic excuse of a wizard."

One of the other Death Eaters called Draco's name. Yelling a 'I'll be right there, you moron!', he turned his attention back to Snape just for another brief moment.

"Now, listen closely, you miserable wizard: You stay in here while I'm off to the castle to kill Dumbledore. All Death Eaters and Voldemort himself will be gone by then. My Hermione and, as you've told me, Slughorn are down in the dungeons. This is what you'll do: You'll open up the door and let them up the stairs, as you'll lead them to my room. Once there, they'll have to search for a Phoenix's feather. When they've found it, you'll lead them back to the dungeons. Then, you'll wait for me. Am I understood?"

Snape gulped.

"Yes, Draco."

And then, Draco started to leave. He took one, two, three, four long steps, before he stopped and turned around to face him one more time.

"Oh, and Severus... Don't you dare touch my Princess or think of her inappropriately. Even though she's a mudblood as well as Lily Potter was, "the blonde snake made a brief pause, "*She is mine.*"

I knooooow, I knooooow, this chapter's been kind of short, I apologize for that haha :D Still, I hope you guys liked it! :)

Favs and follows are SO MUCH APPRECIATED!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOOOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HELLLLLLLL! :D Keep them goin'! :)

Thanks for reading, guys!

See you on next chappie! xxx

Chapter 25: I love you

Hey there! Soooo, yeah :D Here I am again with a new chappie! yay for me hahahahah

Thank you SO MUCH for all your lovely reviews, favs and follows! :) Really, they're very much appreciated :) Keep them goin'! :D

Enjoy your reading! :)

Professor Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter, also known as the Boy-Who-Lived had just arrived to the Astronomy Tower. The ancient wizard slowly turned around to contemplate the incredible view. It was breathtaking, really. The lake, the mountains... All lightly illuminated by the stars and the light of the moon. – It was simply beautiful.

"This view truly is something, isn't it?" Dumbledore commented, "Every time I see it I feel how my heart melts."

Harry approached him: slowly, like he was very careful not to make any wrong move. Even though he wouldn't say it aloud, Harry was still quite shocked that Albus Dumbledore, the one he had put his faith in so many times, had planned his final hours for him. 'Wait until the proper moment comes.' Now, what was that supposed to mean? Feed him like he was a pig until Voldemort finally killed him? Why tell him so many lies when the truth could have been told? He didn't understand, so he thought that moving slowly, making things happen in a slow motion would help him understand. So slowly and very careful, Harry Potter started approaching Albus Dumbledore. Once he stood beside him, he let out a sigh.

"What is going to happen tonight, Professor?" The boy wanted to know, his eyes searching for Dumbledore's ones.

However, Dumbledore did not look back at him. His gaze was still completely lost in the beauty of nature, somehow searching for the right words to say. Obviously, he couldn't be about to tell him that Draco Malfoy would be threatening to kill him soon. And even more, he wouldn't be telling him that Snape would show up and murder him. Because if he did, he firstly would scare the boy even more than he already was, and secondly, Dumbledore knew Harry would do his best to try and 'save him'. – And Albus Dumbledore had a deal with Severus Snape. A deal he wasn't going to break any time soon. And so... He could not have Harry saving him.

"Harry." Dumbledore called, his calm voice suddenly tensing up, "I need your word."

"Sir?"

"Your word, Harry," The old man continued, somewhat touched, "that whatever shall happen tonight, you will do everything I say."

Harry looked at him, confusion reflected in his eyes. His word? What did he mean by that? What

did he need it for? Dumbledore suddenly looked back at him and nodded his head decisively, telling him with his eyes that he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Your word." He repeated once more.

Harry's jaw trembled a little, but he nodded his head, nevertheless. If Professor Dumbledore asked for his word, he would be having it.

"Do you promise you'll do whatever I'll say without hesitating?"

His voice was starting to tense up, that he noticed. It was like he knew something bad – something real bad– was just about to happen. And Harry had the slight feeling Dumbledore wanted him to let him handle the situation. – Not that he fully agreed with that, but he felt like not really having a choice. So, once more, Harry nodded.

"I promise." Harry said, with no more hesitation, "I promise."

And right then, Dumbledore's facial expression tensed up. Harry frowned, as he questioned him with his eyes. Dumbledore stared back at him, his eyes somewhat shining with agony and worry.

"Hide." Dumbledore ordered, "Hide, and whatever shall happen, don't try to save me."

"Wh–"

"–You promised. Go hide."

"Yes, but wh–"

Suddenly, there were some steps to be heard. Without any kind of explanation, Dumbledore put his hands on Harry's shoulders and looked at him deeply in his eyes.

"–You've been like a son to me, Harry Potter." Dumbledore said.

With those words, Dumbledore pulled Harry into a tight hug and kissed his hair. Harry felt Dumbledore somewhat shaking, just as if he was slightly coughing. Except from he was not: When he pulled away, Harry's breath vanished. Never before had he seen Albus Dumbledore crying, and there he was: His eyes red, his cheeks wet; a broken smile across his face and a tense frown on his forehead.

"Goodbye, son." Dumbledore's broken voice said. "Remember me."

Harry's chest shook violently as he panted heavily. He wanted to ask so many questions, but he knew there was no time. So, with a confused heart and mind, the Boy-Who-Lived turned around, went down the stairs and hid himself, fighting back his tears as well as he could.

Back at the empty Malfoy Manor, Severus Snape ran through the corridors once more without losing any time. His goal was the dark dungeons, Horace Slughorn and Hermione Granger.

His quick steps finally reached the stairs. Taking a big breath in before walking down, Professor

Snape rubbed his temples.

"This is crazy." He said to himself as he sighed.

While walking down the stairs, Snape reached for his wand and conjured an Alohomora on the door. He entered the dark room and started searching for both, Slughorn and Granger.

"Professor Snape." A soft, feminine voice called. It wasn't a question. It was a mere statement. "What are you doing here? Are you a new prisoner?"

Her voice was somehow filled with anger, irony and bitterness, as she thought she would be forced to share a fucking cell with him. – Oh, if she only knew how wrong she was...

Snape turned on his feet and saw her. Her clothes were quite dirty, and so was her hair. But her face was clean. Her lips were somewhat swollen, kind of red, too. He continued inspecting the girl's face in greater detail, and so his jaw dropped at once. He didn't exactly know how to react at Miss Granger's brown gaze. – She looked... tired. No, not tired, she looked exhausted. Maybe exhausted wasn't even the correct word to describe how her eyes looked. They had lost their shine. All hope was lost. All kindness, all belief... everything was simply gone. Where was her known ambition, and the burning fire in her eyes? – Not that he knew her closely, as he had almost despised her all along her young years at Hogwarts; but he had always noticed her brown eyes. And now they were... empty. They were simply brown.

Snape shook his head. Probably his Godson Draco Malfoy, the next Darkest Lord of History had had his way with her. He knew he was obsessed, even though he didn't quite understand why. – No one did. But no obsession was reason enough to do that to a woman. Did he rape her? He didn't know, and he didn't dare ask. –He shook his head once more. They didn't have much time; it was time to do something.

"That is irrelevant at this point, Miss Granger." He said quickly, "Where is Professor Slughorn?"

"He is still unconscious." Hermione answered, her voice still really bitter, "How dare you treat him like a piece of scum! I don't know him closely, but I do know he is a very intelligent, wise man that-"

"-Look, it wasn't my fault this time, so will you just shut the fuck up?!" Hermione gasped and went silent. "All right. Listen closely; I'll only say it once. All Death Eaters upstairs are gone and we need to go to Mr. Malfoy's bedroom. We must do this quickly, as we don't have much time." Snape explained in a rush, "Follow me."

Hermione shot him an unbelieving glare.

"Why should I trust you?"

Oh, to hell with everything! Snape was tired. No, he wasn't tired; he was fucking exhausted. He was longing to die in the end, so it really didn't matter anymore to tell her anything a little bit about his position in the magical war. She wasn't the only one that was affected in there, and he had to make sure she kept that on mind.

"Because, believe it or not, I'm just a pawn in this foolish war. Not just the Dark Lord's, not just Dumbledore's, but also Draco's." Those words escaped Snape's mouth with certain bitterness,

"Because, Miss Granger, I am incredibly tired of following everyone's orders. You can't even imagine. And because, Miss Granger, I am truly tired of being seen as the bad one. I am tired of being mistrusted, and I only want this war to end so I can finally rest in peace, so I can finally be treated how I deserve in another life. That's why."

Hermione's jaw dropped. Never before had she heard Professor Snape speak like that. And his words were... they were loaded with certain bitterness, truly, but also with important amounts of hidden hope. Hope that the war would finally end. Hope that things would finally change for the better. – Snape now looked like a man who had dreams, thus letting himself be more human. – She smiled shyly, for she knew she could trust him in that matter.

"Let's go." Hermione said with decision.

Snape smirked: Granger's eyes shyly shone with Gryffindor true bravery. And he would have never said it aloud, but he felt some kind of relief as he saw that tiny shine in her brownish eyes.

"Follow me."

In a rush, Professor Snape and Hermione Granger went up the stairs and ran through all corridors until they reached Draco's bedroom. With a quick dark spell, Snape opened the door.

"Get in his room and try to find a feather as quick as you can, we don't have much time." He mouthed. "I'll wait here."

The door closed, with her inside Draco Malfoy's bedroom.

Hermione did as she was told. She entered Draco's dorm and with wide eyes, she stared all around his room. It was enormous! And beautifully decorated: The parquet was made out of dark pinewood, perfectly contrasting with a slightly old white wall. All illumination came from outside, as one of the walls was made out of crystal; perfect to see the breathtaking views of his gardens. – She took one step forward and looked around a little bit more: His king-sized bed was on her right, covered with black silk sheets and many silver pillows. It really looked comfortable, tempting and inviting, really. But as tired as she was, Hermione had to resist: Snape had already told her they didn't have much time, and she had to find the feather. So, ignoring her right side, she turned her head to the left. There was quite of an ancient wardrobe and one of the doors was open: She bit her lip. Would she dare look inside?

Yes, she had to. She must in order to find that goddamned feather. She must in order to take it with her and destroy Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter. She must in order to win over the Dark Side, win over Voldemort's dark power and Voldemort himself. – Hermione knew it wasn't going to be easy, and not that she had been expecting it to be. And even though she loved challenge, she truly wished that bloody feather was hidden in Malfoy's wardrobe.

Her tiny hands got a grip on the knob of the door and slowly started to open it up. Carefully, Hermione slid her head inside the darkness of the wardrobe and focused on finding the writing tool. Her fingers ran through many objects: Some of them were pieces of cloth, some others felt like shoes, and some others felt like... water? – Hermione tried to sharpen her sight: What was water doing there and where did it come from?

Suddenly, a drop fell onto her fingers, and so she looked above her: A round, rather flat thing

was floating in the air, and it was dripping. Frowning, the Gryffindor Princess somehow managed to stand on one of the shelves and reach the floating object. Once her hands got a grip on it, she carefully pulled the thing towards herself, and gasped.

'What the fuck is a Pensieve doing in Malfoy's house!? In Malfoy's room! In his fucking wardrobe! What-' Hermione thought.

The Pensieve continued to drip, even though Hermione's hands were completely still, even trying to make it stop: It just wouldn't. Hermione interpreted that as a kind of pleading to submerge her head into it and see the memory being played. Frowning even more, she briefly thought about it. Maybe she was going to get some important pieces of information with only having a look...

A violent shake led her to the first memory.

A little boy was sitting on the corner of his bed. His hair was dark brown, rather black. His skin was pale, and he hated the freckles he had on his face.

He never smiled. He didn't even smirk. His facial expression was always the same: A big frown and a serious, sometimes rather pouty face. He never talked, at least, not with children his age – He liked talking to particular reptiles; snakes. He told them his secrets. One of them was that he would do bad things to people who annoyed him. Bad things to people he didn't like.

His name was Tom Marvolo Riddle.

The shake that took her to that first memory took her again and led her to the second one.

The boy was all grown up. One could say he looked kind of handsome. He was dressed with formal cloths, as if he had attended to a special event.

Tom was waiting for someone in a living room; she could tell it was at Hogwarts, as she remembered she had been there before. She just couldn't remember where it was or who lived in there.

Suddenly, Professor Slughorn appeared holding a cup of wine in his hands and Tom cordially smiled at him. He congratulated him for the fine feast and thanked him for inviting him. Humble as the professor was, he smiled back at him and told him he was a great student, and that it would have been a sin if he hadn't invited him to dinner that night.

"A propos brilliant students, Professor..." Tom said, his voice kind of blurry, "I have been doing some research in the library, in that special section..."

"Special section, my boy?"

"The forbidden section. Yes, I know, I know. No one's allowed to go in there unless strictly necessary, but... You know me, professor; I'm a very curious boy. And I couldn't help but read about a certain thing... I don't really remember what it did, or how it works, but... As you are a master in these kinds of magic, I wondered if maybe you could help me?"

Slughorn's gaze was rather skeptic, but he nodded his head, nevertheless.

"Well, I don't really know if it really is called like that, but..." Tom briefly paused, "Does the name 'Herpo de Foul', 'Horcrux' and 'General Horcrux' sound familiar to you?"

Hermione could perfectly see that Professor Slughorn wanted to scream and yell at the boy. She saw even fear hidden behind his eyes. But for some odd reason she didn't really understand at all, Slughorn took in some deep breaths, took a seat and told Tom everything he knew about Herpo the Foul and all type of Horcruxes. Also, he made him promise never to use that kind of dark magic; for he had to kill someone in order to spilt his soul to reach immortality.

The hesitation in Tom's voice made Hermione gasp. – It had been right at that moment that Tom Riddle became Lord Voldemort.

Once more, the violent shake took Hermione to another memory. But this time, it wasn't Tom's. It was Draco's.

It was awful. It truly was. He looked down at his arm, and it was not clean. There was that ugly mark, with that ugly skull and that terrifying snake. It burnt his skin; it really hurt. But he had done that sacrifice for her, for his mother. He sacrificed the clean skin on his forearm because he loved her with his entire heart. Because back then, he still felt like he was human. And as the human he was, he thought he could believe in people's promises, like the promise that noseless bastard had just made: 'Let me mark you, and your mother will live', he'd said. And Draco had been so foolish to believe him.

And then, once he looked up at his face, the Dark Lord drew a superior smirk on his face and told him he had lied. With those words, he took the wand out of his pocket and with a rather harsh move he used the killing charm on his mother right in front of his eyes. She had mouthed three last words to him: I love you.

To top it, he'd told Lucius to reduce his very own wife into greyish ashes, as punishment for the boy for having been so hesitant to give him his arm and let him mark it.

It was awful. It truly was. It was awful to see how easily Lucius Malfoy attached to the Dark Lord's orders without any kind of remorse, how the mighty Lucius Malfoy simply took out his wand out of his pocket and pointed at his Narcissa, at his Cissy, and easily cursed an 'Incendio'. – It was awful to see how her body burnt and how she, a beautiful woman, slowly turned into something as ugly as burning ashes. It was even more awful to hear Voldemort and all of his Death Eaters –including Lucius– laughing at Narcissa Malfoy's death.

Draco's eyes automatically filled with angry, yet anguished tears, as his jaw and hands started to tremble. He wanted to scream, to throw himself at that wizard and kill him with his bare hands. Unfortunately, he wasn't capable of doing anything but stutter. The Dark Lord simply smirked.

The bastard!

"Next time I order something, you do it without hesitation, young Malfoy." His cold voice said, "These are the consequences if you don't. You may go now."

Once all Death Eaters were dismissed, Draco went up to his room and took a phoenix's feather. Totally enraged, he then went down to his dungeons led by his furious steps. When he arrived,

he started to punch the wall and rub his hands against it, until his fists were covered in blood. He then followed a certain way he knew and arrived to his goal. He punched the wall again, and so the wall opened itself up.

And there it was, completely covered in mud: Herpo The Foul's Blood Letter.

Tightly holding the phoenix's feather in his hand, Draco attempted to write his name on the Letter with his own blood, as it seemed that would bring Voldemort to his end.

Draco Malfoy. Draco Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.

But he seemed to fail at it every time he tried: His name simply vanished, his blood didn't seem to be— his blood wasn't— His blood wasn't...

His pure blood was not good enough.

Draco yelled, he screamed, he roared until his throat started to hurt. He wanted his name to stay on that shitty piece of paper! He wanted revenge and so needed his name to stay, for that fucking wizard had just killed his mother!

His mother! His very own mother, Narcissa Malfoy! The person he had loved most in the entire face of earth. The only one that loved him back and wasn't afraid to show. And now she was... gone. Forever. Just like that. And it wasn't fair. He had always imagined her death—he rarely did— as something more tender: He had imagined her lying on her bed, really old, her grandchildren and her very own son surrounding her. He had imagined her taking his hand and caressing it gently with her thumb as she went; smiling softly and telling him how much she loved him. — But no. It had been entirely different; she had been murdered. And it wasn't fair. Not fair on him. Not fair on her. Not fair on anyone.

Draco just wanted to kill that fucking bastard! But apparently, his own blood and that goddamned letter were against him. And so he bitterly cried. He shed thousands and thousands of tears, as he didn't know how to have his revenge. He didn't know how to get rid of Tom Marvolo Riddle, as he wasn't Harry Potter, he was not the Chosen One.

He shed exactly a hundred tears. As the hundredth tear rolled over his soaked cheek and fell onto the floor, a ghost came out of the nothingness and gave him the Pensieve as a gift, telling him the answer on how to kill the Dark Lord was hidden in there.

As he took the Pensieve in his hands, he looked up to the ghost and gasped.

The ghost was Herpo the Foul. And the answer was Hermione Granger. The answer was Hermione Granger's muddy blood.

Completely shocked, Hermione pulled away abruptly and fell onto the floor on her bum. Her breathing was heavy and her heart was racing quickly. Her eyes were out of orbit, all watery and glossy. — So that was what everything was about? She... Her *muddy blood* was the key? That was the key to kill Lord Voldemort?

Not only that. That was the exact reason why Draco Malfoy was so obsessed with her. That was why he had been on about Blood Letters all the time. She was the ultimate Blood united with the

ultimate Letter. She now understood: The Blood Letter.

Hermione panted. She panted heavily, as she felt tears rolling down her cheeks. Why her? Why a filthy little mudblood, as every fucking pureblood put? Why... Why her? Why then? Why—

Three impatient knocks on the door reminded her of her duty. She had to find the feather and she had to find it right at that instant. There was no more time to sigh, cry, pant or pull out a scene. She had to take action, and quickly. So, drying off her tears, the brave Gryffindor stood up and searched all around the room until she finally found the phoenix's feather.

It lay on Malfoy's study table, right on a portrait of his mother. It was a beautiful motioned picture: Narcissa was smiling. Her eyes shone with happiness, their shine would intensify with every time she blinked. And every five seconds she would blow him a loving kiss. — There were three written words: 'I love you'. Hermione frowned. Draco was really fond of his mother. He really, truly loved her, and she could tell he was extremely hurt by her loss. So extremely hurt, his psyche ended up being the victim of all that mess. — Draco ended up obsessed with Hermione, now she knew why. He ended up wanting every possible nuisance out of his way to her, now she knew why. He wanted her just as he wanted his mother. And deep, very deep inside her, even though she would neglect it, she understood him.

More impatient knocks on the door kicked her out of her thoughts. Hermione folded Narcissa's portrait and tucked it into her pockets, as she then took the feather in her hand and, with a last blink at his room; she finally went.

But those three meaningful words never left her mind: I love you. She thought about it all the way back to the dungeons. He loved her. Draco Malfoy, a boy with destroyed feelings and a sick psyche, was capable of loving. That meant he was no monster. No monster at all. At least, he didn't exactly choose to be one. And maybe, just maybe, it wasn't too late for him. Maybe, just maybe, it was in her hands to change his awful, terrible life.

Sexieeeee! AHHAHAHAHAH finally, Chapter 25's up! :D Yaay! :D Hope you all liked it! :)

So, as always, FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED! AND REVIEWS TOOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME ALL HAPPY AS HEEEEEEELLLLL! :D

So, see you on next chapter! :)

Kisses! xxx

Chapter 26: Please

Hey thereeeee! :D Soooo, here I am again, with a new chapter! :D This time you didn't have to wait too much, yay! :D hahahah

**So, yeah, I've been bombarded with the question: "Why her and why her blood?"
Peeeeeople, take it easy; this was part of my idea! I'll reveal it on here; don't be impatient!
;)**

Thank you SO MUCH for all your lovely reviews, favs and follows! Keep 'em going! They

make me as happy as helllllllll! :DDDD

Enjoy your reading! :)

He couldn't believe what he was seeing. The shadows on the walls gave it away: A bunch of Death Eaters had come into the castle, all led by Draco Malfoy, who was currently going up the stairs. How he knew Albus Dumbledore was at the Astronomy Tower, he didn't know. Professor Snape had mentioned something about 'The Deal with Albus' back when they had had their little talk, but didn't go into any concrete details. Was this it? The great deal to kill Headmaster Albus Dumbledore in order to... In order to do what? That didn't make any sense! Besides, if that was their deal, where was Snape? What was Draco doing up there?

The Boy-Who-Lived watched carefully: The blonde Slytherin was five steps away from the old Headmaster; his wand threatening him. His icy gaze was locked on Dumbledore's emerald eyes, as his frown never left his forehead. Dumbledore, on the other hand, had already dried his tears and looked rather still: His greenish orbits looked as welcoming as always, ignoring all bad things on a person, offering love and forgiveness, no matter what.

Harry paid complete attention and listened in closely to their conversation.

"Good evening Draco." Dumbledore said calmly, "What brings you here on this fine spring evening?"

Draco said nothing. His eyes continued to glare at the professor, as his wand still pointed at him. His frown grew stronger and his face darkened; the young Malfoy really looked like a psychopath. He really looked like a murderer. – Harry couldn't help but wonder: Had his face looked like that when he got rid of Ron's life?

"Who else is here?" Draco rather sounded calm, not as Dumbledore had really expected him to be. "I heard you talking."

"I use to talk aloud to myself. I find it's extraordinarily useful." He replied, the calm never leaving his voice, "Have you ever whispered to yourself, Draco?"

Draco couldn't help but smirk. Yes, of course he had. He had whispered nasty, dirty things whenever he touched himself and thought of his Gryffindor Princess. Not that he would ever confess it, though. That was his secret. His and let alone his.

Before he could even reply, saying it was an extremely ridiculous thing to do, he saw Dumbledore kind of leaning his body and looking at him with pleading eyes.

"Draco," he called, in a tone no one had ever heard before. It was like he was begging, begging to make him see what was happening. Dumbledore was practically begging him to open his eyes and look inside himself, so the blonde could realize how wrong it was what he was about to do. He had to beg him, to plead him to open himself to his conscience. "You are no assassin."

Suddenly, guilt feelings started to press his throat. His voice had somehow affected him, as he remembered those words had once been his mother's. – The day before Voldemort marked him with the Dark Mark, Narcissa went to talk to him. She told him that whatever the circumstances

were, whatever he was forced to do; he was no assassin. And he remembered his mother had used the exact same voice as Dumbledore just had. – It was a desperate pleading, a forlorn begging.

"How do you know what I am?!" Draco spat; his cool voice rapidly changing, "I've done things that would shock you!"

Dumbledore chuckled.

"You have been the one to terrify whole Hogwarts at the Quidditch match with your hurricane. Let me guess... Fera Aer?"

Draco didn't reply, he simply hissed and pointed his wand at him with even more decision. Dumbledore simply raised his eyebrows at that.

"Ingenious!" Dumbledore whispered. "But I wonder, how did you end with Ronald Weasley's life without getting yourself killed?"

"Felix Felicis, Liquid Luck." Draco's voice was almost trembling, "I wished for him to die, and for me to survive."

Only one simple question escaped Dumbledore's lips.

"Why?"

"He trusts me!"

Dumbledore shook his head lightly.

"We both know it is not about him in here, Draco. The reason you've murdered Ron Weasley is Hermione Granger's muddy blood."

Draco's jaw dropped in shock. How did the old man even know about that!? He had made sure only his Godfather, Slughorn and for fuck's sake, even Potter knew. But not Dumbledore!

"How did you find out—" Draco hissed, as he gripped his teeth. "—

Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter, isn't it?"

"*HOW!*" The blonde angrily yelled.

"Draco, I've known Tom Riddle much longer than you have. Don't you think I've known for a very long time you were his heir? And don't you think that, you, as Voldemort's heir, freely wandering around my school, I wouldn't have a trail on you?"

Dangerous anger started to rush through Draco's veins. His one of his hands had turned into a furious fist, as the other one was ready to curse at any moment. His face had darkened even more, and his eyes shone with pure enagement. Draco Malfoy was fucking burned up.

"*Who followed me?*" His whisper was menacing. Very menacing indeed.

"The very same person you've manipulated to set Professor Slughorn under the Imperius Curse. The very same person you've confided your evil plans." Dumbledore confessed, "Your very own Godfather, Draco. Severus Snape."

"What?" He hissed again.

"He'd sworn eternal loyalty to your mother, Draco. He followed you for your own good-"

"-For my own good? That's ridiculous!"

"Oh now, is it? I think not. Is it ridiculous to follow someone that has his own plans to take the Dark Lord down? Is it ridiculous to follow someone that hides a book at the forbidden section of the library at past curfew?" The old professor questioned him, "Is it ridiculous to watch after the ones you love? It was for your own good, Draco."

The blonde stayed silent. He really didn't have any kind of argument against it. All he knew was that he was mad. Infuriated. Fucking bloodthirsty, even. Snape had been a fucking spy on him. And he, Draco Malfoy out of all people, hadn't noticed. Not for a single second.

Albus Dumbledore kept on talking.

"And I shall add, it was also for the Wizarding World's advantage. Having gotten this great source of information on Voldemort's general Horcrux has done things considerably easier for the Bright Side." Dumbledore chuckled again, "Of course, it is kind of ironic that Miss Granger's blood is the actual ink to the Blood Letter, isn't it?"

"It is venom." Draco said, "Her blood will kill that bastard."

Both, Harry and Dumbledore frowned, as none of them really understood what the blonde was on about. Venom?

"What do you mean?"

It was Draco's turn to stir a bitter laugh.

"Oh, come on. Don't tell me that the mighty Albus Dumbledore doesn't know." Dumbledore shook his head. Draco smirked. "Alright, then, *Professor*," he spat that name with certain mock and bitterness, "let's test your knowledge. *Who was Herpo the Foul?*"

"He happened to be one earliest Greek Dark Wizards of history, best known for being the first wizard with the power to hatch a basilisk and... he was the one to design Horcruxes."

"Very well, Professor. Ten points to Gryffindor." Draco mocked, "But you haven't passed your test just yet. I still have five more questions for you."

Draco's mercury eyes were filled with many emotions at the same time: They hid challenge, evilness, mocking, bitterness, anger, and somewhat fear. Dumbledore failed at seeing any kind of light in his eyes, for he saw only the darkness Voldemort had established in the boy's heart. And oh, he felt sad. He felt terribly sad for him, as the blonde hadn't deserved any of that. He hadn't deserved any bitterness, or any evilness; he had deserved a better life; a better childhood and better teenage years. Draco Malfoy had deserved to live his life like one normal

boy without any kind of prejudices against people, but unfortunately for him, it was too late.

Dumbledore sighed.

"Ask away."

"First: What was Herpo the Foul's Horcrux?" Draco's voice was touched, no doubt, but he still had control over it.

"His Blood Letter."

"Second: What was Herpo the Foul's blood status?" His voice seemed to rise a little bit.

"He was a pureblood."

"Third," his voice was loud, really loud, "Who was the second dark wizard to write his name on Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter, thus killing him?"

"Tom Riddle."

"Fourth," Draco's voice broke, as his hand started to tremble, "What is his blood status?"

"He is a... *half-blood*." Dumbledore ended in a whisper and frowned, as he finally understood where Draco was going with all his questions, "Only a half-blood can kill a pureblood... Only a mudblood can kill a half-blood! Draco-

"-And fifth," Draco dramatically yelled, his voice somewhere hiding power, "What did I call Hermione Granger back in second year?"

Dumbledore's eyes widened.

"A mudblood."

"No." Draco darkly said in a dangerous whisper, "I called her *a filthy little mudblood*."

Malfoy's grip on his wand tensed up, and his hand almost motioned to kill him. It was trembling. Trembling with fear. If the boy was feeling so emotional he couldn't control himself, Albus feared his hand would involuntarily slip and his mouth unwillingly curse, thus taking his life away. Dumbledore was starting to get worried. Where was Severus?

"Draco." He called, trying to win some time. He had to stop him from killing him. His sanity had already had too much. "*Draco, you are no assassin.*"

"-He trusts me! I was chosen!"

With those words, Draco lifted up his left sleeve and showed Dumbledore the ugly Dark Mark. The blonde looked at it for a short moment and felt a powerful rush of disgust. Draco then looked at the professor, thus unwillingly revealing the incredible, hidden fear in his silvery eyes.

Dumbledore simply lifted his arms. He would try *everything* to win some time.

"I shall make it easier for you."

"Expelliarmus!"

The Elder Wand, the wand he claimed to be his, flew off Dumbledore's hand, leaving him defenseless. Both men followed the track of the wand, in order to see where it had landed, and looked at each other once again.

"Draco—"

Suddenly, the sound of a door opening up was to be heard, being followed by numerous steps and a cracked up evil laugh. Bellatrix Lestrange's. For a brief second, all three wizards, Harry, Dumbledore and Draco shot a look to the direction where the sound came from. Not even a second later, their attention was again fully focused on Albus Dumbledore, whose eyes stared with a rather insane curiosity at the blonde snake.

"-We're not alone... There are others."

From his hiding place, Harry tried to move a little bit so no one could see him. All Death Eaters started to go up the stairs. There were four or five of them; Harry couldn't really see them properly.

Draco's panting was more than evident.

"How?"

Dumbledore looked down and gave Harry a look. Now it was his time to listen in closely. It was time for him to pay his full attention in Draco Malfoy's words.

"The vanishing cabinet in the Room of Requirement." Draco hissed, his hand still trembling from his Expelliarmus, "I've been mending it."

The tension in the room grew.

"Let me guess. It has a sister. A twin."

"Malfoy Manor. I formed a passage."

"Ingenious." The ancient man whispered once more, "Draco. Years ago, I knew a boy, who made all the wrong choices. Please let me help you."

"I don't want your help!" Draco spat, "Don't you understand?! I have to do this. I have to kill you. He's already killed my parents, my mother. I want revenge. I don't want him to kill me. I want to kill him."

And then, a third feminine voice was to be heard. It was Draco's aunt, Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Oh," She said, her voice content, "Look what we have here..."

All Death Eaters arrived at the spot where Draco was. Bellatrix went right behind him and kissed his neck, congratulating him on his good word. He felt his skin getting goose bumps as she

spoke the words *'The Dark Lord will be pleased.'*

"Good evening, Bellatrix." He greeted. "I think introductions can be skipped, can't they?"

"That is right, Albus." Bellatrix almost purred, as she slowly left Draco's side and approached his, "But it would be impolite not to bid any farewell, wouldn't it?"

Bellatrix turned around to face her nephew.

"Do it!" She enthusiastically commanded, "NOW!"

But Draco's hand still trembled. Some comments coming from the rest of the Death Eaters, comments like 'He doesn't have the guts, just like his father', encouraged him to finally get rid of that old wizard called Albus Dumbledore. – A man that believed in love, in faith and in fairness. A man that didn't want Draco Malfoy to carry another death in his conscience. But considering Severus was not going to appear, and considering all Death Eaters were putting Draco under such pressure, he decided to cease.

"Draco," He called again. *"Please."*

Please, make it easier for yourself. *Please*, remember you had no choice. *Please*, you're no assassin. *Please*, remember you're capable of loving. *Please*, remember you're not a monster.

"Please." Dumbledore repeated.

A last quick look and a nod from Dumbledore was all Harry got before he died. Harry understood.

"Avada Kedavra!" Draco finally cursed.

It hurt like a bitch to see how a green light hit Albus' body. It really stitched his heart to see how he fell from the Astronomy Tower. It pressed his throat and it didn't let him breathe to see his body in the air; knowing it would end up roughly falling onto the floor. And yes, he wanted to cry. He wanted to smash himself onto the floor like a baby. But that wasn't the place, nor the time to do so. Right now, he had to go.

He had to go, for he had given him his word and there was no turning back. He really didn't want to do it, but Harry Potter could not betray him. He had to go. He had to go and he had to find his best friend, Hermione.

And please, oh, *please*...

"Let her be alive."

**YES! YES! I DID IT! AHAHAHAHA, TWO CHAPTERS IN TWO DAYS!
AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!**

And yes, I know I haven't really answered the question to "Why her". I really hope to do it on the following chapter, because, to be honest, I really didn't know how to fit it in this scene. Sooo, you'll have to wait a bit more! Sorry!

So, yeah, I really hope you liked it :)

Favs, follows and reviews ARE LOVE!

See you on next chapter! Kisses xxx!

Chapter 27: Her cry of pleas

Soooo, here I am again! :D Yaay :D hahah! Sooo, yeah. This is my next update; hopefully some questions will be cleared :)

Thank you SO MUCH for all your reviews, favs and follows! They were much appreciated and they truly made my day! Keep 'em goin'! :D

Enjoy your reading! :)

Lord Voldemort had been wandering around the castle of Hogwarts for a while. It had been rather silent, there had been no students sneaking out of their rooms. – Until right then: A desperate yell for help was to be heard right from the schoolyard. Riddle turned to see: There was a teen girl screaming for help and kneeling in front of a dead body. Albus Dumbledore's.

The Dark Lord looked up to the sky and one evil smirk crossed his ugly facial features: The clouds drew a snake coming out of a skull. The Dark Mark was there; his loyal followers had attacked... and his young heir Draco Malfoy had succeeded. –However, that did not mean work was all done. Mudbloods still were to be killed. And since the Dark Mark in the sky surely terribly alarmed everyone, Voldemort decided to go summon his Death Eaters and wait to take action. Right after Hogwarts had had just about enough of that ridiculous mourning dedicated to that old wizard, they would kill all mudbloods in front of everyone.

And so with a decided pace, Tom Marvolo Riddle went up to the Astronomy Tower, being careful enough not to be seen by anyone. He walked quickly, his ripped robes moving along with his movements. When he arrived to the fifth floor and turned to the right, Voldemort could have sworn he had seen Harry Potter from the corner of his eye.

He simply shook his head and let him go. The best bit was *always* for the end.

His breathing was steady and quite heavy; he could feel the cold air uncomfortably tickling his throat, it was almost a stabbing feeling. His legs were starting to ache, as they ran so fast and for way too long; he needed to slow down. But that big part of his mind reminded him he couldn't allow himself to do so. He had to check on Hermione. Harry Potter had to see if his best friend was still alive.

For the hundredth time already, he ran his hand over his forehead to wipe away all of his cold sweat, somehow trying to keep things apart from one another. Firstly, Ron, his best friend, his brother even, had died. – Rather, he had been murdered – He was dead. Secondly, he himself had been poisoned and kidnapped by Draco Fucking Malfoy, had been tortured while being told

Malfoy's evil plan to conquer this world. And then, just like that, he had been killed. Thirdly, he had seen his mother and so many emotions he didn't even know existed had been woken up right then, thus leading to a confusion overwhelming him. – Getting told Voldemort had been inside him for so long and that he had the chance to revive somehow angered him. Others had suffered because of him, and only if he had known, he could have spared it. He had decided to revive, as he realized he had to make it up; as he realized he had Hermione and other beloved people like Ginny to live for. And to finally top it, he had just witnessed Dumbledore's death.

Those were so many things at once. So many thoughts, so many fears, and so many angers at one time, it was way too much to handle. It simply fucking sucked to be him, because he would always feel pain and hurt. And what was worst: Even without wanting it, he would drag his friends and even his family into danger. His godfather Sirius Black was proof of it.

Harry couldn't help but hate himself. He couldn't help but hate his life.

And so he prayed as he finally stood in front of the Room of Requirement: Please, please, please Hermione, be alive. Please, please, please, I need to know you're still living.

The door showed up immediately. Harry ran to go into the room, hoping he was going to be able to spot Malfoy's vanishing cabinet quickly. His emerald eyes registered the room as fast as they could. His eyebrows were forming a desperate frown, as he felt another rush of cold sweat running down his forehead. One single drop was slowly running down the right side of his face, passing by the corner of his eye. It looked like it was a tear, a tear of complete despondency.

Harry was scanning the room with lion eyes, when he suddenly saw it: There it was. The vanishing cabinet, awaiting him. Its doors opened, and an impending mystery coming out of it. The Boy-Who-Lived didn't even think, he just did. He ran towards that passage that would lead him to Hermione. Quickly stepping into it, Harry shut his eyes tightly.

"Malfoy Manor." He whispered.

And so the vanishing cabinet did its magic.

"I have to go upstairs before they come back. If I stay, I might risk all of our lives." Snape said closing the dungeons' bars door behind him, "I wish you good luck, Miss Granger. You'll need it."

Hermione said nothing. She now was down at Malfoy's dark dungeons again, holding the Feather delicately in her hands. She looked at it and felt... She didn't exactly know what she felt, it was a mixture of disgust and satisfaction at the very same time, and it was very disorientating. It certainly repulsed her that Malfoy had hidden that big treasure inside his room for so long, considering he could have killed Voldemort easily with that tool. And she really felt gorged to know that such a beautiful Phoenix's feather was the thing that would kill one of the most terrifying wizards of magical History. But yet again, that beautiful feather was the thing to bring peace to that bloody war. That beauty would be ending all pain and fear.

Uncertainty rushed into her mind as she remembered Draco had told her once:

"Now, Princess. Think. Voldemort might be gone by then – If we get to defeat him, that is. But in the case it happens, you still have to know that his followers won't disappear just like that. –"

Most of them will hide themselves in their own houses, waiting for a new leader who tells them to wait for a proper moment to attack again. It is a circle, love. It will never end."

Hermione felt her chest slightly tighten up as it tickled a bit. His last words were echoing inside her head: 'It will never end.' She wanted to cry. Peace would never reach them. Darkness would always be upon them. And that terrified her to no end: Never again would she be able to pursue her dreams in the wizarding world. Never again would she be able to pursue happiness in a world that was filled with war, loss and never-ending pain. She was trapped. Trapped in darkness.

A single tear ran down her cheek and wet it. Hermione didn't wipe it away. She wanted to feel the path the tear had traced, she wanted to feel how her skin slowly dried. She wanted to be sure she had been crying, for she was completely sure she wouldn't be having the chance to cry anymore. She had to stay strong as the current time was dark, and as future times would be even darker.

Tucking a hand in her pocket, she took out Narcissa's portrait and stared at it for a little while. She examined her features and ascertained she was indeed a very beautiful woman. A "Chère Beauté" her French family would probably say. And even though she most likely had been a Death Eater, Hermione detected light in her features. She saw love. Love she had felt for Draco with such intensity no one could probably ever understand. She had given him all love she had within her heart, and Hermione was absolutely positive he had returned it. Draco knew how to love. Draco surely wanted to love and to be loved again. And he needed someone. He had picked Hermione, and she didn't understand. Maybe she reminded him of his mother. And maybe because of that he just wanted to have some light, some kindness, and forgiveness. He wanted to feel her love once more.

'I love you'

She tucked the other hand into her other pocket and took her Blood Letter. Hermione somehow managed to unfold it with one hand.

'Draco'

She compared both calligraphies and quickly was aware of an important thing: Both had been written with his blood, and both had been written with the very same tenderness and love he felt.

Draco had done much damage. He had hurt her badly. He had shown her he was a heartless bastard that didn't care for anything in this world. But his handwriting said just the exact opposite. The care and the tenderness he had written those words with clearly showed Draco Malfoy was afraid of many things. It clearly showed he wanted War to come to its end and that he wanted to have a future. It showed he wanted to learn to love again.

Draco Malfoy was a human being, just like the rest of the world.

The sudden, desperate need for her to forget about everything overcame Hermione. She felt the necessity to forget about all bad things Draco had done to her friends, and so to her life. She just cared about wanting to teach him how love, giving him all of her kindness, all of her love. She truly wanted to love him.

Hermione closed her eyes for a brief moment, as she remembered she had had sex with him just a couple of hours ago. He had been so loving at first, so incredibly gentle. He had been so human. Draco had shown her his warm side, and she could not deny it, she had loved it. God forbid her to say it aloud, but she had found herself loving him, back when they had intimated. Maybe it had been an illusion and she only loved what he made her feel. Maybe not. But she just knew she had felt many things back when... Back when they had *made love*.

Memories of him thrusting into her so lovingly came into her mind. His quiet groans and moans caressed her ears. It would have been perfect if it had just stayed that way all along. And she had wanted it. She had wanted him to love her slowly, as she wanted to love him that way, too. But she had forbidden that as she started to talk dirty and scream loudly, because she didn't want him to know she wanted that just as much as he did. She wanted to make him believe she was only hypnotized and that it had meant nothing. But of course, her darkest and most selfish secret was she wanted to be loved. By him.

Suddenly, she put both pieces of parchment together, thus placing all words side by side. Hermione's eyes grew wide as she saw the message and saw Narcissa's eyes staring right back at her. Her deep, blue eyes were a loud cry of pleas directed to Hermione and telling her to love Draco just as much as she had. *'I love you.'* – Narcissa loved them both. Him, for being her son. Her, for loving him. She suddenly started to understand.

'I love you. Draco.'

Deep inside her, she felt tremendous warmth rushing through her veins, overpowering her completely. Her legs trembled, her chest tickled, she felt the hickey on her neck. Her lips were ajar; her brownish irises were widely open. Her mind reminded her of Draco's words:

"What I feel, you feel. What you feel, I feel."

She felt him loving her.

I knooooow, I knooooow, this is a VERY short chapter. Intense but short, I know. I have to keep the suspense and loosing it up at the same time, and trust me; this is not an easy thing to do!

So, I hope you guys liked it! :)

Favs and follows are very much appreciated!

AND REVIEWS TOOOOOO! THEY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS HEEEEEEELLLLLL!

Thanks for reading guys! You ROCK!

See you on next chappie

Chapter 28: I've found you

Hi theereeeee! xxx How's you, people? :) I hope you're all doing fine. Sooo, yeah, as usual, I just wanted to thank you all for all your lovely reviews, favs and follows! They've

made my week(s)! :D THANK YOU SO MUCH!

Warning: Maaaaybe, just maybe, this chapter will make you cry. I mean, it is rare for me to cry while writing and re-reading what I've just written, and I did. This chapter is indeed VERY EMOTIONAAAAAL! – People say that, when you are capable of laughing or crying with your own stuff, you surely will make other people laugh or cry. So, yeah... You'll be warned :D Oh, and now that I've mentioned it. You might want to read this while you listen to 'Courtyard Apocalypse', from the Harry Potter movies. Just a recommendation :)

So, yeah... This story is slowly coming to its end, and I will think of a new one quickly, so you can keep on reading :D

But for now...

Enjoy your reading! :)

Hogwarts was covered in fire flames and greenish lights. The whole castle was burning; the black smoke in the air was utterly terrifying.

Voldemort had had summoned their Death Eaters back in the Astronomy Tower and had given specific orders to wait for all students to surround Dumbledore's dead, old body. Once the scenario was right in front of their eyes, he'd given his final order: Attack and kill all mudbloods.

All of his loyal servants flew down the Tower and started to shoot spells and dangerous curses at the yard, thus hurting almost all students and killing some of them. – There were waves of dust in the air, stones and leaves flew around, blood and even some young bodies covered the entire yard. However, Albus Dumbledore's body was sacred, and so it remained intact.

Not many students were able to escape and hide. But for those for whom it had been possible, they were now in a safe secret place, and were mourning their headmaster and all their friends. Also, they blamed Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived. – Lives had been taken away from them. And it was his entire fault.

An hour later, after the main massacre had taken place, the entire castle seemed to be rather silent. Only the Death Eaters' steps were to be heard, and every now and again, Bellatrix Lestrange's evil laughter. – But the quiet had been destroyed just as soon as Voldemort roughly turned on his feet and madly cursed an impending spell up in sky.

He started to yell.

"GRANGER!" He screamed, infuriated, "MUDBLOOD HERMIONE GRANGER IS STILL ALIVE!"

Draco paled. Luckily, Tom Riddle didn't seem to notice.

"Find her." He commanded. "FIND HER!"

All Death Eaters attached to his order and so they dispersed in different directions. And Draco, somehow led by his feet, went to Slughorn's office, as he remembered the Unforgivable Potion.

Slughorn's old voice echoed inside his head:

"The Unforgivable potion, also known as 'The Potion of Perfection', is an almost unknown potion that only accords to the maker's wishes. It does not matter if the maker wishes for the drinker to die, to become ill or even to love. The Unforgivable Potion does not have any color, any smell or any taste, and there's no organ that gives the potion away. This means, man cannot prove that a wizard has drunk it."

Three months had passed by. The Potion was finally brewed. Everything he had to do now was go get Professor Slughorn.

Harry Potter had just arrived. He was now at Malfoy Manor, more concretely in a kind of dark room. It looked rather abandoned; there were many old items and pieces of furniture. They had surely belonged to earlier generations, probably to Draco's grandfather, Abraxas Malfoy.

The Boy Who Lived looked around before he put a foot on the floor. He stuck his head out of the vanishing cabinet and so his emerald gaze focused on the exit door. Right at the corner of the room, maybe ten meters away from him, there was a slight escape of light. All right, that was his way to Hermione.

Taking in a deep breath, and hoping there wouldn't be any Death Eaters in the house, Harry stepped out of the twin cabinet and decisively hiked to the door. He was very careful not to trip with any kind of item on his way, as Harry tried to be as silent as possible.

Finally, his hand on the knob, he cautiously opened the door and looked out for any signs of Death Eaters. Good: The room –probably one of the main dining rooms – was completely empty. Harry's hand pushed the door a little bit further, so he could finally leave the dark room behind him.

Everything was quite disorientating for him, as he had never been to that house before. There were three doors in front of him: One to his right, one to his left and the other was right in front of his eyes. And, as he knew he didn't have much time, considering the Death Eaters could arrive at any moment, he knew he had to choose the right door; just a single failure could be fatal.

He closed his eyes and tried to feel Hermione, anyhow. He pictured her in his mind. He tried to communicate with her through telepathy; tried to hear her voice telling him where she was. – Harry was completely focused on her entire being.

Still with his eyes closed, Harry felt how his feet led him to the front door. They were slow at first, as they ended up running fast. His emeralds already open, the Boy Who Lived hurried through all corridors, until his pace finally guided him to a stairwell. Without thinking about it twice, Harry went down the stairs with such impulse, with such necessity to find her that his body literally smashed against the iron bars of the door, causing a rush of quick pain all along his spine.

He saw it through the iron blockade: there was someone –He couldn't really recognize who it was since it was too dark– trapped down there, in the humid dungeons.

Taking a step back, Harry quickly took his wand out of his pocket and pointed at the door. He cast an Alohomora, but it didn't work. So he took another step back and bombarded the door. A

part of hearing the explosion, he could have sworn he'd heard someone gasp.

He rushed into the dark dungeons, as his eyes desperately searched for her person:

"Hermione!" He called, his voice echoing the room, "Hermione!"

"Harry!?"

She could not believe it. Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived, was standing right in front of her. She rubbed her eyes, thus making sure she wasn't dreaming. There he was: Her best friend, whom she had considered dead, as Draco Malfoy had told her, was running towards her in order to give her a tight hug.

Hermione felt his arms locking all around her tiny body, as his head buried itself in the delicate curve between her neck and right shoulder. She felt his warm breath spreading all along her décolleté and some wet tears wetting the entire zone along her collarbone. – The Gryffindor Princess sensed a complete drown out sensation overcome her. She could not react, her brain still had to process that Harry Potter was hugging her, and it was not a ghost. Her brain still had to fully process that he was alive.

His gentle sobbing slowly put her back into reality, and so her hands gradually started to move towards his back, so returning his hug. She patted and caressed his vertebral column, as if comforting him and reassuring him she was there, too. – She felt him snuggling closer to her, and so she let herself go and started to cry as well.

She cried out of relief. Out of somewhat happiness, too. But at the very same time, she cried out of confusion and fear. Fear that Draco –or Voldemort– would kill him again, thus taking his life away for good. She feared that, once he had been murdered once for all, she would have hope left for him to come back someday, just as he had done now. She feared that she would always be awaiting his arrival from the dead, and that she would waste her entire life on waiting for him. Even though her conscience would merely scream at her that he was dead.

Her head fell on his right shoulder, as her body completely leant against his, and her feet started to gently balance from one side to the other, just as if they were dancing a tender waltz. Hermione closed her eyes, so reassuring herself that he was there in the flesh. And that back at that moment nothing else mattered. There were just he and she. And it was enough.

Minutes passed by, too fast for their liking, and so they stopped dancing, pulled away from their hug and looked at each other's eyes. Both were red from all tears that had been shed, and still watery and shiny. Hers were as brown and golden as they could be. And his adopted a beautiful, rather turquoise tune, shaded of pale grey because of the darkness of the place.

Both examined their respective features: Harry wanted to make sure Hermione hadn't been hurt badly in any kind of way. He saw some dirt and some scratches on her face, but they were nothing abnormal, considering the hard time they were going through. Her eyes reflected no signs of incredible fear, which could have been perfectly interpreted as rape or violation. – A rush of relief overwhelmed him: Malfoy hadn't hurt her.

As for Hermione, she saw Harry's appearance hadn't exactly changed at all. Yes, his hair was messier than normal, and his glasses were half broken. Just like her, he had some cuts on his

cheeks and forehead. But he didn't seem to be more or less of a man than he had before that magical war –that magical battle– had broken out: Harry Potter was still Harry Potter. The very same Harry Potter she knew.

She smiled. He smiled back at her.

But suddenly, she looked down, "It's like you've come back as an illusion. As a phantom... To me, you're almost unreal. And... I-It also could've been Ron, you know."

At Ron's mention, her voice seemed to be broken. All hurt was reflected in his name. It was like all memories she had of him had come up at once. Ronald Weasley. Ron, a good ginger friend, almost a brother. A brilliant person, a bright one. A person that always knew how to think positively, no matter what. Ron. A person with incredible blue eyes, always shining with happiness. A person with a spectacular smile on his face.

"It also could've been Ron..." She quietly muttered.

"I know." He nodded, as he took her hands in his, "Just as it could've been my mother, my father, Sirius or Professor Dumbledore. But it's me."

Hermione chose to ignore the stitch she felt in the middle of her heart as Harry softly told her Dumbledore had passed away. There were so many things she couldn't believe. His presence was still one of them: She still didn't dare look up at him for fear she'd see a vanishing image of Harry Potter.

As if he had read her thoughts, Harry couldn't help but take her hand and put it on his chest, a definite proof his heart was beating. He was there. He was alive.

Alive.

Hermione's underlip started to tremble a bit, as she felt a slight ticklish sensation all around her nose and eyes. Her lachrymal sacs burnt delicately before they were filled with salty water. Rapidly, this water adopted the form of a tear, and with a single blink of an eye, it rolled down her cheek to her chin.

"Look at me. It is I, Hermione." Harry said, his voice mild, "It is I."

"It is you." She pointed out, as the tear left her face, only to reach the palm of his hand, "You've found me."

Harry put a hand under her chin, and tenderly lifted her head so she was looking at him deeply in the eyes. As response, one of her hands rested on his underlip, sensitively stroking it.

"I've found you." He whispered.

OMG. OMG OMG OMG OMG OMGGGGGGG! HE'S FOUND HEEEEERRRRRR!

So, YAAAY! Chapter 28 UPDATEDDDDD! I hope you guys liked it! :)

Favs and follows are VERY MUCH APPRECIATED! Xxxxx

Oh, AND REVIEWS TOOOOOOOO! THEY MAKE MY DAAAY! Xxxxx! :D

As said, I really hope you guys liked this chappie. See you on next one!

YOU ROCK! Byeeee! x

Chapter 29: The Blood Letter

So, people! It's me again :D Hahahha :D So, well, considering there have been some misunderstandings regarding last chapter, I'll just clear some things out.

Well, this 'It could have been Ron' should be showing that, even though Hermione is kind of confused, as she doesn't know whether to love Draco or not, considering all horrible things he's done; she misses her friend. The fact that she sees Harry and still doesn't believe he's standing right in front of her (you've come back as an illusion, as a phantom) gives her the impulse to say what her actual wish was: The phantom or the illusion could have been Ron. Meaning, she wanted to see him at least once more. The fact that she repeats it is just to emphasize how much she misses him and how much she wishes to talk to him.

And yes, I know at first Harry kind of rushes down to the dungeons and that when Harry and Hermione see each other again, they're like, spending their time together as if nothing happened, but consider this: Hermione had thought he had died and Harry thought she had been raped. – I think it's only natural they want (or need) to take their time to cry themselves out, out of relief, out of happiness... Just a bit of time for themselves in these dark times. Yes, I make them lose track of time, but believe me; this chapter here will be kind of hectic. :D

So, yeah, that was it. :D

A part from that, thank you so much for your lovely reviews and favs and follows :)

Enjoy your reading! :)

Severus Snape was wandering around the manor; he was wandering through the large corridors. His pace was slow, as if he wanted to take his time, acknowledging his time had finally come.

Yes. Now that Dumbledore was dead, and now that he felt like he couldn't do anything else for Draco, thinking he was a lost case, Severus Snape wandered around the manor to find a concrete spot to die peacefully. – A bed. Narcissa Malfoy's bed.

The reason why he had picked such a place to die was simple: After Lily, Narcissa was the second woman he had loved, but at the same time, –he had to admit– he had hated her when she had acceded to Bellatrix's proposal: The Unbreakable Vow. He remembered being incredibly angry with her afterwards; he remembered his last words to her had been bitter and

very hurting, he had told her she had no idea what kinds of unbelievable danger she was pulling him through, and he still remembered her apologetic blue eyes. She had silently begged him to forgive her, yet he decided to turn around and ignore her pleas. And so, by dying in her bed, he would show her he'd forgiven her. He would be able to show her he loved her. – Of course, always after Lily.

His eyes saw the main door that led to her bedroom. Taking a few steps, he reached the knob and went inside. He softly closed the door behind him, as he carefully went to the bed and lay himself down.

He intertwined his wand between fingers above his chest and closed his eyes. And so, a beautiful image of his Lily came into his mind.

Lily...

She was smiling at him. Her face was all bright and her eyes were sparkly. Her cheeks were rosy, just like she was blushing. – For the very first time in years, Severus Snape's lips formed a smile. A very gentle, delicate and soothing smile. For the very first time in his life, Severus Snape cried out of happiness and didn't feel ashamed. For the very first time in his existence, he felt a mastering wave of freedom overpowering him.

He felt like he could do everything. Everything he had ever wanted, he was not a slave anymore. He now had found his Bright Side; he had stopped to be a mere and insignificant pawn in a bloody war. – He felt generous; he wanted to share his happiness with others.

"Finite Incantatem." With this spell, he shared his freedom with Horace Slughorn. He was no longer under Draco Malfoy's Yugo.

Lily's smile widened. His, too.

"Severus..." Her voice kindly whispered, "Come."

His head nodded, as he shed another tear; his smile never leaving his face.

"I'm finally free..."

His hand didn't tremble; it was completely still. Calm. Relaxed. And so was he. – Severus Snape felt ready to die. He felt ready to leave the abyss he was trapped in, the pandemonium he had called 'life'; and finally join his well-deserved paradisiac eternity.

"Avada Kedavra."

With those words, Severus Snape closed his eyes and, with his dying breath, he said Lily's name one last time.

Draco was quickly at Horace Slughorn's office. He searched for the cauldron he had brewed the Unforgivable Potion with; his actions were harsh and rough; a clear sign of desperation he wanted to find it, no matter what.

He had looked all over the room, under chairs and tables, behind his armchair and his sofa,

even. Finally tired of searching, he used the easy way.

"*Accio* Unforgivable Potion's cauldron!" He cast.

And then, from behind a curtain, the cauldron flew towards his figure. Usually, Draco Malfoy would have smirked, but right then, he had too little time to allow himself the luxury of doing so. – Instead, he cast a little crystal bottle and, once the cauldron was placed on the ground right in front of him, he sank the narrow mouth jar into the Unforgivable Potion, also known as 'The Potion of Perfection'.

Draco tucked it into his pocket and left the room, running. The blonde Slytherin then happened to run into another Death Eater, and so they ran to the same direction. – They were going to tell Voldemort and Draco would announce that Mudblood Hermione Granger was not to be found anywhere and that it was best to return to Malfoy Manor.

And once he –accompanied by the Dark Side– arrived, Draco would bring a part of his plan to its end and would finally kill Lord Voldemort, or die trying.

It had been breathtaking. He was alive and so was she. After their meaningful reencounter, Harry and Hermione found themselves to finally be ready and confident enough to come back to the crude reality. They were ready to come back to war.

Before Hermione could even open her mouth to tell Harry about the Feather, a moaning noise caught her attention. She turned around: Professor Slughorn, who was lying on the muddy floor, was starting to finally wake up. Slowly, very slowly, the old wizard started to sit up in an upright position, as his hand moved to the side of his head, gently rubbing it. His headache was almost killing him.

Harry's eyes opened widely.

"Professor Slughorn!" He exclaimed, as he quickly bent down in his aid, "What are you doing here!?"

Hermione, too, bowed down to give him her support. Once of her hands moved to his back, while the other rested on his shoulder, trying to get him in a stable sitting position. Professor Slughorn was covered in dirt and dust, he had a not too severe injury on the left side of his forehead and he looked really pale. In a quick motion, Hermione took Harry's wand in her hands and cast a healing spell on Slughorn's injury.

"Ugh..." His eyes, which were barely open, reflected the tiredness he carried upon himself, "Wh-what...? Where am I? Mr. Potter? Miss Granger?"

Both men looked at Hermione. She frowned.

"We're at Malfoy Manor, professor." She explained, "We're trapped in his dungeons-

Slughorn's confusion was quite obvious to both of them. He truly didn't understand why he was and what he was doing down there.

"What? But, we were in the forest, how did I co-"

Hermione interceded before he could finish his sentence. Hectic and tension were flowing in the air.

"-Listen up, Professor." She said, as she caught Harry's attention, too. "We don't have much time. Death Eaters and Voldemort himself are about to arrive. Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter, the ultimate Horcrux to kill the Dark Lord, is down here, hidden somewhere in the dungeons' walls."

She took the Phoenix Feather out of her pocket.

"This," she showed them the beautiful writing tool, "is the only thing capable of writing on the Blood Letter. Everything we have to do is write one name and so Voldemort will die. Now, we have to start searching."

Harry nodded, as he helped Horace get up. He conjured a *Lumos Maxima* and so the darkness instantly vanished.

According to what she'd seen in the Pensieve, everything they had to do to find the right spot, in which the Blood Letter was hidden, was simply touch the wall with their hands; slightly caress it with their fingers. And so, they decided to disperse: Hermione would go on her own, as her hands would be searching on the left wall. Harry would be paired with Slughorn, considering he was still too weak for doing anything by himself, and so they would search on the opposite wall.

Seven minutes later, Slughorn accidentally staggered, and so one of his hands roughly landed on a certain part of the wall. As he tried to push himself up, he felt his hand pushing into the bastion. Suddenly, the dungeons' floor started to shake, as the barrier began to open.

And there it was: Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter. Two names were written on it, the blood was almost blackish-brown and it stank of death.

Herpo the Foul

Tom Marvolo Riddle

Harry stretched his arm to grab it, and even though Hermione, who had run towards them, was not fast enough to slap his hand away, "No, Harry, don't!"

"*Stupefy!*" A voice shouted from not too far away. Harry was hit by the curse, and so his body stunned away.

Slughorn hurried to his aid, but Hermione stood right where she was, her brownish irises locked in his mercury ones.

"Draco."

Draco Malfoy stood right in front of her, but his eyes were rather focused on Harry. He lay on the floor, half conscious; while Slughorn tried to wake him up. Hermione saw him frowning, as his eyes narrowed in anger. He muttered something under his breath; something she couldn't understand, for he was speaking too quietly.

"Malfoy." Harry's rather weak voice came from behind her.

"Oi, Potter. They should call you The Boy Who Just Wouldn't Fucking Die, don't you think?" He mocked him, "Anyway, I'm not here to kill you again. Not now at least." He felt Hermione's gaze starring at him, silently cursing him and begging him to spare his life at the same time, "I'm here to tell you that the Death Eaters are back in the house. And so is the Dark Lord."

Horace's eyes widened in fear. Hermione gasped. Harry frowned, as he stood up with great difficulty. The Boy Who Lived took five steps towards The Boy Who Made All The Wrong Choices and looked at him, his emerald eyes emitting grievous bitterness.

"Go ahead and take us to him, Malfoy." Harry challenged, "You've already betrayed us. You couldn't be possibly falling any lower, even if you wanted to."

Draco smirked.

"No, Potter. I'm not taking all of you to him. Just you."

"NO! Draco, please," Hermione felt her legs tremble. "Don't do it. Don't."

When Draco finally turned to see Hermione and meet her chocolate irises, she saw something different in his two icy eyes. There was no malice, no bad intentions whatsoever. She saw he had something planned; just like she saw the self-confidence he was feeling right then. She saw his belief in their victory over the Dark Side. She saw his tremendous fear. Finally, she could see his human side.

He wanted to tell her to hush, but seeing her eyes was enough: No words were needed.

Again, Malfoy turned his face to Potter and then to Slughorn, as he took the Unforgivable Potion out of his pocket. With a stern voice, he said:

"I have a plan."

Suspense filled the room. All eyes were centered on Draco Malfoy, more precisely, on the bottle he held in his hands.

Slughorn was first to speak.

"Three months have passed by."

Harry and Hermione shot him a confused look, but Draco nodded, "I need you to drink it, Professor Slughorn."

Draco took two steps towards him and bowed down to face him fully. He stretched his arm and handed him the Unforgivable Potion, but Slughorn refused to look at it or him. The oldest wizard shook his head.

"Professor." He called him, his voice harsh. "We don't have time. You must drink this. You must drink the Unforgivable Potion."

"Malfoy, what are you talking about?" Harry asked.

Hermione quickly explained, and everyone paid crucial attention to her words. And then, all presents in the dungeons were well aware that, Horace Slughorn, as the legitimate brewer of the Unforgivable Potion, was the one that could save the situation.

But again, Horace Slughorn decided to shake his head, giving him to understand he was not going to accord to his wishes. As response, Draco cursed under his breath and stood up, not moving from in front of his eyes.

"Look up." Draco said, holding the bottle carelessly. Horace finally looked up and his eyes met Malfoy's. They looked rather defying, "You know I'm very well capable of letting it fall onto the floor."

His underlip started to tremble.

"Horace." The blonde snake said, "I know you're not under the effects of the Imperius Curse anymore. Because of the Unbreakable Vow, I've felt Severus' death. You're free. But that doesn't mean I won't ask you to drink the Unforgivable Potion and wish for peace in the wizarding world."

Still, there was no answer from the old potions master.

"You know if you keep hesitating and I let it fall, any attempt to win over the Dark Side will be in vain." Draco pressured him, "The wizarding world's fate is in your hands, Horace. You choose."

Even though Harry hated himself for it, he had to admit Malfoy was right while putting so much pressure on the old wizard, since there was no other way to get Horace to drink the potion. – Of course, he could understand his reasons, for he was sure that if Harry had been set under the Imperius Curse and had been manipulated just like Malfoy had with Slughorn, he would be hesitating, too. –But for now, what he had to do was obvious.

And so, he pushed Malfoy aside and sat near Slughorn.

"Professor." Harry called him. "Look at me. Please."

And then, there were emerald eyes against emerald eyes. A beautiful greenish tune that seemed to communicate, even connect with one another. Harry knew that, using the right words; he would bring Slughorn to understand, and to finally drink the potion.

"A man once told me he had a pet fish. Francis."

"Yes..." Slughorn whispered along, "Francis."

'Oh, how touching.' Draco couldn't help think.

"T was a student who gave you Francis." Harry related, "one spring afternoon you discovered a bowl on your desk, just a few inches of clear water in it. Floating on the surface was a flower petal. As you watched it sank, just before it reached the bottom, it was transformed; transformed into a wee fish."

His old, greenish eyes seemed to be totally lost in the memory. A hint of a smile even seemed to cross his facial features.

"It was beautiful magic, wondrous to behold." He said, literally quoting him, "The flower petal had come from Lily... My mother."

Slughorn looked at him, his entire being admiring Harry Potter.

"The night I got this," He touched his scar; "I survived, because my mother sacrificed herself for me. She refused to step aside. Her love was more powerful than Voldemort."

Harry put his hand on his shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

"Be brave, professor." He almost begged, "Be brave for my mother. Otherwise... You'll disgrace her. Otherwise... She died for nothing. And otherwise... The bowl will remain empty. Forever."

Their eye contact was intense at that point. Slughorn blinked once, twice, always remembering the memory and Lily's face; and truly touched and moved by Harry's story. He swallowed, and, his gaze never leaving Harry's, Horace stretched an arm to Draco, telling him with his hand he was ready to drink. Finally with the bottle in his hand, he closed his eyes, neared the little mouth jar to his lips and swallowed the whole potion.

Horace Slughorn wished for peace and prosperity.

A sway of relief suddenly rushed through the room.

Now that Slughorn had drunk and wished for the best, Draco had to take action.

"Potter." he called him, his voice deadly serious.

"Malfoy."

"Listen, and listen closely because this will be the only chance we've got." Draco said. Harry simply nodded, "You have to go upstairs."

"What!"

"-Potter just shut the fuck up and let me finish." He spat, "If you want to get that bastard killed, this is the only way to do it."

"Why don't you go upstairs and face him!?"

"Simple, Potter. Because I am his heir. In this matter I am the Chosen One." He paused, briefly, "The one that has been rightfully chosen to kill him. And seeing that his ultimate Horcrux is here, Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter, I have to stay."

Harry huffed. Damn. He had a point.

Draco smirked.

"Surely you want to tell him a couple of things before he dies."

"That I do."

Their eyes met. It was a vivacious connection: emerald green against mercury grey. Fire against ice. Half-blood against Pureblood. Gryffindor against Slytherin. Man against man. – The desire of all pain, all death and loss; the desire of making it disappear forever, was in their pupils. And so, both realized at the very same time that nothing else did matter right then: They were equal. Their wishes were one. All hate, all despise simply vanished at that instant, as it transformed into a same goal: End that massacre. End that atrocious tragedy.

And with those words and a last look at Hermione, Harry Potter ran towards the exit door and went up the stairs.

Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter was standing right in front of him, and he had already seen his Hermione had the Phoenix Feather carefully held in her tiny hands.

He had dreamed of this moment for a long time. Finally, oh finally, he had the necessary tools to murder Tom Marvolo Riddle, aka Lord Voldemort. Finally, he had the chance to stab him from behind; to fucking betray his trust. Finally, the time in which he would be revenging his mother had come. The growing hate towards Voldemort had grown to its fullest. And finally, the day he had waited for so long, for so many years, months and weeks, had arrived. – Draco closed his eyes as he thought of his mother. He knew what he had to do.

His eyes flew open, as he turned to see his Princess.

"Hermione." Draco looked at her deeply in the eyes, as he took one of her hands in his. He didn't really have any words; her honey eyes left him absolutely speechless.

"Draco." She looked back at him, as her lungs started to pant, slightly at first, heavier as seconds passed by.

Their contact was vehement, profound, desperate. Hermione felt attached to him, as if she wanted to save him from darkness. – She took a step closer to him, and so her tiny palm touched his chest: His heart was beating. Beating frantically, as if there was no tomorrow. – And maybe, if they failed, there would not be any.

His free hand grabbed a fist full of her hair and pulled her even closer to him, so his lips could feel her warm and heavy breaths. He stared at her lips for two seconds, as he reconnected their gazes once again. And for the first time of his life, his eyes melted against hers. His grey lost to her brown; his ice lost to her golden honey. – Draco read her soul through her irises, and his lips fell ajar at his realization, barely caressing hers: She hadn't forgotten about what he'd done. She hadn't forgiven him. But she had learnt how to accept his person. Hermione Granger, his mudblood, his princess, his Horcrux, his everything, she had learnt to accept him. And he saw she was in the need to learn even more. She was ready, she wanted to get to know the real Draco Malfoy, Hermione wanted to learn how to love him, just like she wanted to teach him how to love her back.

In only one single second, Draco felt exactly what he had felt back when his mother lived. He felt love. He felt happiness. Finally, Draco Malfoy got familiarized with such terms. And in one

single second he felt so lucky about it, he had to kiss her.

Their kiss was passionate. Their kiss was fervent, amatory. Their lips met, and so their mouths quickly opened; their tongues fast intertwined. He explored her mouth and so did she, they tasted each other, and as bittersweet as they were, both always craved for more. – More, more, more; always more. More of her hand caressing his with her thumb; more of his fingers running through her hair, pulling her closer to him. More of that bizarrely exquisite taste of wine combined with vanilla, always more, more, more. – Always more Hermione. Always more Draco.

Reluctantly, they pulled away. Only ten seconds had passed by, but it had felt like an eternity. – And now was time for action.

Everything happened real fast now.

Both, Draco and Hermione were standing right in front of Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter. And they knew exactly what they had to do.

While Draco took the Phoenix Feather from her hands, Hermione lifted up her sleeve in a quick and very harsh move, the wrinkled robes lightly scratching her fine skin.

Draco quickly asked Slughorn to give him the little crystal bottle he had handed him, and once he held it in his hands, Draco smashed it against the ground, and so the little can broke into hundred tiny pieces. The blonde bowed down, the sharpest piece of crystal between his fingers, and, carefully taking Hermione's arm, he placed it on her flay as he drew a fine line, followed by a single tear blood.

Hermione couldn't help seeing how Draco stared at her blood. At her muddy blood. And somehow, even though she still was experiencing a very strong feeling from their kiss, all mixed up with lustful emotions, she felt so humiliated. Somewhat mortified, even. She looked away. He saw.

"Hermione." Draco called her, not expecting her to reply. "Stop feeling ashamed. Feel proud. It is your filthy, muddy and dirty blood what is going to kill that selfish bastard. You, my filthy, little mudblood, are going to save our world."

She looked at him. For the first time in her life, Hermione saw his eyes shine. They shone with honesty and trust. It was like their sparkle told her he believed in her and her blood.

No more drama needed, Hermione nodded with decision. Draco gave her a last look before prudently dipping the tip of the Phoenix Feather in her blood. Once the tip was red, Draco set it off her skin and placed it to Herpo the Foul's Blood Letter.

The Time had come.

YESH! WOHO, EXTRA LONG CHAPTER! I'm sooooo good :D HAHAAH

ONLY A CHAPTER TO GO! And then, The Blood Letter will be OFFICIALLY over! Yaaay

:D

I have to say, though, I'm not entirely sure this will have a happy ending. Yeah, I know, things between Draco and Hermione are getting really good, but I still am not sure how to surprise you with the end. Hm, I'll see what I can do :D haha

So, yeah, I hope you guys liked it! As usual, FAVS AND FOLLOWS ARE SO MUCH APPRECIATED! JUST LIKE REVIEWWWWS! LEAVE THEM PLEASEEE! THEY MAKE ME HAPPY AS HELLLL! xxx

So, yeah! I 'll see you on next chappie! :D You guys ROCK! Byeeee! xx

Chapter 30: They were theirs

Oh my god... I can't believe I'm writing the very last chapter of this story. Uh... Yeah, this feels kind of weird. But, hey, in no time I'll be writing another one, so, yeah :D haha

Anyways, just wanted to tell you the usual, guys: Thanks for all your lovely follows, favs and reviews! They always make my day :)

And... Well, I hope from all my heart that you all enjoy the very last chapter of...

Draco

Harry had just stepped into the dining room, and firstly, no one really seemed to notice his presence. All Death Eaters surrounded the large table; Narcissa, Lucius and Draco's seats were empty.

Nagini, Tom Riddle's pet snake, was the only one that had seen him. Giving him a filthy, reptilian look, the animal crawled along the ground until it reached the pale hand of its owner.

Dreadfully slow, Lord Voldemort turned around and saw Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived: His body was all tensed up; all his muscles seemed to be rigid. He held his wand tightly in his hand, and his frown never left his face. His verdant eyes strayed fury, reflected in the angry shine of his irises. He showed his lower teeth, menacingly, challenging him. – Tom stood up from his seat elegantly, a rather surprised expression drawn on his face.

"Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived," His voice was stern, "has finally come to die."

"No, Tom." Harry replied. Voldemort's eyes slightly squinted, "I have come to put an end to your dark era, I have come to put an end to your life."

Voldemort laughed. All his followers did the same. Boringly, he took his wand and pointed at him, as his eyes provoked him to mimic his actions. And so Harry did. His arm started to hoist, and so the tip of his wand pointed at Tom Marvolo Riddle.

"Do you know how it feels, Tom, to know that all you've ever lived has been a lie?" Harry asked

him, defiantly, "To know that a part of your soul has been inside me all along these years, completely free to destroy my life. – All the danger you've put me through, the people I love."

"Stop this sentimental non-sense, Potter." Voldemort hissed, ready to cast the killing curse.

"And that's why I pity you, Tom." He merely stated, "You call 'Love' sentimental non-sense. You call 'Love' unnecessary. Well, let me tell you, Riddle: Seventeen years ago, on the night you went to Godric's Hollow to kill my parents and me, my mother decided to protect me with a very strong spell, even if that meant giving up on her very own life. She did that due her love to me. Her love, Tom. Love."

Voldemort's eyes were locked in Harry's, as his almost non-existent lips formed a thin line.

"The living proof of love being the most powerful thing in the entire world is myself." Harry stated, "You were not able to kill me seventeen years ago, Riddle, and you will not be able to kill me now. Because... Because you are a selfish bastard, and I am a generous, loving man."

"Enough."

"You will fail, Tom Riddle."

"I SAID ENOUGH!" Tom Riddle yelled, somewhat overwhelmed by Potter's words, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

"*Expelliarmus!*"

Red and green collided, causing the ground to shake vehemently. – It was a powerful binding, and even though Harry was quite confident about himself, he didn't dare underestimate Riddle. Yes, his power had diminished considerably since last time, considering that two out of seven Horcruxes had been destroyed, –His diary and himself – but less power didn't directly mean victory.

After fifteen seconds having their wands connected, Tom Riddle felt like he was being stabbed through his stomach with a sharp knife.

Lucius

Horace Slughorn had just been told he was free. Even though it was hard to believe, he finally, truly was. Free of being forced to stay at Hogwarts due to his profession. – The castle reminded him of so many mistakes he had made in his life. Without even realizing, he had created the most powerful monster ever known in magical History: Lord Voldemort. – And now, finally, he was free to forget. He was free to go.

He stood up from the floor, as he patted his robes, clearing all dust off them. He looked over to Draco and Hermione, and he realized: Draco wasn't a black hole; he merely was a slimy snake afraid of many things. He was a weaker guy than she was. – She was a brave lioness. And now, seeing how strong and self-confident he looked having her beside him, Slughorn could be

entirely sure: Hermione Granger was his strength.

Not wanting to interrupt their moment, Slughorn apparated himself away. For the last time of his life, he headed to Hogwarts, only to go to his office and pack up some of his stuff. Once he arrived, a bowl on his table caught his full attention. Curious, his steps led him towards that desk.

There were just a few inches water in it. Floating on the surface was a flower petal. As you watched it sank, just before it reached the bottom, it was transformed; transformed into a wee fish.

It was Francis.

Horace's smile was so incredibly bright; all happiness was reflected in his curved lips. He thought of Harry Potter's words: Be brave, professor. – He had been. And that made him feel an enormous satisfaction. He was proud of himself. He could be.

He took the bowl in his hands, and lifting it up in a motion of laughter and cheer, Horace Slughorn decided not to pack anything. He would start a new life. A new life with his wee fish Francis, as a reminder of his bravery.

After all, he could do what he wanted. He was free at last.

Malfoy

The green-reddish connection stopped at once, and so, his wand flew away. Lord Voldemort was screaming out in pain, as he held his stomach firmly with one hand. The other one was shaking violently from the spasms rushing through his entire body. It hurt. It hurt badly. It felt like a splash of icy water on his back, stabbing right through him like swords. It felt like his extremities had been set on burning fire. It felt like someone was hammering his knees, thus obliging him to kneel down in front of his archenemy.

His head fell onto his nape, and so Tom Riddle was facing the roof. His mouth was open, and his tongue was sticking out. He coughed; he was choking on his own saliva.

It had been only one scream that had lasted for approximately twenty seconds. And now everything Harry could hear was his last breath, as Lord Voldemort's body started to disintegrate.

All Death Eaters started to apparate away, rather quickly, frantically, for fear Harry could hurt or even kill them all. As for Nagini, she disintegrated all along with Voldemort.

Silence filled the room.

He was gone. And all was well.

Herpo the Foul

Tom Marvolo Riddle

Draco Lucius Malfoy

Draco Malfoy was breathing heavily. He didn't quite know how to feel. He had done it. He had murdered him. He had revenged his mother... and his father. – He had won.

With her. With his Hermione. – After all, it had been her muddy blood that had saved the world. Turning his head to his right to see her, he shot her a look. His eyes reflected relief, but also a greyish tone of apology. – He wanted to apologize. For everything he'd done.

Yes, everything. He had been a complete heartless monster disregarding her life and her friends. He had killed Ronald Weasley just because he wanted to get him out of his way. He had killed Harry Potter –Who obviously just had to come back from the dead– because Draco had suffered Voldemort's wrath multiple times. He had blamed him for that, but of course, he had cursed him because he had been incredibly jealous: Hermione had always shared his kindness with him. She had surely shared most diverse moments with him. She surely had cried on his shoulder, while he had patted her back. He surely had yelled at her whenever he had been confused or hurt, and she had listened. – They had been friends from the very beginning, and Draco had felt so ignored. So... pushed aside. So annotated in the margin.

"Hermione, I... I..." He was speechless. Draco just didn't know where to begin. "The reason it's you– The Blood Letter– "

And then, Draco Malfoy fell onto the ground in front of her, crying. He cried out because of many things: He mourned his parents, as he, in between his panting, admitted he missed them. He cried out of relief, too, as he knew their deaths had now been avenged. – Draco shed tears in front of her because he was tired of being a heartless monster. He was tired of prejudices. – He cried because he wanted to make it all up to her. All those wasted years calling her names. He... He wanted... He wished for a miracle.

"Draco," He heard her call his name, "Hush. I know."

With those words, Hermione took one of his hands and placed it on her heart, as she placed one of hers on his. Both hearts were beating.

"What you feel, I feel." She quoted him, "What I feel, you feel."

He felt her loving him.

"I love you." He said, completely lost in her eyes.

Hermione's breath was taken away by those words. She shed a single crystal tear, for she knew he meant it.

She felt him loving her.

A broken smile on her face, her eyebrows drawing a desperate frown, Hermione shook her

head lightly and threw herself at Draco as she kissed him desperately, passionately.

"I love you too." She confessed in a whisper as the kiss found its end.

Internally, both of them wished they were just living a dream. They wished some things had never happened: Hermione wanted to forget her parents couldn't remember her. Draco wanted to forget his parents had been killed. – Hermione wanted to forget Ron had been killed. Draco wanted to forget it had been him. – Draco wanted to forget Hermione had loved Ron. Hermione wanted to remember she could only love Draco.

Suddenly, Draco tucked a hand in his pocket and took his Blood Letter in his hands. Her name was written on it: *Hermione*.

"What magic has done, no man can undo. And with this letter, my heart belongs to you."

Draco recited the Prophecy, his grey eyes never leaving hers. Carefully, he let the Blood Letter levitate and cast an Incendio on it. Slowly, Draco's Blood Letter started to burn, and so transforming into greyish ashes.

He was hers.

Hermione mimicked him. She took her Blood Letter, his name carefully written on it: Draco.

"What magic has done, no man can undo. And with this letter, my heart belongs to you."

Hermione's Blood Letter started to burn as well, its greyish ashes falling on Draco's Blood Letter ones.

She was his.

Draco, who had kept Hermione's wand for so long, gave Hermione her wand back. Deeply looking into her eyes, Draco expressed his need for them to start a new life together. Only a mercury look had been enough. No words had been needed. – Hermione understood.

He stood up, offered her his hand and helped her up. Taking his hand, she looked at him. Both looked at each other and apparated themselves away.

Anyone heard of them anymore. No one knew where they were. No one knew what they did. Everybody knew she was the Smartest Witch of Her Age. Everybody knew he was The Boy Who Made All The Wrong Choices. Everybody knew she was a Muggleborn. Everybody knew he was a Pureblood. Everybody knew she was a Gryffindor. And everybody knew he was a Slytherin.

But no one knew they loved each other. It was only them, Draco and Hermione. And it was enough. Because...

...They were theirs.

The End.

Oh... my God. I... I don't have any words. It's done. It's finished. I just wanted to tell you guys that you've been AMAZING readers, and that I have no words at all to describe my gratitude. Everything I can truly say is THANK YOU SO MUCH. It's been 30 intense chapters, and you've kept me going. You've kept up my motivation on writing, and that means literally A LOT to me. So, thank you. Thanks, guys. Truly.

So... Yes, I know. This has been a rather short chapter, but I got the feeling to do so, so I didn't really push it into way too much fluffiness. Still, I hope you enjoyed your reading and I hope you've liked this chapter!

Favs, follows and reviews are very much appreciated!

YOU GUYS ARE AWESOME! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT! Xxxxx

Yours truly,

Sykselisse.